



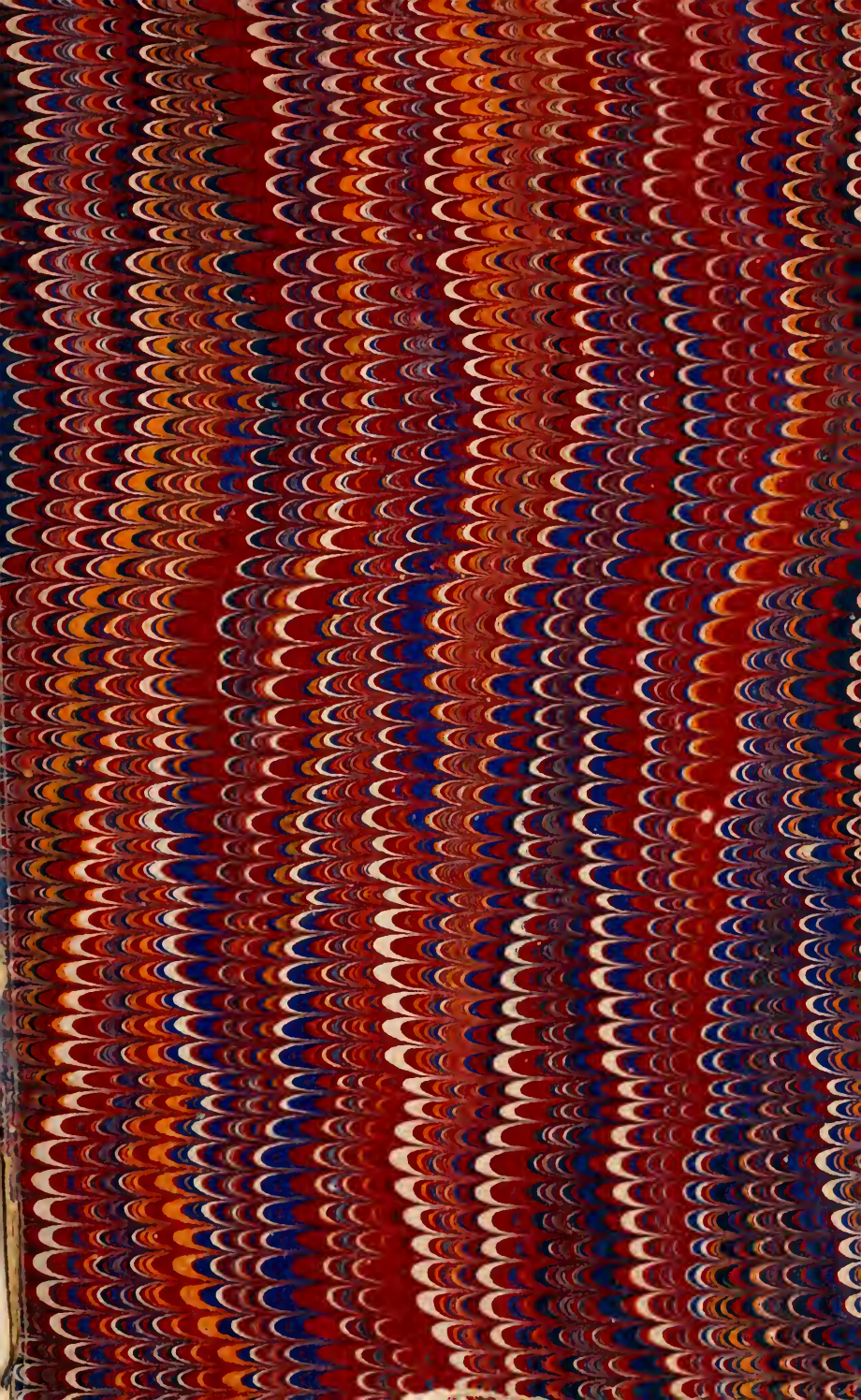
25.10
5355
D

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. E 381

Shelf D 42

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





25-10
5355.

POLITICAL REMINISCENCES,
INCLUDING
A SKETCH
OF THE
ORIGIN AND HISTORY
OF THE
"STATESMAN PARTY"
OF
BOSTON.

BY
JOHN BARTON DERBY,
LATE
DEPUTY SURVEYOR OF THE CUSTOMS.

"They (i. e. the office holders) love Gold."—*Globe*.
"Their God is gold, and their Religion pelf."—*R. T. Paine*.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1834, in the Clerk's office of the District
Court of Massachusetts.

BOSTON :

Printed for the Author, by Homer & Palmer,
Congress-street.

1835.



E 381
D 42

TO THE
YOUNG MEN,
OF
MASSACHUSETTS,
AND OF THE
UNITED STATES,

These humble pages, are respectfully inscribed, by their fellow
citizen, and obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THE reader will readily perceive, that, in this work, the writer makes no pretensions to taste or refinement of style. He is a "plain, blunt man;"—and having a plain statement to communicate to his fellow-citizens, he only "speaks right on."

It will also be remarked, that many of his statements are, from their very nature, unsusceptible of proof, save by his solemn declaration. Conversations, between two persons only, can be proved but by one witness, and may be denied by the other. But the writer confides in the good sense of his countrymen to give him credit for veracity in *some* of his charges, when they discover many others, of a more serious character, for the truth of which he summons numerous and respectable witnesses.

No man, says Hume, can speak long of himself without an exhibition of vanity. This is undoubtedly true, and I would fain avoid it. But in a narrative of transactions in which one acts a conspicuous part, I know not how he can clearly and forcibly impress his readers, without speaking much, too much of himself, and his agency therein. Pardon me, therefore, if I appear presumptuous or conceited. I am sufficiently humbled by the errors of my political course. It is

no small sacrifice of vanity, for a man to confess, that eleven years of his life have been passed under a political delusion.

To the Jackson party, I say, that if thoughtless zeal, if peculiar sufferings, privations, and personal conflicts;—if unceasing activity, and a total forgetfulness of interest, continued for many years, in the cause which finally triumphed by the election of Jackson, merits their consideration and regard, I may presume to claim it. In the ardour of political excitement, I abandoned an honorable and lucrative profession, and plunged in reckless impetuosity into the arena of politics, spurning aside all my better hopes and prospects. My first unfortunate sally was made in 1823, and the cause was a profound contempt and disgust for the character of J. Q. Adams, then a candidate for the Presidency. On his nomination, I stripped for the conflict, resolved never to quit the ring, until he was laid upon his back. It may be asked, why this excessive zeal? Here is my answer.

I remembered the apostacy of Adams in 1807, his abandonment of the federal party, and his calumnious accusation of his own, and his father's political friends, of treasonable designs against the United States. The family to which I belong, was, at that time, among the most influential and respectable in New-England, and decidedly federal. I believed the charge to be false;—for, in my youth, while listening with boyish interest to the political discussions of our family circle, I learned the *republican principles* which, ever since, have been the covenant of the republican ark.

Again; I had been told by a gentleman in whom I

placed confidence, that Mr. Adams not only avowed, in his presence, his intention of deserting the federal party, but gave his reasons for that intention, viz:—to destroy the democratic party by uniting with it, and leading it onward to such excesses, that all rational men would dread its continued supremacy. To the scorn I felt for his dastardly calumnation of his ancient friends, was thus added an immeasurable disgust and abhorrence of the treachery he meditated against his new associates.

Thus a sense of honor, self-respect, family pride, and patriotism, made me, in 1823, a partizan of *Cracford*. And when, in 1824, it pleased the Almighty to touch him with his finger, and rebuke the aspirations of genius and ambition, the same sentiments, rather brightened than rusted by the previous struggle, made me a partizan of General Jackson.—And he never had one more devoted and enthusiastic.

I further claim some consideration from the Jackson party, when they remember that in 1824, and again in 1828, I published, under my own signature, the above facts in relation to Mr. Adams; and that my “statement was thought to have materially contributed to the victory of Jackson over his antagonist.” The vengeance of the Opposition, which fell upon me, in consequence, cannot be forgotten. It began in 1824, and never ceased till 1829. For five years, I was forced to fight my way through a host of atrocious libels, private slanders, loss of professional business, and, for a time, loss of reputation. But I triumphed over my political assailants, and beheld beneath the rainbow of our hopes, Jackson ascending the steps of the Capitol!

At that moment, I could with truth, have said to

him, "the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."—For in the heat of the conflict, I had alienated my family and many of my friends, had expended all my limited means, neglected my professional duties, and, of course, lost my clients, and found myself shipwrecked upon the very sands of the harbour, into which, I had aided the ship of State in entering, and riding therein in security, and glory.

Nevertheless, I can recollect no moment of my life so full of keen delight, as that when the election of Jackson was ascertained.

My readers, I humbly trust, will credit me when I aver, that up to this period I had never once thought of an office, nor of any other reward of my exertions but the approbation of my own conscience. It was not until some of the most lucrative appointments were conferred upon men who had comparatively done and suffered nothing,—mere followers of the camp,—that I ventured to present my claims before the President, in July 1829. And on this subject I have a story to tell, wherein the young men of the State and Nation may read a lesson full of instruction and warning.

I received a subordinate office, (but not the one I had been promised,) and on the 20th April, 1830, repaired to the Custom House, in Boston, as Deputy Surveyor. I soon found myself surrounded by men, claiming to *lead* the Jackson party of Massachusetts, who seemed to have no other object than their own emolument and advancement;—intriguing, greedy and intolerant;—and attempting to exercise the same despotic control over the political opinions, as over the official conduct, of their dependants. In a short time, projects were advocated by them and afterwards carried into effect, tending to bring shame and con-

tempt on a “*reform*” Administration ;—projects replete with extortion, corruption and baseness. With zeal and indignation I opposed them, and consequently, incurred their secret but inveterate enmity.

Although it was apparent that the President had been most grossly deceived in his appointments in this quarter, I still adhered to him with unshaken fidelity, defending his acts and lauding his virtues, in the newspapers open to such communications. And in Feb. 1831, when he was assailed by Mr. Calhoun in the famous “Correspondence,” I wrote a review of that controversy hostile to the assailant and warmly advocating the President, which being refused publication in the Boston Statesman, and the Gazette, appeared in the Washington Globe.

At that time, there were not among the office holders in Boston half a dozen *open* friends of Jackson. The leaders of the party were mutely watching the current of public opinion, and nearly all their subordinates, of course, wagged their heads in silence.—When however it was ascertained that the President would triumph over his great antagonist, they all joined in the general acclamation, and endeavoured to cover, by an inordinate zeal, their previous ingratitude to their benefactor. Were the few faithful, “found among the faithless,” sustained afterwards by the Government? No ;—they were sacrificed to the superior political influence and wealth of the ingrates and traitors. They were sacrificed by the selfish and cold-blooded policy of Van Buren.*

*Van Buren acknowledged afterwards, in Boston, that he was satisfied the Statesman party were, at this time, the friends of Calhoun, but that they had repented, and were necessary to future operations.

Could it have reached me, I should have fallen with the rest; but I did not resist the impulse to tender, for the *first time*, a resignation of my office.

This most unjust and cruel transaction, did not detach me from the cause of the President, nor diminish my confidence in his honor and magnanimity. Persuaded that he was in utter ignorance of the facts, and that a few of his faithless advisers, (to whom they had been communicated,) were alone its authors, I still continued his firm and ardent friend.

And such I remained, until a band of conspirators, seized upon the occasion of his visit to Boston and his temporary illness and imbecility, to persuade him to lay violent hands on the public treasure, and to transfer it, in this quarter, into the custody of government officers removable from office at his pleasure. A most impolitic, disastrous, and fatal proceeding! Impolitic, because, it gave the U. States Bank a new and far stronger ground of contention; and was calculated to bring about the very thing it was designed to prevent, viz:—the re-charter of the Bank. Disastrous, because it shed dismay and ruin on the enterprising and industrious classes. Fatal, because it was the occasion of the subsequent “Protest” denouncing the Senate, (one of the three equal powers of the Government,) and asserting an authority in the President repugnant to the Constitution and dangerous to liberty. Fatal to the fame of Jackson as a champion of popular rights; to the party that elected him, by converting all the advocates of such regal prerogative into Tories; and, perhaps, to the great Charter of the Confederacy, by inflicting a wound that can never be healed.

In the following pages, I shall give some facts and

suggestions that may possibly throw new light on this rash and alarming assumption of power. It may yet be discovered, that the whole was the work of a single individual's malice and revenge.

I have, for many years, been opposed to the re-charter of the U. S. Bank, and subscribed the Boston Anti-Bank Memorial to Congress;—but, because I would not add an approval of the seizure of the deposits, some *tory* miscreant (*tories* are always enemies of freedom of opinion,) erased my signature, and it was not printed in the Memorial. I was also against *any* U. S. Bank, but Mr. Benton's speeches and the late fatuity of the *Globe* on the subject of gold—which means only *Dutch gilding*—cured me of that egregious error. A gold currency is the currency of despotic governments with an impoverished and ignorant population. Wherever we find credit, and a paper currency payable in the precious metals, there will be found also liberal institutions, an enterprising people, and a flourishing commerce. Napoleon, (says the *Globe*,) gave France a gold currency. If we are to be cursed with an American Napoleon, without doubt he will tread in the footsteps of his exemplar.

To resume the thread of this compendious narrative. During 1833, in consequence of the incessant and virulent attacks made upon a friend in a high station in the Custom House, by his official brethren, and for other causes to be named hereafter, I, a *second* time tendered a resignation of my office. I had become disgusted with the intolerable duty required of me, with the continually increasing corruption, and with the heartless reception of the devotedness with which I sacrificed myself for other's advantage. So that in

April 1834, prostrated, by the invasion of an hereditary complaint of the heart, brought on by the excessive labour and confinement of the first years of my official duties;—by the dissipation of the political illusion that had so long beguiled me; by the “serpent tooth” of ingratitude; by the violation of all my feelings and principles,—I was forced to exchange the condition of a slave for that of a freeman, but with all my prospects in life blasted and apparently hopeless.

In the following pages I shall not, of the numerous letters received from the leaders of the Jackson party, publish a single word. Private correspondence will be sacred in my hands, unless some mercenary or vindictive assailant compels me to expose his own, or that of his employers. Copies of my own letters, in explanation of facts, I shall take leave to use as I think proper.

At an age, when I ought to have laid the foundations of future independence, I find myself depressed in spirit and impoverished in circumstances. Yet my example may be incalculably beneficial to the generations who follow. Let the young men learn, that *any* useful occupation is infinitely better than the business of politics or official preferment;—and that a reliance on *men*, in their political attachments, is but leaning upon a broken reed;—while *principles*, both in politics and morals, are unbending and eternal.

This is the moral of my story.

J. B. D.

Boston, Sept. 1834.

CHAPTER I.

Origin of the Statesman Party.

“Go thou, and like an Executioner,
“Cut off the heads of too fast-growing sprays,
“That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
“All must be even in our government.”

IN 1824, there were four candidates for the Presidency, viz:—W. H. Crawford nominated by a portion of the democratic members of Congress,—J. Q. Adams by the New-England States,—General Jackson by Pennsylvania and part of the West, and Henry Clay by Kentucky and other Western States.

In Massachusetts, a great majority of the moderate men of both the old federal and republican parties united in favor of Mr. Adams. But a considerable Crawford party soon appeared, formed by an amalgamation of high-toned federalists and radical democrats;—the federalists actuated by personal aversion to Adams, and the democrats by an anxiety to sustain the precedent of Caucus nominations. Of this party I am inclined to believe that the federalists constituted the greater part, but as Mr. Crawford was held up in Virginia and some other Southern States as the regular *democratic* candidate, it became politic for the party here to march under the same standard; and thus was brought forward into the front rank a set of men who, but for this circumstance, would probably have never been heard of as leading politicians.

In proof of the extent of federal influence in the Crawford party of Massachusetts, read the following extracts from a circular letter distributed, in Oct. 1824, throughout the State.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of Federal Republicans, at the Supreme Court Room, Boston, convened by a notice in the newspapers, last evening, (18th Oct. inst.) the following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted unanimously:

To the Federal Republicans of Massachusetts.

FELLOW-CITIZENS.—A number of your political friends assembled on a sudden call, made through the newspapers this morning, of Federalists opposed to a pledged ticket of electors, beg leave to ex-

press to you their opinions on the subject of the approaching election of a President of the Union. The election of a chief magistrate is surely among the most important rights of freemen; but for many years past we have had so little share in such elections, that we seem to have become indifferent to the subject.—There is certainly a division, however unequal, in the opinions of the Federal Republicans, as to the qualifications of the several Candidates, and probably for that reason they had declined to act on this occasion as a distinct body.—While we respect the principles which have induced this forbearance lest offence should be given to some of our friends, we cannot conceal the fact that there has appeared a general and decided hostility to the *pledged ticket*, and we believe that at the polls a very great majority of the Federalists will act with us.

About five or six hundred voters are now present, and they form but a part of those in the city who feel, think and will act in union with us. And we declare that whenever we have witnessed an appeal on this subject to unbought and unpledged men, we have seen one general burst of indignation against the proceedings of the placemen who selected for public approbation a list of electors, who before they could be received as candidates, were obliged to surrender their voices to the cabal who appointed them, and thus bind themselves slavishly to declare the will of others, instead of exercising the proud and honorable prerogative of free and independent electors.

SAMUEL L. KNAPP, *Chairman*.

GEORGE G. CHANNING, *Secretary*.

The following were chosen a Committee of Correspondence, agreeably to one of the above resolutions, viz:—*Alden Bradford, Henry H. Fuller, Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff, James C. Merrill, Samuel Henshaw, Benjamin R. Nichols, Henry Williams, George Morey, Jr. Charles Barnard, and Ninian C. Betton, Esquires.*

The *pledged Ticket* was the Adams ticket, the unpledged the Crawford ticket. The Electoral Ticket supported by the Crawford party, was composed, with few exceptions, of old Federalists.

The Hon. Jonathan Russell was unquestionably the leading man of the Crawford party in this State, and conducted the contest with an ability deserving of a more happy result.

But among the leading *democratic* members in Boston, were David Henshaw, *then* a druggist and apothecary, *now* Collector of the Port, with a salary and perquisites of about \$5000 per annum. Andrew Dunlap, a lawyer, in small business, now District Attorney, fees (supposed) from 2 to 3000 dollars a year. John K. Simpson, an upholsterer, now Pension Agent and Deputy Treasurer of the U. States, (as President of a Pet Bank;)—pay supposed from 3 to 6000 dollars. Daniel D. Brodhead, then a Merchant-Tailor, now Navy Agent, pay probably \$4000.—Nathaniel Greene, then Printer of a weekly newspaper called

the *Statesman*, now Post Master of Boston, pay about 6000 dollars per year. C. G. Greene, was of so *green* an age that I cannot remember whether he had then been initiated into the mysteries of party, but if so, he was a printer;—now contractor for “twine, blanks, &c.” at over 29,000 dollars per two years.

The two first gentlemen were the principal writers for the newspaper printed by Greene, and his printing office was the scene of the political consultations of this august body;—hence they took the name of the “Statesman party.”

Other gentlemen, of much superior talents, attainments and influence, were members of the party;—but the little faction above named, finally succeeded, by a combination among themselves, in obtaining under Jackson, to the exclusion of the rest, every lucrative office in Boston in the gift of the President, and in distributing among their partizans, relatives, and debtors, in town and country, nearly all the other appointments of less emoluments.

Of the private characters of these men I have nothing to say, and shall confine myself to their public and political stations, characters, and conduct.

At the period of which I have been speaking, Mr. David Henshaw was remarkable for nothing but an active and money-getting industry, a professedly deep-rooted hostility to the *aristocracy*, (so called,) which usually means all who are richer than ourself, and an enthusiastic admiration of Napoleon Buonaparte. He has since swelled to a tremendous greatness, of which I shall treat hereafter.

Mr. Dunlap was noted for his immeasurable abhorrence of the *Hartford Convention*;—it was his cloud by day and pillar of fire by night;—the beginning and end of all his public speeches and newspaper paragraphs. He furnished most of the *ideas* for the newspaper, which Henshaw reduced to form. In truth he was and is the most radical and intolerant democrat I ever encountered. “*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*;”—rash, wrathful, vindictive, and daring,—as a politician. I shall allude to him again.

Mr. John K. Simpson,—better known among the party as “Johnny K.” This personage is the miniature Van Boren of the associates,—soft, sly, and insinuating,—never losing sight of

his own interests and advancement;—intent upon the fees but careless of the honors of office;—and accomplishing all his political projects by some manœuvre and intrigue. Indeed, so natural to him is this, that I doubt whether he can blow his nose without a stratagem. He however makes himself extremely useful as a member; is peculiarly active and successful in collecting affidavits when it becomes necessary to trip up the heels of a refractory office-holder; in drilling the democratic members of the State Legislature; in preparing the “cut and dried” measures to be passed by all Caucuses and Conventions under the “Statesman” jurisdiction; and in managing a change of front, if it becomes expedient to abandon a great Candidate for office when his prospects grow cloudy. His political conversation is in whispers and by the button, with an eye continually watchful of eaves-droppers and spies. And although he sometimes manages to dupe his associates and effect his own schemes while apparently promoting theirs, yet his peculiar qualities have rendered him a great favorite of the Statesman faction. By the sale of feathers he made himself rich, and as Deputy Treasurer of the U. States, beyond all question, he will thoroughly “*feather* his nest.” If Van Buren is elected President he should make him Grand Chamberlain of the household.

Mr. Daniel D. Brodhead. Of this important personage I know but little. It is said, however, that having been a Clerk of the Navy Office under the late Amos Binney, Esq. (whom Amos Kendall hunted so unmercifully, in his “black list;”) he has a sharp look out to the main chance; and, also, that while a merchant tailor, he produced very tolerable “fits.” This gentleman affects the *profound* politician, and reasons high in oracular language, but it is only “*vox, et preterea nihil*”—voice, and not much else. With all his close political calculations, he happened to be caught at the great “National Tariff Convention,” not long before the last Presidential election, although I think that he toasted Mr. Calhoun, at a public dinner, a few years before, with great vehemence. But perhaps, as the political atmosphere looked rather squally at that moment, a seat in that Convention was not a bad move, since in the event of Mr. Clay’s success, it might just have been mentioned as a passport to his favour. He obtained the office of Navy Agent by a majority of one vote, 17

to 16,—many Senators being absent. And there are certain facts connected with his appointment, and certain other matters in which he has been concerned, that will oblige me to call him up again.

Mr. Nathaniel Greene. I knew him in 1824 as merely of the firm of True & Greene, *printers* of the Statesman, and from that time to 1829, never suspected him of *writing* a single important article or even a paragraph, for the paper. The cause of his appointment as Post Master was, for a time, wholly unaccountable, but it at last transpired. He has since figured in so many extraordinary transactions illustrative of political character, to be detailed in the following pages, that I will for the present suspend any further remarks, trusting to introduce him with greater effect hereafter.

And as his brother, Mr. C. G. Greene, had not then attracted much notice, I shall leave him until the period, when he burst suddenly upon his astonished party, in the meridian splendor of Ciceronean glory.

Such was the origin and such were the leaders of the famous "Statesman party" of Boston;—a party that for a long period kept itself aloof and disconnected from every other party pursuing the same political ends, repelling all interlopers and overthrowing all rivals;—maintaining no friendships except with each other, but eagerly accepting the fruits of other men's labours;—veering with every breeze apparently disastrous to their patrons and benefactors,—secret, persevering and indefatigable in the prosecution of their selfish objects, until they managed to share among themselves nearly every government appointment in Boston connected with profits and patronage!

And these are the men, who *now*, fearing the loss of their enormous salaries by the defeat of Van Buren, are struggling, with a hope of success, to get our State Government into their hands, so that Henshaw may be a Senator in Congress, Dunlap a Judge of our Supreme Court, Simpson Sheriff of Suffolk, Brodhead Register of Probate, and the two Greene's Adjutant General and State Printer, leaving the minor offices of the Commonwealth to be scrambled for by the *country* members of the party.

Some of my readers, knowing the men, may smile at this assertion: but I can tell them, that smile of incredulity may be

changed to a groan. They who have obtained; in a manner unexpected and incomprehensible to themselves, high, responsible, and most lucrative offices from the Government of the U. States, look upon the petty offices of the State as their proper and rightful possessions;—fit asylums for veteran democratic Jacksonians.

CHAPTER II.

The Election of 1824.

“Under which King, Bezonian?”

GENTLE Reader;—do not suppose that my knowledge of the political characters of the “Statesman” faction was intuitive?—Alas! for many years, being at a distance from the “Literary Emporium,” we had but little intercourse;—and as they thundered in the van of the Crawford party, and made up in clamor what they wanted in respectability, I recognized them as being what they seemed. It was a closer intimacy, a residence in Boston, and official connections, that proved them utterly unworthy of respect and confidence. Previous to that time, (as will be shown in these pages,) I appeared as their zealous and disinterested friend in a crisis which threatened the entire prostration of their power, and the triumph of their rivals.

All of 1823, and most of '24, I lived in one of the secluded but beautiful villages of Norfolk County, distinguished for the industry and intelligence of its inhabitants. Here a republican population of farmers and mechanics, met each night, after the labours of the day, for mutual instruction and enjoyment. Every man contributed his mite, or his talent, to the general information; and by this free discussion, two-thirds of the votes declared for the Crawford ticket. Never shall I cease to remember the generous spirit, the enlightened intelligence, the disinterested patron-

age, of the people of Medfield. "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!" The vote in this town in Nov. 1824, was for the Crawford Ticket 70, Adams 30. I believe that only three other towns in Massachusetts gave majorities against Adams.

In the Summer of 1824, there appeared in the Boston Statesman certain severe and eloquent writings, by "*One of the People*," stigmatizing the political course of Mr. Adams and ardently opposing his election. I soon ascertained that the Hon. Jonathan Russell was the writer. In an interview with that gentleman, he requested me not to expose any knowledge of the author; and, faithful to my promise, I involved myself in a labyrinth of difficulties materially affecting my interests and future prospects. Since his decease, I have thought myself absolved from that promise. These writings have been attributed to me, and in consequence, I have been compelled to bear unmerited honors from one side, and the most vindictive persecution from the other.

I communicated to Mr. Russell the facts in my possession relative to Mr. Adams's apostacy, and his probable designs on the democratic party, and was somewhat surprised to find them incorporated in the next number of "*one of the people*." And it is remarkable, that, to this very important charge against the political integrity of Mr. Adams, not a single newspaper in his interest, in this or any other State, uttered, at the time, a word of denial or defence. Some six months afterwards, when Mr. A. had been signally defeated by the votes of the people, and it was apparent that the election depended on Congress, the National Journal demanded of the Statesman proof of the charge. My name, without any previous consultation with me, was immediately ushered before the public. In this situation, I drew up, in the form of an *affidavit*, all the facts within my knowledge;—which was sustained by the certificate of a gentleman of high standing and respectability. It was published in the Statesman on 9th November. Although I had asserted in the affidavit that I was not the author of "*One of the People*," this availed me nothing with the zealots of the Adams party, and a most furious personal attack appeared in one of their Boston newspapers. I should have prosecuted the writer, but was restrained by parental advice and authority;—so I contented myself with publishing an answer in the Statesman. The concluding passage of that

answer I must be permitted to insert here. because it goes to show that I was actuated by no interested views, and also, that even then, I had a foresight of the future success of Jackson. Let it be remembered, that Mr. Crawford's lamentable illness was notorious, and that his friends considered his prospects desperate.

"I have nothing to gain, nothing to hope for, no interested views, in opposing the election of John Q. Adams. But I have done what I thought my duty with ardor, but not with intemperate zeal, and whether my conduct receives praise or condemnation, I care not. *The time is at hand, even at the door, when the small minority in Massachusetts, most of whom I truly believe acted from the most pure and conscientious motives, will rank with the great majority of their countrymen. The hand writing is upon the wall—let the seers interpret.*"

I have letters in my possession proving, that at this early period, my hopes reposed on Jackson. These things have only become matters of moment of late years when so much has been said about "*eleventh hour men*," although now, both the "*eleventh hour*" and the *early dawn* labourers have been discarded, and the fruits of their labours have been given to those who came into the vineyard just before *sunset*.

Let us now look after the little Cabal in Boston, who have since had the impudence to style themselves the "*earliest*" friends of Jackson, and the "*Spartan Band of Democracy*, in Massachusetts." So far from being friends of Jackson, up to the final election of Adams they had not ceased to ridicule his pretensions, both in conversation and in their newspaper, "*Hell is as fit for a powder house as Jackson for President*," said one of the most refined and eminent of the confederates. Even the aid of "*poesy*" was summoned to the purpose of pouring contempt on the "*Hero of New-Orleans*;"—the loftiest strain of which, retained in remembrance, is the following from the Statesman:—

"Quincy Adams who can slang,
"Andrew Jackson who can hang."

There are multitudes in Boston who recollect that the bitterness of the Statesman party against Jackson, at this time, was quite equal to that which they manifested against Adams.

"Spartan Band of Democracy!" Never was a more false and

absurd claim set up by any party. For two years they had been amalgamated with federalists of the "straitest sect," and had cast their votes for an electoral ticket composed of high toned federalists, with merely a slight infusion of democracy. And I aided in mingling even this, by voting, (as a delegate to a Crawford Convention at Dedham on 19th Sept. 1824,) for Hon. Benj. Reynolds as the Norfolk Candidate for Elector.

But the real principle of combination among the Statesman party soon became apparent;—the "loaves and fishes" of office was their only bond of union.

After the election of J. Q. Adams by the Representatives of the States, he immediately proceeded to strengthen his party by treaties with his late opponents. The appointment of Secretary of State was supposed to have conciliated Mr. Clay and his friends. There was then a general impression that the Crawford party were next to be taken into favour, in order to array a commanding force against the most formidable of his antagonists,—Gen. Jackson. Like a wary politician Mr. Adams left his intentions for a time doubtful, with the expectation, probably, of distracting the mercenary adherents of both Crawford and Jackson, and attaching them to his Administration. This policy had the desired effect on the "Band" in Boston. The Statesman, soon after the election of Adams, instead of proving an opponent of the "corrupt bargain," and the "earliest" advocate of Jackson, was giving the leer of invitation for an alliance with the reigning power, mingled with menace in case of non-compliance;—it held in one hand a tomahawk, and in the other a treaty of peace with the usual "annuities." And so clearly was this amicable disposition perceived by the Adams party in Boston, that Mr. David Henshaw was elected on a federal ticket, a State Senator, and Mr. John K. Simpson a Representative, by that very party, which they have since so constantly pretended to scorn and abominate!

Had Mr. Adams then turned the light of his countenance on these humble but earnest efforts for a share of his patronage, beyond a doubt the Statesman party would have been among his scattered host in 1828. But he could not overcome his antipathy to Massachusetts federalism, and in a hesitating attempt to exhibit a preference of Jacksonmen to Crawfordmen, he lost both parties, which immediately coalesced against him. This event

was a forerunner of his defeat, as every politician of common shrewdness instantly discovered. And then, for the first time, rose from the ranks of the democratic "Spartans" the ominous cry, "Huzzah for Jackson."

But let us investigate their claim to democracy a little further.

Every reader of the Statesman, for a few years past, has noticed the ecstasy of wrath which inflamed it,—the *gangrene* that seized upon it, whenever it had occasion to mention Mr. Quincy's resolution in the Senate of Massachusetts during the last war, viz:—"that it was unbecoming a moral and religious people to rejoice in our victories over the public enemy." The resolution was indeed the extreme of political insanity. But what shall we think of men claiming to be the very "pinks" of democracy,—original, wool-dyed, inflexible, and immaculate, who, (ten years after the war, when the passions had cooled, and reason and principle ought to have resumed their control;) actually made a feast in Boston to celebrate the surrender, during the war, of a whole army, and a portion of the territory of the U. States, to an inferior force of the enemy? After such a deed, what astounding impudence, for a man to claim to be a democrat! And what monstrous injustice, for such men to be continually vituperating the conscientious opponents of that war in New-England, when they themselves, assisted in conferring *honors* on one whom a Court martial and a democratic President considered deserving of death, for inflicting such disgrace on the country! Yet if my readers will consult the files of the Statesman, or the Centinel, of June 1825, they will find a particular account of a public festival in Boston, given to General Hull, who for the surrender of his army, at Detroit, and the territory of Michigan, to a small force of British and Indians, at the commencement of the war, was subsequently condemned by a Court martial to be shot;—which sentence President Madison approved, but remitted its execution. Among the Vice-Presidents of the day, at this *glorious* celebration, they will find the names of David Henshaw and John K. Simpson—the Castor and Pollux of the Statesman party. And we have their "sentiments" also, wherein we discover no mincing of matters, but open, palpable, and right-down, Hartford-Conventionism.

“By David Henshaw, Esq. *The public voice*—Americans are “too honest to sacrifice the innocent to screen the guilty.”

Mr. Simpson was, as usual, a little less direct and plump to the purpose;—rather more flowery,—but equally conclusive.

“By John K. Simpson. *The surviving officers of the Continental war*—Subsequent misfortunes have not withered the “laurels won by them in the Revolution, nor tarnished the cord “which binds them to their neighbours and fellow-citizens!”

No, my “*feathered Mercury*,” the “cord” still binds you to tory principles, and you will strive in vain to break it.

Now, I apprehend, that my democratic readers require no further comment on this most extraordinary exhibition of “old, Spartan, radical, unwavering, and genuine democracy!”

Disgusted with such shameless conduct,—with the total abandonment of political principle by the Statesman leaders, and their base hankering after office, I resumed my professional vocations with zeal and success. For several years, the party paper* was a wretched and feeble bantling, ready to be deposited on *any* wealthy statesman’s door-stone who would yield it protection and sustenance. But, to the honor of New-England, no one was found willing to assume its paternity. The friends of Jackson in my county scouted it as a “cow-boy” of all parties, roaming over “neutral ground.” With opinions unchanged, and our confidence of the ultimate triumph of our political leader unimpaired, we impatiently awaited the dawn of a brighter day.

It came at last. The measures of Adams’s Administration, by their temporising and imbecile character, invited opposition and gave a presage of future conquest. Clay was the only statesman in the Cabinet who united to great genius the boldness which could alone have saved a minority President. But he suffered his genius to be rebuked by Mr. Adams, and evinced such an inordinate anxiety to exonerate himself from the dishonourable imputations of his adversaries, that many who were at first incredulous, begun at last to think “there must be *something* in it.” Experience seems to have proved in this country, that a distinguished statesman ought never to notice the accusations of his political opponents, however false and atrocious. So

* The Boston Statesman.

long as he is silent, the people consider such charges as only the usual lies of the newspapers ;—but the moment wounded honor, or self-respect, impels him to defy his accuser, then an impression is created that the arrow has hit him in a tender place. Who ever heard of Isaac Hill putting himself on his defence, or challenging an investigation either popular or judicial,—unless, indeed, some one had been whipping him, and then the “damages” make a very different case. No matter what accusation is levelled at his popularity, he has only quietly to say to his humble followers—“a federal lie,” and there’s an end of it. And thus Hill has, for years, as despotically ruled in New-Hampshire as Dr. Francia ever did in Paraguay. Any man who is troubled with a nice sense of honor, and a keen sensibility to disgrace, should avoid public life as he would the cholera. It strikes me that the only way to rise in public station is this ;—pay no regard to the clamours of your opponents, but bend all your energies to undermining every political friend who is either above you, or impedes your progress. The general acclamations always wait on him who clears the ring. How many friendly official heads have flown off, since Mr. Van Buren aimed at the Presidency ! He knows how such matters ought to be managed. But this is a digression.

CHAPTER III.

The Election of 1828.

"Now is the winter of our discontent

"Made glorious summer. * * *

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths."—*Shakspeare.*

"Oh! blindness to the future!"—*Pope.*

By the beginning of 1827, everything announced the impending downfall of the Adams Administration. In vain had the President proposed magnificent schemes of internal improvement and national grandeur; in vain had he projected a splendid alliance with the sister republics of South America, then struggling for freedom. Cupidity could not be bribed, nor even the spirit of liberty flattered, to his purposes. He had no *personal popularity*; that talisman—whose power we have recently felt,—which renders the approach of despotism invisible, and extorts, from an infatuated people, triumphant acclamations at every blow which lops off a limb from the Constitution.

Had Mr. Adams acted on the principles which he professed to believe, viz:—radical democracy; had he waved the services of the statesmen who composed his Cabinet, (with the exception of Rush.) and called into his councils an inferior order of men "unknown to fame;"—had he driven out all the public officers as plunderers and aristocrats, and filled their places with a fresh, more hungry, and more incompetent band of retainers,—he would have served out his eight years, and have been followed to his retirement by the blessings of his party. For it is the natural and inevitable consequence of universal suffrage, that, every few years, a new party rises up, more radically democratic than its predecessors, to push them from their places. The republican principles of the revolution are not the republican principles of the present day, and those who achieved that revolution are now considered, by some, "little better than tories." It has been the fashion of late years to laud Mr. Jefferson as the "father of democracy;"—

but in less than twenty years from this time, I apprehend, he will be numbered with the ignorant and aristocratic statesmen of an age of political darkness. We see the operation of an extension of the right of suffrage in England;—for no sooner had the “reform bill” passed, than William Cobbett walked into Parliament,—a man whom “England had twice vomited out on the shores of America, and America had twice vomited back again.” But it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell, that if this wretch lives ten years longer, he may think himself fortunate if he does not lose his head as an aristocrat. And in this country, we have remarked, that President Jackson, beckoning for the popular applause, first expressed a gentle disapprobation of the *present* Bank of the U. States, but at the same time proposed *another* on different principles. In a short time after, driven beyond the bounds of rational opinion by the clamor of his partizans, he was forced to condemn *all* National Banks. The next step was, of necessity, the condemnation of all Banks, State and National, and all paper currency, and the substitution of gold and silver. And in all probability, he will finally be compelled to anathematize gold and silver, and reduce the country to the currency of the patriarchal age, when the husbandman exchanged his corn for the oil of his neighbour.

This tendency to radicalism is so certain and immutable, that a defeated party has only to assume more agrarian sentiments than its victors, to regain its power and brand *them* as aristocrats. I know I am digressing,—but I cannot refrain from suggesting these veracious and useful considerations to the young and aspiring politician. Let my youthful reader, intent on official preferment, be advised, that his success depends entirely on the absurdity of his opinions. General Washington could not *now* compete with Amos Kendall!

Where will this regular declension end? Whenever a popular President, mistaking the roar of a few hair-brained fanatics for the voice of the people, surrenders himself to the guidance of radical and mercenary counsellors, and by his acts endangers the security of property, then, (if the country has been prosperous,) they who have something to lose will out-number and out-vote those who have nothing. I place no great stress on the love of liberty: it is quite a feeble passion in our times, and is nearly

merged in a love of gain. We have borne more from Jackson than our fathers did from George the third! If Van Buren does not become alarmed at the growing discontent of the people, and retrace his steps, we may look forward with some hope, that, in 1836, the Constitution will be rescued from beneath the feet of those who are now trampling upon it. But if, (which Heaven forbid!) he succeeds on the principles now set up by his followers, then the dynasty will be continued in Amos Kendall;—and Isaac Hill will be Minister to the Court of St. James,—no, I beg pardon, to the Lord Protector of England,—at present one of the “operatives” at Manchester.

Mr. Adams attempted to revive the principles of his father's Administration,—to go back to old times,—regardless of the political deterioration of the country. Of course, his doom was sealed. He never changed his politics notwithstanding his professions, and his administration was as federal as his father's. Yet he affected the plain republican, but erroneously supposed, with the “Statesman party,” that republicanism consisted in denouncing “ruffled shirts” and decent apparel. The “*labarum*” of democracy, in their view, seems to have been the eel-skin cue, worn by the Cape-Cod-men, about the period of the Revolution. But times have altered—and the editor of the Statesman who formerly waged a terrible war against ruffled shirts, now, since the “twine, blanks, &c.” contract, sports as magnificent a ruffle and as fashionable a coat as any of his neighbours.

Mr. Adams, under this absurd impression, visited the paternal mansion in the summer of 1828, decorated with a jockey cap, a dimity short jacket, white overhauls and kid pumps. I never shall forget his appearance as he rode through the streets of Dedham, on horseback,—nor the mortification and scorn expressed in the countenances of his friends. Hostile as I was to him in political matters, I must say that I truly pitied both him and them.

There is an anecdote related of this “avatar” and the singular costume in which it was performed, that I believe to be authentic. Before arriving at one of the Taverns in Walpole, Mr. A. had mounted on horseback, and placed his groom in the carriage which followed in the rear. On drawing up before the portico, an ostler, in a clean frock, who had been expecting the arrival of

the President of the U. States, administered water to the horses of the carriage with profound respect, turning an eye of reverential awe on the gentleman who was within. The *real* President, who sat on his blowed charger, finding himself likely to be neglected, says "water *my* horse, Sir." To which Mr. ostler, with a look of indignant contempt at his dress and appearance, replied "d——n you. water him yourself,—that's your business."

Finding the battle going against him, and the odious stigma of federalism fixed on himself and his administration, Mr. Adams made a last desperate effort to retrieve his fortunes by leading to the charge his "old guard," viz:—his false accusation, against the former federalists of Massachusetts, of treasonable designs against the U. States. He probably supposed that as they had hitherto suffered the charge in silence, the same passiveness would be continued. But unfortunately for him, the leading federalists of Massachusetts thought that a calumny uttered by a private citizen seeking for office, and by a President of the U. States, were very different matters. They answered him in a solemn and affecting appeal to all the generous feelings of the heart, conjuring him to designate any one of their number who had been either principal or accessory in so base a design. As he could not do this without subjecting himself to a prosecution as a libeller, Mr. Adams shrunk from the challenge, and suffered the double misery of perceiving his poisoned arrow returned with fatal effect into his own bosom, and of dying a political death with "a lie in his mouth." But I *know* that many of these abused and illustrious citizens, with a magnanimity and virtue almost unknown in these degenerate days, believing that love of country ought to subdue every personal feeling, actually gave their votes for their calumniator!

We will now look in upon our friends of the Statesman party. While the chances were favourable to Mr. Adams' re-election, we have seen them mining for his favour. But when his star began to wane and Jackson's to rise "lord of the ascendant," they turned towards its cheering beams their servile homage. I well remember, that sometime in 1827, sitting in my office in conversation with my late lamented friend Ames, Mr. Nathaniel Greene, printer of the Statesman, made his appearance. His business was to extend the circulation of his paper. We entered

into his views, remarking, however, that he must take more determined ground; that his paper had been too tame and lukewarm, whereas the times required boldness and energy. He replied, that "the party" intended to take that course in future, and I then promised to supply him with an occasional "article," and to solicit subscriptions. In a short time afterwards the paper was in full blast, but it manifested so rancorous and malignant a character as to disgust the respectable and sincere friends of Jackson. It appeared to be the object of its conductors, not to create and sustain a party favorable to Jackson, but to vilify and blackwash every distinguished man of the opposing party, and every federalist who belonged to their own. Argument gave place to "blackguardism."

There *was* a time, when by conciliatory and gentlemanly conduct on the part of the Boston Statesman, Massachusetts might have been gained for Jackson. But its conductors had no such intentions. Dreading all respectable competitors in the expected distribution of offices, they sought recruits only in the kennels and gutters. Proclaiming Jackson an Irishman, they planted their flag in the menage of Broad-street; and holding him up as the champion of the poor against the rich, they received, with "hugs fraternal," the tenants of poor-houses and penitentiaries.

The Crawford party having generally declared for Jackson and being composed of men acting from nobler motives than a grovelling desire of plunder, could not long endure this reckless sacrifice of their hopes, and desecration of their principles. They, therefore, in 1828, established a new paper in Boston called the "Jackson Republican," by which (too late,) they attempted to retrieve the errors into which their associates had plunged. At this time a separation took place in Boston between those of the Jackson party who contended for principles, and those who merely fought, like Major Dalgetty, on their own hook,—for pay and rations, and the plunder of the enemies' camp.

I wrote for both papers, the Statesman and Republican,—enough to make a considerable volume. Never was any man inflamed with a more intense zeal, and, (as I then thought,) a more sincere patriotism. I neglected all other business, and devoted myself, heart and hand, to effecting the great object of the party—the election of Jackson. I did not enlist myself in either *division*

of the party,—I laboured for the *whole* party. About this time, I remember, that some of my jocose neighbours of the “opposition” thought they had the laugh on me, because I happened to say, that if I supposed Jackson’s election could only be effected by my being burnt at the stake, I would instantly make the sacrifice. Even now I think I could then have endured the ordeal; but having since been restored to some degree of political sanity, instead of being burnt at a stake, I should, at this time, much prefer *a steak, not burnt*.

In September 1828, in consequence of an impertinent reference, in the Boston Patriot, to my “statement” of 1824, relating to Mr. Adams’ designs in joining the democratic party, I republished that statement in the Jackson Republican and the Statesman, with additional evidence of its truth. It was copied into nearly every Jackson newspaper in the U. States, and was introduced, by the orators of the party, into their addresses to the people. The Hon. Mr. Ingham employed it with singular and decisive effect in Pennsylvania. There can be no doubt that this “statement,” and the “Cunningham Correspondence,” were among “the weights that pulled down” the minority President. Many distinguished and conscientious men have considered that there was something dishonourable in Mr. Cunningham’s publishing the private correspondence of his deceased father. I confess I never could coincide in that opinion. If any citizen has it in his power to unmask the real character of a candidate for the first office in the gift of the people whom he is courting and deceiving by a pretended affection for their interests and welfare, it seems to me to be one of the highest and most sacred obligations to save the country from the curse of such a government. Mr. Cunningham is now an officer of the Customs at Boston, and, after an acquaintance of four years, I believe him to be an intelligent, high-minded, and honorable gentleman.

My readers must pardon me for introducing the conclusion of my statement of 1828;—they will probably discern my object. “If it be asked why, as a *federalist*, I am opposed to Mr. Adams. “I answer,—because federalism, (as I ever understood it,) incultured pure republican principles, and honorable and consistent political conduct. Those of that party whom I have known “from my youth, were generally men of exalted integrity, ar-

“dently devoted to the cause of the Constitution and of rational liberty. Therefore, I consider the calumnies vented upon them by Mr. Adams, at the time of his pretended conversion, to require of them as a sacred duty which they owe to themselves, to posterity, and to their country, a firm, united, and untiring opposition to all the aspirations of his ambition. Can such of that party as now rally in his support, (and, alas! they are numerous,) palliate the charge, that, by so doing, they confess the truth of his accusations, and seal their own infamy.

“Again, should it be asked, (admitting Mr. Adams’s political desertion to be *feigned*, &c.) why I come not to his aid in his design of *restoring the federal party* to power by *treacherously* affecting the ruin of their former adversaries? I should think it foul scorn in any one to presume to suggest so base an action,—and in the language of Evan Dhu should reply, “that he who could ask such a question kens little of the heart” of a federalist, “or the honor of a gentleman.” ”*

The next day after the “Statement” was published in the Boston Statesman, there appeared in one of the Adams newspapers of that City a most outrageous attack on my private character. It would be hardly possible to compress, into a paragraph of about ten lines, more desperate malignity and ferocity. It declared me a most worthless, friendless, and infamous person, —without business, respect, or reputation ;—insane of mind, and intemperate in my habits. Now, at that very moment, I enjoyed, —more than is common to a young man, the confidence of my fellow-citizens ; my professional business was extensive and productive ; my personal friends were more numerous and respectable than at any former period of my life ; my mind was peculiarly clear and active, and perfectly sane, except, (as it has since proved,) in politics ; and I had not tasted a single drop of spirits, and but one glass of wine, for nearly five years. Of course, the attack was undeserved, false, and inhuman. I therefore caused a civil suit to be brought against the Editor of the paper

* Many good Whigs may indignantly enquire, why the writer, after Mr. A’s noble support of their principles in the last Congress, still condemns and distrusts him? Let them wait *five years*, and their question will be answered by Mr. A. himself.

in which the libel appeared, determining, at the time, that I never would consent to any other compromise than a recantation by himself in the same paper where the injustice was committed. My reason for this resolve was, that whereas the same editor had poured out the most gross abuse of Gen. Jackson and his wife, in his columns, I trusted, that the recantation, to which I should force him *in my own case*, would throw a libellous character on his accusations against those, for whom, I then thought it my duty to make any sacrifice. Just before the day of trial, a large sum of money was offered me, (whether with my antagonist's knowledge I cannot say,) to withdraw my action; but tens of thousands would have presented no temptation. He then threw himself on my generosity; I never could resist this appeal,—and I wrote the recantation which he subscribed and published thrice in his newspaper, in a form intended to save his feelings, while it merely vindicated my character from his cruel aspersions. And, afterwards, when he engaged in a furious controversy with another editor, who improperly alluded to his affair with me, I wrote to that editor, expressing, in strong terms, my disapprobation of any reference to a matter which had been fairly adjusted. Neither before, nor since, this attack on my private character, had I, or have I had, any personal acquaintance with the author. But as I never entertained any *personal* animosity against him, I can now say with satisfaction, as well as truth, that he is a very active, respectable and talented member of the community. What a comment on the violence of party!

I cannot refrain from seizing on this occasion to express my gratitude to the Bar of the County of Norfolk. The Court being in session, soon after the publication of the libel on myself, who was a member of the Bar, certain resolutions were introduced without my knowledge, and unanimously adopted, defending my reputation as a lawyer and a man. They were proposed by Joseph Harrington of Roxbury, and sustained by Horace Mann of Dedham. I owe a vast debt of grateful feeling to both gentlemen, who came as messengers of peace and restoration, when, after having surmounted many grievous trials, and attained to a promise of future rank and emolument, I thought myself utterly prostrated by the assaults of my political enemies. Mr. Harrington is the life of social enjoyment; and it is no small honor to

have been the acquaintance of Horace Mann, the founder of the Worcester Asylum. Bostonians have appreciated his value as a public man;—but few can know the generosity, the purity, the elevated principle, which distinguishes his private character.

There are those who,

“Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.”

A few days before the Presidential election in Massachusetts, I published, in the Statesman, the “Address to the people” of that State. And on Mr. Adams renewing his attack on the old federalists, as his last movement to secure the victory, I rode to Boston and proposed to the Statesman leaders the printing of a ticket of Electors composed of “old federalists,”—to be dispersed throughout the Commonwealth, and, by this means, to distract and divide the Adams party. Messrs. Henshaw, Simpson and Donlap objected most emphatically to the project, as being calculated to introduce into the party distinguished men, who would afterwards become competitors for the public offices. Even at this early period of the struggle, they seemed to think, that the *smaller* the Jackson party was in Massachusetts, the better for their interests. I afterwards discovered that they had conspired to keep the Jackson party in this State *conveniently small*, and, especially, to repel every respectable gentleman who offered to join it. They were assiduous in procuring recruits from the lowest and most ignorant of the populace; but whenever a man of talents and information claimed their fraternity, they chanted the “trio”

“Fee, faw, fum,

“We smell the blood of an Englishman.

“Be he live, or be he dead,

“Off goes his head.”

It was about this time that I saw, with indignation and disgust, caricatures of the Hon. Francis Baylies, (the *only* Representative from New-England who, in 1824, voted for Gen. Jackson,) inscribed on the walls of the Statesman office! He was pictured with a cigar in his mouth, and on his forehead was written, “an old Tory!” They knew, (i. e. the Statesman party,) that Mr. B. was the author of the most popular public appeals which had appeared in the Jackson papers. But altho’ he was a Jacksonian, when *they* were intriguing to be the adherents of any party which

would accept them as partisans, they hated him for his integrity and abilities ;—"aside the devils turned for envy."

Jackson was elected ! We heard the *glad* tidings, (as we supposed,) from the West, which changed our hopes to certainty. In a "white heat" of political enthusiasm, I rushed into Boston. I sought the Statesman office, and found a part of the conclave in session. Gentlemen, I exclaimed, I congratulate you on our glorious victory ! Reform is established ;—the Constitution is restored to its original purity ;—the People have triumphed !" I noticed, as I spoke, the gradual elongation of the corners of their mouths, and I had no sooner ceased, but they sent forth a peal of laughter such as I had never heard before. Peal upon peal, rang through the room, for several minutes. Amazed and confounded, I waited impatiently for a calm, when I could demand an explanation of such conduct. Why,—I exclaimed, on the first cessation of the uproar,—is not this a memorable triumph of the people ? Here, they went at it again, roar upon roar, with occasional screams of,—"what an innocent !"—"quite unsophisticated !" &c. &c. Any one of my readers, who has ever seen a drop of hot tallow cooling off, can imagine, at that moment, my situation and appearance !

After this tempest of laughter was over, I was quietly informed, that they had won the money of the Adamsmen in bets, and were certain to win their offices :—and that, as I had done and suffered much, I should be taken care of ! My readers will make their own comments.

Jackson was elected ! and I had been no inconsiderable instrument in bringing about this result. If I had a window in my breast, my readers would now see how my heart is wrung with this reflection ;—how remorse, with its thousand snakes, is stinging it to the core. And yet I thought I was doing a good deed, and continued in this dream, with occasional starts of returning consciousness, until the appalling seizure of the public money effectually dispersed it. Had the visible heavens, over my head, been suddenly "rolled together as a scroll," I should not have been more instantly awakened to the peril which awaited all of us ! It is however, most fortunate for the country, that our *Julius* has preceded our *Augustus* Cæsar ;—that the first attack on the Constitution, and public liberty, was so audacious, and

undisguised ;—that tyranny marched his legions, in open day, to the Rubicon, and assailed freedom with the sword, and not with the stiletto. Julius Cæsar overturned the Roman Republic ; (in which, be it remembered, the last rampart of patriotism was the Senate ;) but it was, for a time, restored by the steel of Brutus. The cautious, subtle, and intriguing Augustus finally and hopelessly, *riveted the chains of the people.*

CHAPTER IV.

The Scramble for Office.

“ So many new-born flies, (his light gave life to,)
 “ Buzz in his beams,—fleshflies and butterflies,
 “ Hornets and humming scarabs,—that not one honey-bee
 “ That’s laden with true labour, and brings home
 “ Increase and credit, can ’escape rifling.

IN Massachusetts, in 1828, the number of votes, for Jackson, was about the same as Crawford received, four years before. In Boston, the two divisions of the Jackson party united, for the last time, and mustered 800 votes for Dr. Ingalls, as Representative to Congress. Such a man as the Doctor is an honor to any party : —“ Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind.” He is as distinguished for active benevolence as for professional skill, and is as successful in *trepanning* hearts as heads. It is wonderful, that a gentleman of such universal popularity could obtain only eight hundred votes, in a City where thousands owed him vast debts of gratitude ; and it satisfactorily proves the determined repugnance of its enlightened citizens to the rule of Jacksonism. The “good Doctor” was, however, restored to political health in 1832 ; it required only “one course” of Jackson medicine for his recovery ;—while some of us were obliged to take half a dozen.

As I stated, in the former Chapter, early in '28 the Statesman party had driven away in disgust a large and respectable division of the friends of Jackson, whom they afterwards called the "Bulletin party." Just before the election in November, in order to keep up some show of strength they were obliged to solicit a reunion, which they intended should be only temporary. This was effected by the nomination of Dr. Ingalls. But the election was no sooner passed, than immediate measures were taken to compel another separation. As early as the 20th Nov. the Statesman party proceeded to call a meeting of its adherents "to reorganize the Jackson Republican party." The other division of the friends of Jackson well knew the object of the call, and therefore stood aloof. At this meeting it was resolved, that, for the future, the party name should be the "Jackson *Democratic* party;"—And a County Committee and Ward Committees having been chosen among themselves, they effectually excluded the "Jackson Republicans" from any further participation in their political transactions.

Having thus shaken off a formidable host of competitors for appointments, and assumed to themselves, "par excellence," the exclusive mananagement of the Jackson party of the City, the Statesman leaders still found too many able and meritorious gentlemen belonging to *their own* faction, whose claims on government patronage would come in conflict with their own long cherished design of engrossing the whole. It became necessary, therefore, to deceive these men, and the trick was adroitly managed. They had already obtained the entire control of the County Committee by their own votes, and those of their relatives and personal friends, of which it was composed. But this was not considered a sufficient security against accidents, and the possibility, that some might hereafter prove refractory. They therefore constituted themselves a grand Central, or State Committee,—the sun of the system, around which all the inferior political orbs must revolve. It was a beautiful system, for if successful, it grasped the power of the whole Jackson party of the State, as well as of the City. To make the usurpation of authority palatable to the members of the County Committee, it was declared, that all claims to appointments were to be settled by the vote of *that* Committee alone; that *they*, (i. e. the States-

man leaders,) had no peculiar merits to offer on the altar of official homage;—were rather indifferent about preferment;—the reward of patriotism, the people's love, was enough for them;—and, indeed, that their present occupations were much too lucrative to make the toils of office desirable or even endurable. If however the party insisted on the sacrifice, why, there was none they would not make for the good of the country; but should much prefer that other meritorious patriots would relieve them from the duty!

Such discourses glided like strains of soft music into delighted ears, and removed all feelings of remonstrance against their assumption of all the party influence. To keep up the delusion, meetings of the County Committee were actually held at which some of the members, not in the plot, and claiming to be "elder soldiers" than their managers, were nominated as Naval officers, Surveyors, Weighers, Guagers, &c. And they slept on these golden dreams, until they waked to find all these offices in the possession of less confiding, and more wary politicians. Many poor fellows who had labored day and night for the "Hero," years before the Statesman leaders had concluded to embrace his cause, who had figured as Chairmen of Committees, Moderators of Meetings, Secretaries of Conventions, orators, poets and newspaper statesmen,—who had, in anticipation of the coming official harvest, indulged in the most magnificent contemplations of the future,—who had said in their hearts, "I will pull down my barns, and build greater"—found themselves reduced to the necessity of accepting some petty appointment, mortifying to their hopes, and scarcely affording them the means of subsistence! Some of them, however, on the explosion of the plot, indignantly refused the proffered compromise, and attempted to set up for themselves, and to resist the conspirators in finally clutching and securing their prey. In every instance such daring individuals were undermined, defeated, and, perhaps, ruined. No matter what services to the party he had rendered; no matter what personal friendships were broken up; no matter how much he had contributed to their own advancement;—the least resistance, or even murmuring at their authority, by any individual, was followed by a secret but desolating vengeance. Most gentlemen in Boston will remember the fate of John Roberts, one of the

“original Jacksonmen,” and a most devoted adherent of the Statesman party. There were many others who suffered like injustice.

If the leaders of the Statesman party could deal thus deceitfully and inhumanly with their own friends and partisans, we can readily imagine the plots, stratagems and falsehoods contrived against their opponents of the ‘ Jackson Republican, or Bulletin party,’ and against every distinguished Jacksonian in the State who would not succumb to their authority or whom they suspected of aspiring to office. As the mercenary and rapacious believe all men equally intent on spoil and rapine, that suspicion, of course, rested upon every man who possessed talents or influence, and who had voted for Jackson. And they had acquired the power of effecting incalculable mischief. For, calling themselves the State Jackson Democratic Committee,—with an impudence impervious to all sense of honor or decency,—and holding forth their newspaper as the sole defender of the cause, and themselves as the little Spartan band who manned the Thermopylæ of Democracy in Massachusetts, they did in fact persuade the great and leading men of the Jackson party in other States that they alone were deserving of honors, and that all, who were not their servants, were federalists and traitors. The rancour manifested in the Boston Statesman against the chiefs of the Bulletin party is inconceivable by any one who has not marked the influence of envy and cupidity on low minds. Every man of that party was denounced as a federalist; “a Hessian,” “fighting for pay”; “a spy in the democratic camp,”—or as “soldiers enlisted after the victory was won.” Now all this was utterly false, as they well knew. A great majority of the chiefs and the adherents of that party were “democrats of the old school,” and many of them had been the ablest advocates of democracy in the Boston Statesman. There were indeed some federalists among them, who relying on Gen. Jackson’s *advice* to President Munroe, were confident that he would *act* upon sentiments so candid and magnanimous. Among these were to be found some of the most active and devoted of his friends. The opprobrious epithet of “Hessians,” was wholly inapplicable to them, for they were far above all mercenary considerations. The real Hessians were the Statesman leaders who fought for nothing but pay, who got all the

pay, together with the plunder of their political enemies' possessions in this quarter. While many of the Bulletin party were among the earliest to sustain the cause of Jackson, they had recruited a young and enterprising corps in the same cause. And acting openly, ingenuously and honestly, they neither feared spies or required their services. Nevertheless, the oft repeated and most impudent calumnies of their enemies tainted, at last, public opinion;—and altho' most of the injured trusted implicitly in the high feeling and justice of the President elect. it was but too evident, that he would be unable to resist the flood of prejudice incessantly rushing upon him. Living at a distance, I was a spectator, (altho' not a disinterested one,) of these ungenerous, fraudulent, and infamous transactions.

Having thus separated themselves from the most respectable, and numerous, (and therefore, to them, the most dangerous portion,) of the Jackson party, of Boston,—having thoroughly deluded and mystified their own party and usurped the control of all its power,—the Cabal prepared to proceed to Washington, to perpetrate the schemes so long in preparation.

But some preliminary movements were first necessary. They assiduously enlarged their correspondence with the leading Editors and principal men of the party in all the States, particularly with those known to be democrats, which they were enabled to do by proclaiming themselves the representatives of the democracy of Massachusetts. Next, as it was doubted whether the President elect could be brought into their plans, which contemplated the removal from office of the public servants, not only in Boston, but throughout the State, and the United States.—whether faithful or unfaithful—with the exception only of the active partizans of their faction; it was deemed expedient to sound, before-hand, the trumpet of woe and of warning;—of woe to the vanquished, and of warning to the President. The horrid peal rang from the brazen throats of the Statesman and its kindred prints. Hear, how it brayed from the Statesman.

☞“A poor fellow, not a hundred miles off. says, certainly President Jackson is too good a man to take my office from me; I have a family entirely dependent upon the income thereof for their support, and the brave Hero of New-Orleans is too generous, too magnanimous, and too noble minded to deprive my

wife and little children of their bread. But hark ye, Sir; have you not neglected the duties of your office to abuse the generous Jackson; have you not laboured night and day in endeavoring to deceive your fellow-citizens into the belief that the now humane, generous, noble Andrew Jackson was an inhuman monster; a blood thirsty tyrant; a wilful murderer; a libertine of the blackest cast, &c. &c.” “Do such men deserve public confidence? Is the people’s money safe under the control of such men? Certainly not. Then the *public good* requires that they should be displaced.”

This Article, from the Statesman of Nov. 18th, 1828, is headed “The day of Reckoning.”

Similar sentiments were avowed in the Albany Argus, the Portland Argus and indeed in a large number of the Democratic Jacksonian presses of the United States. And in some of them, it was afterwards threatened, that if any prominent statesman of the party should oppose this plan of indiscriminate proscription, he should forfeit the confidence of his political supporters.

It is not at all astonishing, that such a generous invitation to pillage should have been hailed with avidity by all ignorant, greedy, and unprincipled demagogues. Notwithstanding it is apparent, to every common apprehension, not distorted by political insanity, that such a system must inevitably, in a short time, overthrow our Republican institutions, by corrupting all public virtue, and converting every important election into a mere scramble for office, yet there have been found able and dignified statesmen, professing extraordinary attachment to liberty and the constitution, to give it their deliberate and commending sanction. Beyond a doubt, it was this invitation to a grand official massacre,—a political St. Bartholemews,—which gathered together, at Washington, on the ensuing 4th of March, the host of ruffians who invaded the President’s house, destroyed its rich furniture, and rioted on the dainties of his table;—and, afterwards, engendered that spirit of intolerance and proscription, which all his generosity, justice and magnanimity struggled in vain to resist. He undoubtedly possessed all these virtues, and I am unwilling to believe that, even now, they can be entirely cankered by the corrupting influence of authority. He has, let us hope, been “more sinned against than sinning.”

To return to the operations of the Boston Cabal. It is but fair that I should "give the devil his due," and, therefore, I must confess, that no body of men, or conspirators, ever displayed more unceasing activity, industry, secrecy, and cunning, in conducting political machinations. They had prepared the way for their advancement with infinite diligence and adroitness, and they now prepared to visit the field where the fruits of their labours were to be gathered, leaving their infatuated followers at home meditating on vain hopes,—like parched travellers in a desert, on discovering the approach of a welcome cloud, distending their grateful mouths to catch the exhilarating drops.

Affidavits had been carefully collected touching the political character and deeds of all the public officers in Boston singled out for destruction. If any one of them had merely voted against the new powers, *that* was industriously marked, in *solemn black*, against him;—or if he had signed any political paper favourable to the past Administration, his signature was eagerly sought for; or the testimony of some person who had seen it, secretly procured;—or if he had expressed, in familiar conversation, his content with the masters he served, or his belief that a change would be injurious to the country, he was "written down" in numerous depositions, "a knave"—deserving of official death. Nor was any mercy designed to be shown to the public officers (who filled *lucrative* stations) of *their own party*. Against them the *crime of age* was alleged,—the long period they had held their offices—the importance of "rotation in office." Past faithful services were nothing;—poverty and misery to the hoary head were nothing, even if it had been bleached in establishing, amidst the storms of the revolution, the very Government, which was thus called upon to decapitate it. Nor was even this all. Lest any of the Boston Bulletin party, or any distinguished man in the State, friendly to Jackson, should "come between the wind and their nobility" and bar them from their object, every little and contemptible slander on the characters of such suspected persons, was hunted up, and prepared, in requisition against them. Thus armed and equipped, the Cabal proceeded to Washington, their motto being—*perish all—but we win*.

I have, subsequently, been shown some of the *affidavits* before mentioned. One of them was levelled against a gallant Colonel

of the last war, who held an important office. The material fact was, his *signature*, to a call for an Adams meeting in Boston. Mr. Simpson kindly favoured me with a partial view of this precious document,—but, at a distance of ten feet, with part of the name covered with his finger. He said, however, that the damning blot was there. Another, was a long string of certificates intended to prostrate a Major of the late war, who had been maimed, for life, in the public service. Here is, substantially, a sample of the certificates. “I certify, that on &c. in a conversation with Major —, he said, he thought Jackson unfit to be President.” Signed —. “I certify, that I heard Major — say that he believed Jackson to be a damned rascal.” Signed —. “I certify that many times, in conversation, Major — said, that he was a public officer under Adams, and thought it his duty to stick by his superior officer, and believed he had more knowledge in his little finger, than old Jackson had in his whole body. Signed —.”

I think there were about a dozen of such frivolous charges against this officer, who was acknowledged to be faithful in his duties, and who had received assurances that he should not be molested. But they “*did his business.*” Mr. Nathaniel Greene confided this important paper to me, for the purpose of preventing the unfortunate Major from receiving, after some years of distress, a *new*, but trivial appointment. I used it for a very different purpose. And all such accusations, were gotten up secretly, without any knowledge thereof on the part of the destined victim. He was condemned, without being heard in his defence, or knowing his accusers.

It was the “Lion’s mouth” of Venice! But more of this hereafter.

It is probable, that nearly every zealous Jacksonman in New-England who expected an office, (and most thought their chances fair,) and who had money enough to get there, was in Washington on the 4th of March, 1829. The rush, the eager importunity, the furious competition for appointments, was a most mortifying and disgraceful trait in the National character. As the scene was described to me, I could think of nothing but Mr. — of Roxbury, in his duck yard surrounded by its thousand quacking tenants, as I figured to myself the President of the U. States,

beset by a throng of greedy, starved, and clamorous partisans. This was the first evidence of the decline of our national spirit, dignity and independence. It was "*the beginning of the end.*" If, on that day, the spirits of those proud, stern, and self-denying New-England patriots, who were the founders of public liberty, were permitted to look down on a spot hallowed by so many glorious associations, how they must have mourned the degeneracy of their children !*

The Jackson newspapers were the immediate cause of this melancholy and humiliating spectacle ; but many of the Editors of the opposing party have reason to reproach themselves with having prepared the way for its exhibition. They had assured the people that General Jackson could neither *spell* correctly, nor *write* grammatically ; and, of course, the ignorant and illiterate thought themselves equally worthy of preferment. They had charged him with licentious habits, and, consequently, the dissipated and depraved looked to him as their patron. They had proclaimed him void of all moral principle ;—vice heard the welcome intelligence in its lurking places, and stalked forth into open day. Had these Editors not been infected with the madness of party, they would have considered, that, in 1824, the people of Tennessee had given Gen. Jackson nearly a unanimous vote for the Presidency. It is unhappily true, that an ignorant, licentious and immoral demagogue may obtain a *majority* of suffrages, at a time of violent political excitement, over a wise, just and virtuous statesman. But to suppose that such a man can possibly command the *united* voices of the freemen of a great and proud Commonwealth, among whom he has passed his days and to whom his character must be known, is absurd and monstrous. It is to suppose, that, among 120,000 citizens, there are none who have any regard for wisdom and virtue,—a state of corruption that would call down "fire from Heaven" The nearly *unanimous* vote of Tennessee, and I believe of several other States, in 1824, was conclusive, as to the qualifications and character of Gen. Jackson :—not that he was the best man for the office, but that the statements of his political opponents were

* To the honor of the South, few of that high-minded people were to be found in the crowd of beggars.

false and calumnious. He owed the immense majority he received in 1828, to this mistaken policy of his political opponents. The Whigs of this day will profit by the lesson;—they will not assail the *private character* of the Tory candidate. With the present intelligence and virtue of the people, no man, whose moral principles are greatly depraved, can command sufficient influence to procure even a nomination, (by any party numerous enough to give any hope of success,) for the elevated station of President of the U. States. The very fact of his nomination by one of the great parties of the country, will convince all who have no personal acquaintance with the candidate, that such assaults are but the malignant slanders of bitter political warfare;—and as all generous bosoms are irresistibly inclined to succour the oppressed, he will gain thousands of voters, whose indignation at injustice outweighs their abhorrence of his political principles.

What are our aspiring friends, the “Statesman leaders,” doing, all this while, at Washington? Having obtained the valuable assistance of Gen. Duff Green, they had ready access to the President;—and acting on the rule of “united we stand,” they prosecuted their objects with a zeal and dexterity worthy of all praise. As usual, they had “*a nice little plan of operations*,” probably suggested and arranged by the sagacious Simpson. As I have been informed, the offices to be secured were as follows, viz:—Henshaw,—as having the most money, the soundest judgment, and the most commanding personal appearance, was to be *Secretary of the Navy!* Simpson, sharp at calculation, and with a little experience in the law,—(vide 12th vol. Mass. Reports,)—was to be *Collector of the Port of Boston!* Dunlap, *Attorney of that District.*—Brodhead, having learned the trade under Amos Binney, —*Navy Agent!*—a brother-in-law of Henshaw, *Naval Officer*; a Cambridge poetical and political adherent, *Surveyor*; and last, but not least, Nathaniel Greene, *Postmaster of Boston!!* “This was the noblest Roman of them all,” it seems; for the Boston Post office, with the regular salary of \$2000 per annum, and the perquisites, and the “boxes,” is worth *six or seven thousand dollars* a year;—and yet Mr. Greene, in the public estimation at Boston, was the least distinguished for talents, and political efficiency, of all the associates. But the “*nice little plan*” discloses the motive

for assigning to this gentleman so prolific an appointment.—Mr. Greene, as nominal proprietor and editor of the Boston Statesman, was to present before the Throne,—“how he had, with *unparalleled fortitude, unshaken fidelity, desperate daring*, and at AN IMMENSE EXPENSE, defended the Democratic Thermopylæ in Massachusetts,—assailed by an inveterate host of aristocratic Persians ;—how he was utterly annihilated, by the same sanguinary host, without his being able to report one of the slain ; “was alive himself, to tell his story, with all his companions in that awful struggle ;—and that the enemy never seemed to perceive that any foe, deserving of notice, defended the “pass,”—“but leisurely marched through it, and carried the Republic, without the loss of a man. Nevertheless, as the preparation for the conflict, and the conflict itself, had *cost him a great sum*, he humbly trusted that the generous country he had saved, and its magnanimous master, would “*pay him for heating the poker*” viz :—cash, per account, expended, \$15,000.”*

The “Cabal,” having discovered the liberal and unsuspicious character of the Chief Magistrate, who, altho’ rash, precipitate and headstrong, is honest, sincere, and free hearted, knew that so solemn and affecting an appeal would work upon his generous nature. They knew he was the last man to desert his friends, or to yield to his enemies. But they prepared for a question, which they anticipated his sagacity would propose, viz :—“how could you carry on a newspaper, at such an expense, *without funds*, and in the midst of such a multitude of political opponents, who would be the last to aid you?—Greene was to answer,—“Sweet Sir, the money was loaned to me by that prurient patriot, David Henshaw, here present ; and the other gentlemen office seekers at his side became my endorsers. All of them are involved in my distresses, and all are money-martyrs in your service.”

My readers will immediately acknowledge that the plan was admirable, and worthy of the head by which it was contrived. It embraced *all* the confederates,—it touched the ruling passions of the President, and it enabled Greene (supposing he *did* owe them,) to pay off his debts. It did more. In case Greene owed them nothing,

* This was the sum named at Washington ; we shall see how it swelled afterwards.

(which I am suspicious was the fact,) the appointment to the Post Office would furnish him with abundant *means*; and as he ever entertained a noble disdain of money, the "Moseses," by whom he was promoted, would have an opportunity to lighten him of his burthen. Accordingly Greene no sooner obtained the appointment of Postmaster of Boston, than he purchased of Hancock & Co. of Boston (of which firm *Mr. Simpson* was a partner,) rich furniture, to the amount of *several thousand dollars*. But this is another digression, for which I beg pardon.

The plan of the campaign having been concocted by General Simpson, and the columns stationed in the rear of the palace, in preparation for the attack,—the light troops, *affidavits* and *certificates*, being judiciously posted in covert, Col. Dunlap, without orders, carried an outwork called the "District Attorney" by escalade, and was immediately secured in his conquest. This astounding breach of discipline caused the immediate retreat of the confederates; and Col Dunlap, having made terms with the enemy, returned to Boston, and thenceforth became a non-combatant in that campaign. In other words, while these shrewd "Statesman leaders" were digesting and arranging their plans to engross all the important public offices in Massachusetts, Mr. Dunlap, the only man of real talent among them, (and I will admit that he has as fertile an imagination as I ever knew,) was appointed District Attorney of Boston, and the Senate being in session, the appointment was confirmed on the spot. The rest of the confederates retired, for a time, to endure the pangs of "hope deferred."

They, however, soon rallied for a new attack, and approached the President, in the impressive and mournful order, that Menenius and his associates came before Coriolanus. Greene led the weeping band before him;—he told the "story of his woes,"—in a voice choked with tears,*—his vast expenditures, his lowly devotedness,—his approaching ruin. At every pause, "his backers,"—like the spirits in *Der Freyschutz*,—at the casting of the charmed bullets,—gave a deep and thrilling groan. The President was touched; he pitied the men, although he scorned the abjectness of the suppliants, and he promised that Greene should

* I have it from good authority that Greene wept *dreadfully*.

be Postmaster of Boston;—that Henshaw might, if he pleased, be Collector, but not Secretary of the Navy; and that Brodhead should be Navy Agent. As to the other offices at Boston, he should reserve the disposition of them for the present,—but the Statesman party must be satisfied with what they had obtained. Mr. Henshaw replied, that he could by no means condescend to be Collector of Boston; the salary, to be sure, was liberal, but money was not his object, he had a little himself,—his hobby was, to serve his country. The President was quite indifferent whether he accepted the appointment or not, and could not be moved from his decision by further importunity. Greene and Brodhead were in an ecstasy of gratitude. It would have been worth something handsome, to have seen the countenance of Simpson at this moment, when thus cut off from all hope of advancement. It must have been a study for the painter. He probably looked, as we may suppose an engineer would look, on finding himself “hoisted by his own petard.”

Let us return to Boston,—“*ἵσμεν εἰς Ἀθῆνας.*”

While the confederates were manœuvring at Washington, a terrible war was raging between the two Jackson newspapers, and the two factions at Boston. Col. Orne, of the Bulletin party, having taken on himself the leading of its host, and thus unceremoniously ousting from the command more discreet and temperate politicians than himself, vented his wrath against the Statesman enemy in unmeasurable terms; to which the enemy replied, with a fire of slang-artillery that scattered the mud in front of the Colonel's position in all directions. The Colonel had an eye on the Post office. Relying on his valuable services as a writer, (and he wrote well,) on his *original* Jacksonism, and on the consciousness that he was the ablest, (he certainly was.) of the gladiators who were contending for office, he remained at home, confiding in the beneficence and prescience of the President, while his rivals were tripping up his heels at Washington. Had he known the men with whom he had to deal, he would have rushed, on a rail-road of indignation, to the spot where the battle was to be won. But he “slept, while beadles thundered at his door.” He was not to blame for this supineness and security; for until the deed was done, no man had a suspicion of the enormous treachery of which the Statesman leaders were capable.

On the 4th March '29, the two factions held separate celebrations of the triumph of the party; the Bulletin party at Faneuil Hall, and the Statesman party at the Washington Garden. Extraordinary exertions were made by the last to assemble an imposing multitude in their ranks. A Democratic Convention of all the friends of Jackson, in the State, was called, to meet in the morning, at the State House, for the pretended purpose of nominating a Democratic candidate for Governor. Hundreds of tickets were given away to persons who loved a good dinner better than the principles of the party. All Broad-street was invited, as the peculiar favorites of the *Irish* President. The procession moved from the State House, preceded by music and the military. "I saw them on their winding way,"—and had I been at Toulon, in France, I should have had no doubt, that the head of the procession was composed of the officers of justice, and the centre, and rear, of convicts condemned to the galleys. Nothing was wanting but the hand-cuffs.

Having received an invitation from the Bulletin party to act as one of the Vice-Presidents of the day at Faneuil Hall, I went there, and found an assembly of about 500 gentlemen; the most respectable company of *young men* I ever met;—enthusiastic in their rejoicings, and ardent in their hopes of the benign influence of the new President's Administration. As my eye glanced over the well filled tables, and among the numerous heads could detect only some half dozen touched with the frost of time, I felt proud that I was a Jacksonman. These were the men who confidently expected, that the country was to be blessed with an administration, which would extinguish the smouldering ashes of party feuds;—that, in the spirit of the letter to Monroe, Gen. Jackson was to be the President of the whole people, and not of a party. Not a man was there, who, had he been told, by some prophetic spirit, that within three years the Government would pass into the hands of the "scullion Cabinet," but would have chastised the supposed slanderer on the spot. The republican Address of Gen. Lyman, President of the day, and the toast of Mr. Otis, wherein he declared, that if the new President acted on the sentiments he had openly avowed, "New-England would meet him more than half way," were in the true spirit of the occasion.

I carried to Boston, in my pocket, the following Poem, which,

I wrote on a stormy day in February; and as it may relieve my readers from the tedium of a dull narrative, I here insert it. It is better as a poem than a prophesy.

ODE TO AN EX-PRESIDENT.

For the 4th March, 1829.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity!"
 Aye, when it fastens on a noble mind,
 It lifts to Heaven:—chilling penury,
 And the world's scorn, and hate, and malice blind,
 Are as the idle wailing of the wind,
 To him who stands erect, in virtue bold:
 The living waters of the heart, confined
 By selfish cares, misfortune doth unfold;
 As by the prophet's wand the gushing rock of old.

Not such thy fate! thine eyes shall ne'er discern,
 Above the gath'ring night, one cheering star
 Beam on thy hopes: and vainly shalt thou turn,
 To catch one sound of sympathy from far.
 Thou art alone! around thee is the jar
 Of baseless grandeur, into ruin cast,
 And crushed beneath thy conquering rival's car:
 While all the thousand voices of the past,
 Implore of future time, that thy dishonor last.

And it *shall* last! 'till Time's remorseless wave,
 Whelms in its surge all mem'ry of our clime;
 Till the accusing dead shall burst the grave;
 And slandered virtue wears in heaven sublime,
 A robe unspotted with thy pois'nous slime;
 Till Hamilton shall raise thy suppliant knee;
 And Ames's eloquence shall plead thy crime,
 When known,—forgiven:—trembling thou shalt see,
 His *madness*,* but a brighter spark of Deity!

What dost thou *there*?—still ling'ring round the spot,†
 Where lie the broken relics of thy power?
 Are not the sweets of empire yet forgot?
 Or wilt thou meanly near thy rival cower,
 Waiting the dawn of some propitious hour,
 To plead thy venal service to his fame,
 When Senates, o'er him, saw pale envy lower?‡
 Died with thy fortunes all of gen'rous shame?
 Where is thy Sire's proud heart,—the spirit of thy name!

* Mr. Adams mistook Mr. Ames's genius for insanity. Vide his Review of Mr. Ames's Book.

† The Ex-President remained at Washington to witness the inauguration of the illustrious Jackson.

‡ Mr. A. defended Gen. Jackson against the attempt of certain Senators to impeach him for violating the Spanish territory.

Go!—if thy craven mind hath lost, indeed,
 Of worth, the conscious glow!—and lowly hear,
 Justice, as Marshall, give bright honors meed,
 A nation's offering, to a Patriot dear;—
 Go!—and with servile bend, thy Chief revere;
 Let cringing subtlety do all it can;—
 But may such scornful greeting blast thine ear,
 As once pronounced presumptuous folly's ban,—
 "My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man!"

Return,—and fly the scoffing of thy foes;
 Come to the thickest shades of father-land!
 The pyre of libelled character yet glows,
 Still, round its embers yells thy ghastly band.
 Come,—lead their revels with paternal hand;
 (For such the offspring of thy ranc'rous heart,)
 Lo! Slander hails thee from thy native strand!
 Honor, and worth, from thy contagion start,
 And Glory, in thy halls, exclaims, "let us depart!"

Enter,—and weep the downfall of thy line!
 Thy once thronged courts,—how desolate and lone;
 No living sages round thy hearth recline,
 But from thy walls, thine ancestry doth moan,—
 And Roman virtue frowns in sculptured stone:
 And all thy early friends, who made thee great,
 Stand afar off;—and list thy frequent groan,
 As conscience, the avenger of their hate,
 Preys on thy stubborn soul, still struggling with its fate.

At the Washington Garden, the Statesman party mustered about 800 persons; of whom, at least 300 were Irishmen. At this dinner, as at all others since that day, the zealous but ignorant members of the party were furnished with toasts by the leading members, which, when published, presented a very formidable array of "public sentiment." A most ludicrous scheme! since most of those, by whom such sentiments were uttered, never had a *sentiment* in their lives. They were honest men, who meant well, but were wholly incapable of discharging their political inclinations in polished or even grammatical language. These toasts were always highly complimentary to the *leading men* of the Statesman faction, and, frequently, were designed to point out to the President and his Counsellors, what was expected by the Ajaxes of his party in Massachusetts. In another chapter I will present my readers with some amusing specimens.

We left our friends at Washington:—Greene and Brodhead chuckling at their good fortune—Henshaw sullenly recoiling on his "reserved rights," and Simpson petrified with amazement that

among all the good things *he* could get nothing. But "the course" of office-seeking, like that of "true love,—never did run smoothe." Greene's mirth was soon changed to wailing, by the refusal of the Postmaster General, the Hon. John McLean, to remove the old Postmaster of Boston, or to be the agent of the general proscription which was meditated in his Department. This startling fact being ascertained, all the thousands of petitioners for Post Office appointments, present at Washington, immediately leagued together, with the intent of relieving the General Post Office from the superintendence of Mr. McLean. Their influence and importunities were too powerful for the President to withstand, and Mr. McLean was made a Judge of the Supreme Court. Greene has been heard to say in Boston, that "*he* turned out the Postmaster General!"

Brother Brodhead, also, was in trouble. For the peculations of Watkins having been discovered, it became necessary that Mr. Harris, the Navy Agent at Boston, should appear at the expected trial of the offender, as a witness for the Government. It was therefore considered by Mr. Kendall very bad policy to remove Mr. Harris until after the condemnation of the accused. Mr. Brodhead then had to endure the torment of beholding, for more than a year, the golden-pippin of office suspended before his "mind's eye," and bobbing against his nose, without the liberty of touching it. He retired, "a melancholy man, sore stricken," to Boston, and resumed his tailoring.

"Misfortunes never come singly," it is said; and it was about this time the inquisitive Simpson discovered, that his dignified friend, Henshaw, in leaning too hard upon the staff of his "reserved rights," was in imminent danger of pitching over backwards, and losing both his staff and office. In other words, he discovered that the President had concluded, (as Henshaw declined the appointment,) to make the Hon. Francis Baylies Collector of Boston, and that his nomination would be sent to the Senate the next morning!

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And mounting in hot haste:"

The confederates immediately assembled in consternation and dismay, and prepared for an instant interview with the President. As they rushed up Pennsylvania Avenue, the devil, out of sheer

malice, launched an arrow at their rear which wonderfully quickened their movements, viz:—they were informed that General Boyd, a member of the Bulletin party, had been appointed Naval officer of Boston. Now this was a snug berth, which, for the want of a better, our sagacious friend Simpson was beginning to entertain the notion of occupying himself. Breathless with haste and anxiety, they came before the President, and in panting accents informed him, that Mr. Henshaw had relented, and would, for the good of the party, condescend to accept the Collectorship of Boston. Well,—replied the President,—I have offered it to him, I never change my intentions—he shall have it. And so Henshaw's nomination was sent to the Senate in the morning instead of Mr. Baylies's. It remained there, nearly a year, before it was confirmed.

My readers will permit me to remark, that the division which existed in the Jackson party at Boston, extended throughout the whole Jackson party, in every section of the Union. The friends of the President in the U. States were separated into two distinct parties. One of them, (perhaps the least numerous, but most respectable,) being composed of moderate men, republicans in principle,—firmly attached to the Constitution, and devoted lovers of liberty based upon order and law, looked to the Administration of Jackson as destined to harmonize the various contending interests of the country; to carry on, steadily but cautiously, the work of reforming the abuses which have crept into our system of government, and having for its chief a gallant soldier, of a generous and elevated character, it was confidently trusted that the low, and time-serving, and mercenary spirit which had been gradually corrupting the national character, would be supplanted by the more liberal, lofty, and independent spirit which distinguished the first years of the Confederacy. The other faction, being composed of radicals and office-seekers, hoped for no such blessings. They cared nothing for the Constitution, or the preservation of our ancient institutions;—law and order were their abhorrence, and public harmony was the most unhealthy atmosphere in which they could exist;—reform, unless it meant proscription, was of no consequence; and a spirit of united forbearance, magnanimity and devotedness to the general welfare, was certain to be fatal to their influence in the nation. Their design was, to use

Jackson as the dispenser of the 'loaves and fishes' of office merely; and make him their tool, for elevating to distinction, low and base, but greedy partisans, who were conscious that they possessed neither talent or desert to acquire distinction in any other way. Most unhappily, the President, in the very first days of his official career, fell into the hands of this latter party, the leader of which was Van Buren, and its lieutenant Amos Kendall. And notwithstanding his messages have breathed the genuine sentiments common to his character, these malign advisers have never suffered him to carry one of them into effect; but on the contrary, he has been so counselled, that the Constitution has been violated, law and order contemned, public liberty put at hazard,—the country driven to the highest pitch of excitement, reform made a curse, and a spirit of rancorous hate, and grovelling cupidity, created and dispersed into every little hamlet of our once happy and independent land.

Now, if any reflecting man supposes, that these things can be, without overturning our republican institutions, or exciting a revolution to reinstate them, let him "lay that flattering unction to his soul;"—he will be roused in time! Mark what the Rev. Robert Hall, one of the wisest and worthiest writers of the present century, says of the French Revolution. One would imagine it a description of the present times.

"Among the various passions, which that Revolution has so strikingly displayed, none is more conspicuous than *vanity*—vanity, both in those whose business it was to lead, and in those whose lot it was to follow—infusing into the former—into those entrusted with the enactment of laws—a spirit of rash innovation and daring empiricism—a disdain of the established usages of mankind—a foolish desire to dazzle the world with new and untried systems of policy, in which the precedents of antiquity and the experience of ages were only consulted to be trodden under foot: vanity, predominating among the latter, the million, by reason of—political power, the most seducing object of ambition, never before circulating through so many hands; the prospect of possessing it never before presented to so many minds—multitudes who, by their birth and education, and not unfrequently by their talents, seemed destined to perpetual obscurity, being, by the alternato rise and fall of parties, elevated into distinction, and sharing in the functions of government; the short-lived forms of power and office gliding with such rapidity through successive ranks of degradation, from the court to the very dregs of the people. that they seemed rather to solicit acceptance than to be a prize contending for. Yet, as it was still impossible for all to possess authority, though none were willing to obey, a general impatience to break the ranks, and rush into the foremost ground, maddened and infuriated the nation, and overwhelmed law, order, and civilization with the violence of a torrent."

CHAPTER V.

A Visit to Washington.

“ Oh ! how wretched

Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.”

By the advice of numerous friends, I prepared, on the last of June, '29, to visit Washington ; having some commissions to execute for the people of several towns in my county. And here, like an honest man, I will confess, my political delusion was so complete, that I favoured the work of proscription, and carried with me, to Washington, petitions for the removal of *five* obnoxious Postmasters, in Norfolk County ;—all of whom *were* removed.

I went first to Boston, for the purpose of obtaining letters of introduction to the leading men at Washington, from the chiefs of the two factions of the Jackson party in Boston. Never having taken an active part as a partisan of either faction, I apprehended no difficulty in readily securing the recommendations of both. The leading men of the Bulletin party gave them, at once, in the most generous and gentlemanly manner. I then went to the Statesman office, and finding Dunlap and N. Greene present, announced my intention. Dunlap. You had better not go ; —it will cost you a great sum. Ans. True,—but I am paid for going. D. Why not do the business by letter ;—it can be done just as well. Ans. I wish to see the President and the business can best be performed on the spot. I shall go at all events. D. Greene, give him a letter to Duff Green ; but it is d—d nonsense to be going to Washington at this time. Greene busied himself in inditing a letter to General Duff. “ How long are you to remain in town, and when do you start on your journey,” he enquired. Ans. I remain to-night, and start in the morning's

stage. Greene. Will you remain *here*, twenty minutes? Ans. Certainly. G. Well, I will see Henshaw within that time, and you shall have a decisive answer. He rushed from the office for this purpose.

After Mr. Henshaw had obtained, from the President, the appointment of Collector of Boston, I wrote to him soliciting a station in his Department. His answers announced the annoyance of numerous applications, and his disposition to do me the justice which he confessed I deserved;—but there was nothing definite to be gathered from his declarations.

In less than 20 minutes Greene returned, and informed me that he had had an interview with Mr. Henshaw, who had solemnly promised to appoint me an Inspector of the Customs, within a week. “It is very well,” I replied, “but I shall go, notwithstanding.”

Mr. H. was as good as his word, for my appointment, as an Inspector, was announced in the “official” paper, the Statesman, while I was at Washington. The object of this movement is too manifest to require any comment. I declined the appointment on my return.

Early in the morning of a tempestuous day in June, ’29—I took stage for Providence, well furnished with documents, letters, certificates and other political credentials; and commenced the business of an office-seeker. It is in vain to deny that I felt ashamed of it, but I had involved myself in necessity by my reckless labours in the recent contest. And, what is more worthy of reflection, I had lost, in a great degree, the inclination and taste for regular occupation, and, when contemplating an easy station under government, considered my profession “quite a bore.” I have since remarked the same melancholy effects in a great many young men who had been dabbling in politics;—and have had the grief to witness every one of them writhing under a sense of the degradation to which they had been reduced.

In the stage, we had a gentleman and lady, belonging to New-York, who were of the Fanny Wright School, and who scoffed at the Deity and religion in language absolutely shocking to my ears, which were not peculiarly sensitive on such subjects. I saw them the same night, on the deck of the Steamer Benj. Franklin, as she struggled through a tremendous tempest of wind, rain and

lightning, pale with dread and trembling with emotion, and thought I never beheld two more desolate and hopeless beings. I never expected to see the light of another day; but seating myself amidst some bales of cotton on the middle deck, I waited the result with tolerable composure, resolving, that when the boat foundered, (which was not thought improbable) my last cry should be "huzza for Jackson." For, at this time, my political enthusiasm was at its height;—and as I was now approaching the sun of my system, and being nearly at my perihelium, my loyalty burned with astonishing fervour.

We had a *horse-jockey*, from the country, on board, who had never before seen a steam-boat, or encountered the perils of the sea. He was driven from his berth below at midnight, when the storm was at the worst. He stood near me, horror-struck, as the foaming surges came rushing upon us, and, observing the convulsive pitching of the boat as she rose upon the opposing wave and then descended into the abyss, he exclaimed, "my gorry! how she rares!" (rears.)

Morning dawned only to give us a taste of another danger. The Captain of the Franklin attempted to rush up the torrent at Hurl-gate, with a furious wind driving down stream, and the tide in the worst possible state for his purpose. The Steamer moved slowly among the rocks and foaming waters, until she came nearly opposite the point, on the left hand, when she stopped, struggled for a moment, and was then borne down by the current. By the skill of the helms-man, she was backed into smooth water, protected by the point of land before mentioned. The steam was raised higher, and another attempt made, with the same result. As the preparations were making for a third trial, and the volumes of dense black smoke rolled over our heads, I remarked, that the passengers who had wives on board grasped them more closely by the arm,—or took their children into a warmer embrace. But there was no explosion;—the boat, being strained to her utmost tension, darted up the stream, like a pickerel whose tail had been rudely plucked, and we were in New-York.

I saw this great City for the first time. The first view was not impressive,—by no means so much so as Boston from the Roxbury or Charlestown avenues. The surface, on which it is built, is too low and level. It was Sunday, and I noticed, instantly, a differ-

ence in the population of the two cities. The majority of the people in the streets of New-York seemed to me to be Irishmen and Negroes. I sat in a window opposite a magnificent Church, and counted the passengers on the side-walk. The proportion was, one black to three white men. This may have been accidental, but it struck me, at once, as a peculiarity. But little time was allowed for observation,—the boat was waiting and we were hurried on through New-Jersey. We have no population in New-England at all like that of New-Jersey;—nor have we any forests through which a man might ride on horse-back without endangering his head. The “Jerseys” beat us in woods and pasturage, but cannot hold a candle to us in the industry, neatness, and intelligence of the people. The Delaware is a beautiful river;—with delicious rural retreats on its banks,—where one would desire to live and die. which last, he probably would soon do, of the fever and ague. There was a French traveller in the boat, who after dinner sat at table gazing through the open port-holes at the moving prospect on shore,—tapping the point of his knife on a plate, and smiling to himself in delighted complacency. Monsieur, asked a passenger, what amuses you so much? Ah! Mons. replied,—dis ish von vonderful contrie—tis all de same,—de same riviere, de same pretty place—me see all dat this morning;—vonderful!—vonderful! He had gone from Philadelphia to Trenton in the Steamer in the morning, and, by mistake, was now going back again, while supposing himself on the way to New-York!

Philadelphia—the Genoa of the U. States,—a city of palaces. We stayed but a moment, and I had merely time to notice a peculiar silence and order that seemed to reign throughout its clean and spacious streets. Baltimore,—the metropolis of fun and jollity,—where I saw, in one hour, more lovely women walking the fashionable promenade, than I ever saw before in my life. Pale, but of destructive grace and fascination;—I did not sleep for twenty-four hours afterwards. Washington,—an apology for a City;—Gadsby’s—we are arrived.

In passing through Bladensburgh, famous as the scene of the “Bladensburgh races,” I could not avoid reflecting, “what great events from little causes spring;”—and I have ever since held military science in great contempt. Here is a paltry stream

spanned by a long and narrow wooden bridge. In the spring of the year, no doubt, it is at times a torrent; but in June, when I crossed it, (and certainly in August,) it could not have been knee deep. The British columns marched towards this bridge in their advance on Washington. On the opposite side, the American army was posted, "in position," as it is called, which was no *position* at all,—no heights, no forests, no impassable low lands in front,—but just as if it had been posted on Boston Common;—and the frog-pond there is a much more formidable obstacle to an advancing enemy, than the brook at Bladensburg. Four miles in the rear of the American position, was a range of heights, rising abruptly from the road, with marshy and forest land in front, where, had our army been stationed, and showed only a determination of contesting the pass, the British must have come to a stand, and a retreat would have been fatal. If there was a want of judgment in selecting the position of the Americans, the stupidity of the British General was not less wonderful. He marched his columns to the bridge, and instead of directing them to deploy, and cross the stream in line, which could have been done for miles above and below the American army, he ordered the leading column to advance over the bridge, in close order, under a murderous fire from Com. Barney's artillery. He seemed to think, that because he had a rivulet in his front, it was as impassable as the ocean. All the loss the British army suffered, except from the intense heat of the day, was in passing the bridge. Once across, and their enemies "fled from them like quicksilver." And yet this British commander was General Ross, so distinguished in the war of the Peninsula. The secret for gaining a great military reputation, I believe to consist, in the General's inspiring his troops with the conviction, that he is invincible, and an "exceeding shrewd fellow." This effected, they are inaccessible to a panic, and unmoved by the most palpable blunders.

On the morning of my arrival at Washington, I presented my letter of introduction to Gen. Green, the McDuff of the Jackson party. I was quite surprised to find the General so good looking and gentlemanly a personage. Having supposed that the exaggerated statements of his political opponents could not be entirely false, I expected to meet a meager, and bilious political writer, with a tomahawk on his table, and the stuffed skin of some anni-

hilated enemy depending from the ceiling;—as apothecaries hang up alligators in their shops. On the contrary, I was introduced to a gentleman of a commanding figure, a quick and penetrating eye, and a remarkable volubility and eloquence of tongue. He immediately offered to be my usher into the presence of the President, at the palace. Accordingly at about 11 o'clock, I marched thither, with some half dozen other political neophytes, under the escort of General Green. We were immediately admitted by the porter, and found ourselves before the President of the United States. He was a tall and emaciated gentleman, with an impressive countenance indicating decision and obstinacy, and his head was covered with an abundance of hair, as white as snow. He had a trick of drawing down the left corner of his mouth, when he formed a resolve, which was unpleasing, and gave to his aspect at such moments, a peculiar “G—d damn me” expression. He was dressed in black throughout; even his neckerchief was of black silk, and he wore no shirt collar. He was smoking his short pipe when we entered, but instantly laid it down, and received us with a grace and courtesy only to be acquired in the camp. My brethren in affliction, (i. e. the office-seekers,) were introduced before me, and when it came to my turn, General Green forgot my name, and I was compelled to introduce myself. We all sat down, and the President recollecting that one of our number was presented as an Editor, of his party, from Western New York, turned towards him and enquired the state of Anti-masonry in that section of the country. The Editor replied that “public opinion, in that quarter, prevented the administration of justice in their courts.” The President instantly fired,—and exclaimed with much excitement, “it must be false; I never will believe *that* of my fellow-citizens;—it is impossible that the intelligent people who inhabit Western New York, can be so deplorably corrupt, as to set aside Law and Justice, in the vain attempt to vindicate a questionable opinion.” I came within half an inch of starting from my chair, and clasping the speaker by the hand. Such a noble disdain of any impeachment of the character of his countrymen;—such an implicit confidence in the purity of the people, touched me, as being the very sentiments which a President of the United States always ought to entertain. I left his

presence with a stronger regard for the Chief Magistrate, than at my presentation.

The next day, I was introduced to the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. S. D. Ingham, by the following note from General Green.

WASHINGTON, 28th June, 1829.

Dear Sir,—Permit me to introduce to you John B. Derby, Esq. of Dedham, Mass. To this gentleman we are indebted for the exposure of the motives which led to the conversion of John Quincy Adams. He has at all times been a firm and consistent Republican and brings with him the confidence of our political friends in Boston.

Yours, sincerely,

D. GREEN.

HON. S. D. INGHAM, Secretary of Treasury.

I was extremely pleased with the manners and conversation of Mr. Ingham. It was impossible to be five minutes in his company without the conviction that he was an honest man. His remarkably clear and intelligent eye showed the unimpassioned and keen-sighted statesman. He enquired very particularly about the divisions among the Jackson party at Boston. Although I regretted that the President had been so completely deceived by the Statesman leaders, yet I reflected, that, the appointments having been made, if they should be revoked, the President would subject himself to the taunts of the opposition, for having decided in haste, or for lacking judgment in his decision. I therefore told Mr. Ingham, that the deed having been done, could not be recalled;—and that, on the whole, it might prove most advantageous for the republican party, to continue the Statesman party as the especial favorites of the Administration. This declaration went amazingly “against the grain,” but I thought it my duty to make it. He then desired to know, if there was any probability that the dissensions could be healed. I replied, that I thought a plan could be devised, which would satisfy both parties; and that I would communicate it to the President’s private Secretaries. At this moment, the door opened, and a “spirit of a different aspect” entered;—“and where he gazed a gloom pervaded space.” It was an exceedingly warm day, but the intruder was buttoned up to the throat in a white broadcloth great-coat,—a white linen handkerchief was bound close about his head, and his countenance was pale and cadaverous. I never remember of recoiling from any human spectacle, with such instinctive antipathy and disgust.

Mr. Derby, said the Secretary of the Treasury, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. Amos Kendall." We clasped hands, and I felt a thrill of cholera stealing over my frame. "What," I exclaimed, "Mr. Kendall,—has the political enemy been using his physical power on your devoted head?" "No," he mildly answered, "I am suffering with the sick head-ache." He whispered, a moment, in the ear of the Secretary, and then vanished. I breathed more freely after he was gone.

The same day, I was introduced to the Secretary of State,—Mr. Van Buren. I found myself before a bald-headed, but whiskered little gentleman, dressed in the extreme of fashion, full of smirks and smiles, soft as the "sweet South, breathing o'er violets,"—but penetrating as a mercurial bath, or the poison of the Upas. He enquired, particularly, about the contending factions of the party in Boston, and I gave similar answers, as to the same questions by Mr. Ingham. We were interrupted by another office-seeker, and he bowed me out of his office, with a grace worthy of "Beau Nash."*

I next called at the General Post Office, and was presented to the Postmaster General, Mr. Barry. A very easy and liberal-minded public officer, rather repulsive in his personal appearance, but remarkably attractive by his manners and conversation;—the most eloquent man, I suspect, of any member of the Cabinet. We killed off *five* Postmasters of Massachusetts, in *five* minutes, (A)† with a smoothness and gentility which only the guillotine could equal. In the office of the Clerk of Appointments, I met with Mrs. Royall, "in a fine frenzy rolling;"—who told a foreigner—a Clerk in the General Post Office,—that "she had seen bears, raccoons, and alligators,—but never had the pleasure to encounter a monkey, before she met with him." To which he answered, "go away—you dam voman of de bad tongue,—you no good for nothing." I had the honor to attract her fancy, and she pronounced me "a gentleman and a scholar," before I had spoken a single word,—and on the next day called at my rooms.

The following day I was invited to eat a family dinner with

* In July '29, the "Kitchen Cabinet" was not established; and it was manifest that Mr. Calhoun was more the favorite than Van Buren. Mr. C. had left Washington.

† See Appendix.

the President. I went to the palace, and found myself the only invited guest. I should have gazed on the President alone, had not the wife of one of his Secretaries been so transcendently lovely, that I could not help saying to myself "Oh, that for me, some" fair, "like this, had smiled." There is, in the Southern ladies, a grace, softness and refinement, which completely distances the facinations of our ruddy, vigorous, and active damsels of New-England. They do not make such *useful* wives, but they are the enchanting beings, from whom Byron drew his portraits of —Zuleika, Medora, Gulnare, and Haidee. If one was ambitious of public distinction and elevated station, give him a South-Carolina wife, and she would enable him to win everything.

The dinner was remarkably plain and republican; such a dinner as a Yankee farmer would have on his table any day in June, viz:—a roast shoulder of lamb, green peas, and a leg of bacon. The President ate nothing but peas, and drank but two glasses of wine. The only observation he made which impressed my recollection, was, "that, if a General presumed to consider the enemy, in his front, as contemptible, he was certain to be beaten. *He* always planned his arrangements, as if the enemy was vastly stronger than himself;—holding in doubt the reports of his spies and informers."

The dinner being ended, the President called for his pipe, and, seating himself in a recess at the window, drew a chair near his own, and beckoned me to occupy it. The members of his family retired, and I was left alone with the great man. He said, "he had known something of me before, through the newspapers, and of the trials I had sustained during the late political contest." I told him that I had no claims on his approbation for any thing I had suffered;—that I had only done my duty as a faithful citizen, and the consciousness of that was reward enough. That I was a federalist,—and all the members of the family to which I belonged, were federalists;—but, as I had maintained my attachment to a party, for many years, against all hope of its future restoration to power, I had, like the other young federalists of New-England, acquired the principle of fidelity, and proved the sincerity of my opinions. That a large proportion of his adherents in New-England, and particularly in Massachusetts, were federalists, or the sons of federalists, and they would be the last to desert

him, if he "ruled righteously," or to annoy him with mercenary importunities. He snatched his pipe from his mouth, and said, with great vehemence. "I believe it, every word of it;—I shall know nothing in my Administration, of the old party distinctions; all I require in the public servants is capacity, honesty, and fidelity to the Constitution. You have done much,—and tell me, what station would you desire to fill under my government?" I replied, it was reported in Boston that Mr. Gerry, the Surveyor of the District, would be removed, and I believed that if I was appointed in his place, it would be in my power to render essential services to the republican party in Massachusetts, by contributions to the party newspapers, and more especially, by presenting in myself the evidence that the young men who had the misfortune to be the descendants of old federalists, were not proscribed by his administration. He answered, "I have promised not to remove Mr. Gerry, but I have not promised to re-appoint him, and his commission does not expire until next January. Perhaps you cannot wait so long?" Oh yes, I replied, it will take me quite as long to bring my professional business to a close, and to prepare to enter on my new duties. The President reflected a moment and then said, "had you any other appointment in contemplation?" Yes Sir, I answered, I had thought that if I failed in the more desirable object, I would propose the Consulate at Naples, with an agency for the American claims on that Government. "But there is no appropriation for such an office," the President exclaimed, "we want young men to be educated as diplomatists, our country is deplorably deficient in such men, we have no corps of diplomatic agents, there are no schools for the instruction of such a corps. This project of yours will not answer; there are no funds to send you forth. I will consult my Secretaries, and you may, I think, consider the Surveyorship, at Boston, as your own." I clasped the hand of the President, with affection and reverence, and retired to Gadsby's; without feeling that my feet touched the earth, I seemed to tread on air.

The next morning I called at the "white house," and was informed, by the Secretaries, that it had been determined to appoint me Surveyor of Boston, and that if I had no other business at Washington, I might consider my business as completed, and my hopes attained.

It was amusing to witness, at Gadsby's, how the report of my dining with the President, and of my destination to high honors, elevated me in the estimation of the office-hunters who were then inmates of the house. On that day, I was invited to take wine, by half a dozen gentlemen I had never before heard of. The very slaves of the house passed me with an awe-stricken and reverential humility! Now, if my readers suppose that I did not mark these manifestations of low-minded cupidity with contempt and ridicule, they have mistaken my character. There was nothing which filled me with such disgust, and so complete a sense of the disgraceful business in which I was engaged.

In another interview with the President's private advisers, I had the satisfaction to aid in arresting the blow which was aiming at the gallant U. S. Marshal at Boston, and I then handed to them a written plan for the conciliation of the parties in that City. It proposed the appointment of Col. Orne to a lucrative office, and the sending abroad, as a national minister, another more distinguished member of the Bulletin party. In these, and other conversations, I thought I discerned that the President considered himself as having been deceived by the Statesman party, and that no great efforts were required to deprive them of their appointments. But I stood their friend at this crisis of their fate, and on my return received the natural reward of such conduct, viz: the curses of both parties.

The following paper was presented by me to Maj. Donelson, a private Secretary of the President as a brief statement of my own claims to the patronage of the Government. I like to mention these matters, because they will instruct the young office-seekers how such things are managed at head quarters.

Statement, presented to Major Donelson, the President's private Secretary, at Washington, 1st July, 1829.

In 1823, I was opposed to J. Q. Adams; because I believed the story relative to his design in embracing democracy. It was proof of a corrupt politician, ready to do any dishonorable act to effect his purposes. Power ought not to be entrusted to such a man; the Constitution would not be safe under his government.

The event proved that this reasoning was just. For during Adams' and Clay's administration, inroads were made on the Constitution, which nothing but their expulsion from office could have remedied.

Although in 1823—4, I was a *federalist* and my *relatives* were all federalists, yet because I disdained treachery and loved my country better than my party, I voted against J. Q. Adams. In Medfield, Mass. (where I then lived,) the ticket in *opposition* to Adams received 2-3ds of the votes.

My *affidavit* relative to Mr. Adams' avowed motives for joining the democratic party, viz:—*to effect its destruction*, was *first* published in Nov. 1824; in consequence of a call from the National Journal on the Boston Statesman, to produce a witness to that *charge*. The Statesman called on *me* as a witness, and although I foresaw years of persecution, desertion of friends and loss of business as the consequence, yet I instantly came forth at the summons. There *could* have been *no* interested motive in the case; for the election by the *people* had passed, and as Mr. Crawford was then my favorite candidate and his prospects in the National Legislature but gloomy, I could have had no hope of personal benefit.

With the election of Adams by the Legislature, commenced my *political* attachment to Gen. Jackson. And it has never, for one moment, wavered;—on the contrary, all my fears were dissipated on an *examination* of his *character*, and I saw in him the *man alone* qualified to redress the injuries which the Constitution had suffered by the election of Adams;—the man, to institute and perfect the great work of "reform" and restore the ancient simplicity and purity of the government. What was first a political, soon became by the persecutions of the enemy, a personal attachment to the General. By his election, I felt assured, that a great political lesson would be taught, in all future time, to our statesmen, viz—that *honesty* is the best *policy*, in politics as well as morals.

Therefore, during the years 1825—6—7, and 8, I advocated, every where, the cause of Jackson, in all honorable ways I could discover. My time, my resources, (trifling indeed, but *all* I had) my reputation were all devoted and periled in the holy cause. In Sept. 1828, I re-published my *affidavit* with additional evidence and an ardent appeal to the patriotism and honorable feelings of the yeomanry of the Union. I also wrote the address to the people of Massachusetts published in the Statesman on the eve of the election in Nov. * *

Heaven has rewarded all our efforts and indicated its favour to this happy land, by the election of Jackson. If my statements and writings from 1824 to 1829, have at all aided in producing this glorious triumph,—God be praised for making me an instrument, however unworthy and humble, in effecting his great and benevolent purposes!

Although I have lost, by my political opinions and exertions, the favour of relatives, who have looked cold upon me, and remonstrated with me in vain;—although I have excited the hatred of my former political friends, and the hostility of the Adams party in Massachusetts, whose persecutions I have still to endure; yet my fervor and devotion to the *cause* have lost none of their energy; and *never will*, till *all* that the *cause* requires to be done, shall be fully accomplished.

On the evening before my return to Massachusetts, I called to take leave of the President. Having purchased a small framed portrait of the "Father of his country, the immortal Washington,"

I pasted on the back of it the following words,—“ *the portrait of General Washington, 1st President, for General Jackson, 7th President of the United States. Similis simili gaudet,—presented by,*” &c. I gave it to the President, and requested that he would hang it up in his sleeping apartment, so that his last and earliest meditations might be, on the glorious example, and character, of the purest patriot, and greatest man, the world had ever known. He read it with emotion, and promised to grant my request. And I then handed him the following note.

WASHINGTON CITY, 2d July, 1829.

To General Andrew Jackson, }
President of the United States. }

Sir,—I cannot return to Massachusetts without attempting to express my sincere gratitude for the many evidences of your favour which I have received since my arrival. *Nothing* however was required to *increase* my zeal in your service, and my devotion to the *cause*, of which you are the illustrious head.

Hereafter, should you think my poor abilities, united to an ardent desire for your happiness and glory, could be advantageously exerted in your service in any part of the world, let me assure you that I dedicate myself to *any object*. (for it cannot but be *good and honorable* if *you* are its patron,) without the least regard to consequences or to any mercenary considerations.

May Almighty God have you in his holy keeping, and make your *civil* government as glorious and as happy for our beloved Country, as has been your *military* command.

With profound respect,

I have the honor ever to remain,
your devoted servant.

On returning to Dedham, I determined to evince my zeal and gratitude, by establishing a Jackson newspaper in the County of Norfolk. I patroled the county, visiting every town, and nearly every dwelling house. and in three weeks, collected in a county where the votes for Jackson, on the previous November, were only about 400,—many hundred subscribers. I then, in expectation of my appointment as Surveyor in January, *sold my law office, library, and unfinished business in the Courts, and gave a bond to the purchaser that I would practice law no more in that County.* I commenced the business of an Editor of a newspaper, but in my contract with the printer, reserved only a small sum per annum, as the editor's compensation. And this I did, in the confidence that golden *official* prospects awaited me; that I should never be dependant on the paper for my support; and that the

sum reserved would afterwards secure the services of an able editor, who followed some other business in the town. My readers will perceive that I had thus *nearly ruined myself*, if my hope of the Surveyorship failed.

Well, many months passed, and I heard nothing relative to my expectations. I wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury, and his answer was encouraging. But, being more intent on contributing to the happiness of the President of my affections, than in looking out for my own interest, and fearing that, possibly, his promise to me might occasion him some embarrassment, I wrote to him the following letter.

DEDHAM, MASS. 16th December, 1829.

To the President,

Sir,—With much reluctance, I would recall to your remembrance my visit to Washington in July last, and the kind hearing you then gave to my request to succeed Mr. Gerry, as Surveyor of the Port of Boston.

After my return, I had the honor to receive a *letter* (as I supposed with your knowledge) from the Secretary of the Treasury, on the same subject; from which I also drew auguries of success. Acting upon this conviction, I relinquished my professional pursuits and prepared to enter on my new duties.

By the advice of my friends, Majors Donelson and Lewis, I have *not* communicated my hopes to my political friends in this quarter; and consequently *they*, (ignorant of my wishes,) are now making application in favour of another person. Thus I find myself compelled to lay my cause before you, honored Sir, and to appeal to that *power*, on which indeed I have reposed all my hopes, and to which I should be most gratified to owe their accomplishment.

My recommendations, with some account of my past services and trials, are in the hands of Major Donelson. I do not recur to them as to *claims* for reward; for I have done only my *duty* in the late struggle for the Constitution. And now, honored Sir, although I have, perhaps unadvisedly, placed myself in a situation where disappointment would be peculiarly disastrous, yet as I regard *your* interest and happiness far beyond my own,—if *this* renewal of my request for the office of Surveyor will occasion you any annoyance or interfere with any more agreeable arrangement, then let disappointment come upon me. For truly, (if I know my own heart,) the consciousness of adding at all to *your happiness*, will be the most grateful *reward* of my services and sufferings.

I have the honor ever to remain,

Your devoted servant,

Early in 1830, I received the astounding intelligence of my probable destruction, by the appointment of General McNeil to the very office I had been expecting with so much confidence, viz:—the Surveyorship of Boston. Although I then thought myself ruined,

yet my attachment to the President was so sincere that I did not murmur at his decision. And having heard of the "gallant bearing" of the General on the fields of Chippewa and Bridge-water, and that he had recently aided in concluding a very advantageous treaty for the U. States with the Indians on our Western frontier, I expressed, in my newspaper, a generous approbation of his appointment. It is however remarkable, that my own claims and situation were so completely overlooked at Washington, that the Secretary of the Treasury actually called upon General McNeil and *invited* his acceptance of the office; promising, that in the event of any vacancies in the superior appointments of the Boston Custom House, he should be promoted. And on the strength of this promise, the General resigned his post as a Brigadier in the army of the U. States. A vacancy did soon afterwards occur by the decease of Gen. Boyd, the Naval officer, but it was not filled by Gen. McNeil, who still remains the Surveyor of the District.

With a heavy heart, I continued my labours for the benefit of the Jackson party, in my newspaper, with considerable success. We gave in Norfolk County in April 1830, nearly 900 votes for Judge Morton as Governor, a larger number, I think, than he has ever since received. The Address to the people of the County, by the Jackson Convention, previous to the election, was written by me. And during all this time, and long afterwards, although my personal attachments were with the *Bulletin* party, yet, from a sense of duty and a devoted respect for the President, I sided with the Statesman party, and deprecated in undisguised terms, the warfare that continued to rage between them; which, at this period, was much more vigorously carried on by the former, as they were the *disappointed*, than by the latter, the *successful* party. As a manifestation of my sentiments at this period, my readers must pardon me, for inserting the following copy of a letter to a respectable gentleman of the *Bulletin* party.

My dear Sir,—I have heard from Boston, (through Mr. —) certain information which gives me much pain, viz:—that you consider me as a *deserter* from the *Bulletin* party. As I value your good opinion highly, and profess to act on principles of good faith and honor, you must permit me to disprove this suspicion.

You may remember, that, on the day previous to my departure for Washington, I called at your house expressly for the purpose of

offering myself as the bearer of your communications. You did not *then*, or at any previous interview, state to me the views of *your party*, and the only time in which I ever met with them as a body, was at Faneuil Hall on the 4th March. Before that day, my acquaintance with you was formed in the Statesman office, when you were acting with Messrs. Henshaw and others in zealous exertions for the Jackson cause. At the dinner I was neither introduced to General L. nor Colonel O. It was the *address* of Gen. L. on that occasion, harmonizing so fully with my own sentiments, that increased my desire to form his acquaintance. I was happy in effecting it, and from Gen. L. alone I learned the views of the party of which I then considered him the leader.

I departed for Washington without any instructions of moment from you, and firmly believing, that *union* was the *grand object* of all our wishes. The letter which I wrote you in a few days after my arrival proves that such was my belief and sentiments.

On my return I immediately called at your house, and then, for the first time, learned that I had utterly mistaken your objects, and had unintentionally rather obstructed than advanced them. You then informed me, for the first time, that your party would not be satisfied unless either Mr. Henshaw or Mr. Greene were removed from office! Perhaps you may remember the surprise expressed in my manner on receiving this information. In truth, my dear Sir, had I known that such were your views before going South, I should have been obliged to decline taking with me your valuable letter of introduction. For it seemed to me, that you asked what the President could not grant without destroying the confidence of his friends in all parts of the country. You impliedly arraigned his judgment and impartiality, in asking so great a sacrifice, and it seemed to me, that loyalty to him required a submission to far greater evils, than your party suffered, rather than to demand of him the public retraction of his appointments, the public sacrifice of one portion of his friends in favor of another portion. Such were my feelings, and they have not changed.

At Washington, I omitted no opportunity of expressing a sincere regard to yourself and Gen. L. Indeed it was the burthen of my discourse. That it was not ineffectual time will discover. At my last interview with you, you told me that Gen. L. and myself agreed in opinions. To know this, confirmed me in the propriety of my own sentiments.

With these views, and after my long service in the cause, you may imagine the agony I suffered, by observing the discontent of some of your friends, which had hitherto been confined to their own bosoms, at last bursting out in a conflagration of all their hopes, by a public newspaper warfare. This act, I confess, would dissolve my allegiance to any party *professing* regard to the President. How is it possible to preserve loyalty to him, and thus hold up his measures to public contempt? Is filial piety consistent with reproaches against a Parent? Can political attachment exist with public crimination of the Leader? No, my dear Sir, we know it cannot. The first symptom is murmured discontent, the next open complaint, then denunciation, and at last, mutiny. These are the steps by which partisans descend from their allegiance.

I belong to no party but the Jackson party. For our illustrious Chief I have for years devoted my time, property and talents, and put in

jeopardy my reputation. Injuries received in his cause, have converted my political into a personal regard. I recognize as of the party to which I belong, every man who is anxious for the glory and happiness of Jackson and the prosperity of his Administration. And my heart tells me, that those who publicly utter dissatisfaction, and think more of their *own* than of *his* interest, cannot long maintain their attachment to his service. I know *you* to be heart and soul a Jacksonian, and while I admire your devotedness to your friends, lament that it may compromise your higher affection.

Yours truly, &c.

I have in my possession copies of a great number of my letters, addressed to others of the Bulletin party, and to influential gentlemen at Washington, breathing the same spirit; and I continued to entertain the same opinions of the "Statesman leaders," until I became a public officer with them at Boston, when I "*found them out.*" I mean to say, that although I never thought them deserving, (when compared to many other members of the Jackson party in Boston and the State,) of the appointments which they obtained, yet, *having been appointed*, respect for the President required the submission of the party; but I did not know till afterwards, the intolerance, cupidity and arrogance of which they were capable.

One morning in April, 1830, when sitting disconsolate in my editorial chair and gloomily meditating on my scattered hopes, Mr. Charles G. Greene entered, and said that General McNeil the new Surveyor, had arrived in Boston, and desired to see me. I rode to the City with Mr. Greene. Gen. McNeil met me at the Statesman office; a *vast* gentleman, but of remarkable symmetry of person, nearly seven feet in height, and looking like one of the sons of Anak. I passed before his spacious penumbra, and attracted his approbation. He determined to appoint me his Deputy, for which I thanked him, and I was made a Deputy Surveyor on the spot. I had put myself in such a position that I could refuse nothing, adequate to my maintenance. The General was "a clever fellow," in the *New-England* sense, and an honorable man, distinguished for better services than those of party. I respected him, therefore, and determined to act as his disinterested counsellor and sincere friend.

Let my youthful reader reflect on the case I have been describing. Here was a young man, engaged in an honorable profession, (which already yielded him a sufficient income, and prom-

ised future independence as well as distinction,) led away by that jack-o'-lantern, (a baleful meteor,) *the desire of office*, to the gradual desertion of all his better hopes and prospects; madly plunging into the arena of party with "a zeal without knowledge;" deceived by false expectations, and selling off his library and his business; binding himself hand and foot, and through sheer necessity, putting himself at the mercy of any ordinary patron; obtaining an inferior appointment, and subjecting himself to all kinds of extortion, as all public officers inevitably do; sinking under the intolerable fatigue and confinement of labours as severe and as unintellectual as those of a horse in a bark-mill; observing his mind and body gradually decaying; compelled to endure in silence, the "insolence of authority;" receiving his wages of slavery monthly, and feeling that one dollar, fairly won in honorable competition by superior talent and industry, was worth a hundred, dealt out as they deal out, "*at feeding time*," food to the animals in a menagerie; conscious of the contempt of the *free people* by whom he was surrounded; and at last losing the only consolation which could have sustained him under such manifold humiliations, in the conviction that he had aided in bringing confusion and misrule on his country!

If there is any situation more completely wretched than this, I am ignorant of it. And yet such is the fate of all the inferior officers of the Customs, if they happen to be deserving of a better. My young reader, be assured, that when you exchange your present occupation for a place under Government, you recklessly fling away your happiness, and voluntarily accept of misery and degradation.

CHAPTER VI.

Reform.

“Jack Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.”—*Shakspeare.*

HAVING brought down my personal narrative to the period of my appointment as Deputy Surveyor of Boston, (on the 20th April '30,) I must retrace my steps a little, to show what our heroes of the Statesman faction had been doing. Dunlap had been “regularly made” District Attorney; Nathaniel Greene had persuaded Mr. Barry, the new Postmaster General, to give him the Post Office, and Henshaw had obtained the President's nomination to the Senate, as Collector of Boston. Mr. Brodhead's hopes had for a time been “sus. per coll.” and he therefore plied with his wonted industry, the *characteristic* symbols of his trade,—the shears and goose: while Mr. Simpson, in the midst of his feathers, meditated on the lightness and vanity of human pursuits.

Greene glided noiselessly into his new office, and in due time, politely showing the old Postmaster the back door, quietly installed himself as the chief of the Clerks in his Department. Owing however to the newness of the situation, and his being unaccustomed to the duties and routine of the office, some confusion and carelessness were detected by close observers. The Bulletin party complained openly and bitterly, that their letters addressed to distinguished gentlemen at Washington, either did not arrive there at all, or not until *after* the subject of which they treated, had been settled. Some statements were made in relation to this grievance in the Bulletin, to which Greene published a reply, declaring that previously to assuming the honors of his office, he served some time under the *old Postmaster* to acquire the requisite information, and that therefore *he* was not responsible if accidents had occurred. We cannot be too suspicious of charges emanating from the violence of party contention! Greene did not immediately remove any, or but very few of his Clerks.

Not so His Honor the Collector, the admirer of that "child of revolution" the great Napoleon. The sword of authority was no sooner in his hands, (although, as his appointment was not yet confirmed by the Senate, it ought to have been considered a temporary trust,) than he wielded it with a sternness and contempt of official life, worthy of Nadir Shah, or any other sanguinary despot. In a few days, the area of the Custom House was strewn with the heads of decapitated public officers, who had presumed to entertain political opinions different from his own, and his master's at Washington. As the victim was led to execution, he exclaimed "am I not an American citizen,—a republican, a faithful officer?" The fatal nod was given, and his head rolled upon the pavement. Some of them were less mercifully treated; they were reserved to be tortured on the rack of suspense, and having for months endured its torments, were finally released from their misery by the fatal stroke. Others were insidiously smiled upon, and assured of favor; these becoming infatuated, rushed into the embraces of the party, and felt the concealed dagger piercing their bosoms.—The official existence of the petty-officers of the Government was as wantonly sacrificed, as was human life, "in the reign of terror," by the conceited, cowardly and inhuman Robespierre.

The Statesman, and the spaniel presses under its influence, who have been taught to bark at the word of command, say that the Collector is the head man of the party;—they mean, he is the *Headsman* of the party.

There is a natural propensity to laugh at the unfortunate and applaud the successful. Many, therefore, being at a distance from the scene, considered this general sweep of the old public servants, as capital sport. A nearer view of its consequences would have excited more generous emotions. It is undoubtedly true, that the principle of "rotation in office" is engrafted on the system of our Government; that the power which goes out from the people, ought to be frequently recalled, so that none entrusted with authority, may ever forget the source from whence it was derived. And perhaps it would be just and sound policy, to prohibit by law, any of the *well paid* public officers from holding their offices more than eight years. The public servants, who have fattened on salaries of from 2500 to 6000 dollars per annum, in eight years, ought, by common prudence and economy, to have saved a

comfortable subsistence for the rest of their lives. But to extend this rule to the petty officer, whose monthly pay hardly maintains his family; who has faithfully devoted the better part of his life to his humble duties, without a possibility of accumulating a fund for the support of his old age; to thrust out such a man on the bleak world, while yet fully competent to perform his official services, merely because he dared to exercise his birth-right as an American citizen and vote for the man of his choice, is a most monstrous act of injustice and barbarity. Actually taking off his head and the heads of his wife and children, exterminating his whole family, would be less cruel and inhuman. It would be perfectly right that Mr. Henshaw, with a salary and perquisites amounting to \$5000 per annum, should, after receiving in 8 years \$40,000 of the people's money, be required by them to surrender his trust;—but that A. B. an Inspector, who had received his 3 dollars a day, or C. D. a Clerk, who had received only 700 dollars a year, and who had performed much more laborious services than Mr. Henshaw, should be sent forth like Hagar, into the wilderness of penury and wretchedness, is a construction of the law of “rotation in office,” which the generosity and justice of the people will never sanction. Cut off the heads of the tall poppies, lest they grow too lofty and imperious, but suffer the lowly plants of more real benefit to the gardener, to live and thrive in their humble beds.

But *these last* were the victims of the new Collector's vindictive temper, and party violence. Jackson cut off all above him, and he cut off all below. It has been asserted in the Statesman, that political opinions were *not* the cause of this proscription. *It is false*, as applied to the Custom House at Boston; and I now believe elsewhere. I *know*, that the election of Jackson having been ascertained, the under officers of the Customs who had embraced his cause, (and they were numerous,) were in the daily habit of threatening their brother officers, of the opposite party, with a “*speedy reckoning*.” The day of reckoning came, in that messenger of wrath, the new Collector, and the predictions of his partizans were verified. And afterwards, when I was a public servant in the Custom House, I heard continual regrets that so many, (some half dozen,) of the Adams-men, were *spared*. It is indeed true, that when the generous and enlightened body of merchants of the City, witnessing such an indiscriminate and wholesale extirpation of the

under officers, (who, for years, had facilitated with skill and despatch their commercial transactions with the office,) raised a great excitement; that *then*, the Collector endeavoured to show other than political delinquency; to excuse his despotic exercise of temporary authority. But this *was all false*. 'The officers he turned out, were quite equal in morals and *ability*, to those he put in.

General Dearborn the Ex-Collector was, by general consent, an admirable officer, attentive to his duty,—gentlemanly in his manners, peculiarly urbane and conciliatory to the mercantile interest, mild and affectionate to the inferior officers, gaining their attachment and, therefore, necessarily, their best services,—and conducting as the chief of the department in a manner to attract the respect, confidence and regard of all who had intercourse with him as a public officer. And as to his judgment, and fidelity to his trust, it is in my power to raise a monument to his honor, which I do with great satisfaction, although in the political contest of 1828—9, I was his determined opponent, and "did him some harm," in my newspaper, in his county. *His* officers in the Boston Custom House, who were spared by Henshaw, were, when I became acquainted with them, in 1830, beyond all dispute, the most intelligent, industrious, faithful, and moral, of all the inmates of the department. It struck me, as singular and deserving of enquiry, why *all* the Adams officers who *handled the public money, were retained*, while the out door officers, were unceremoniously dismissed? The question was in a short time solved. In conversation with one "of the party," he stated, that on the whole, he did not regret that Marshal Harris was continued in office :—that great sums of money passed through his hands ;—and that if a Jacksonman held the office, and ran off with the cash, it would bring indelible disgrace on "*the party*"; whereas if Marshal Harris happened to "clear out" the party would be exonerated, and could bear down, in overwhelming terms, on their political adversaries! It is worthy of remark, that in the Custom House, there were spared from the axe of proscription, the Bond Clerk, the Cash Clerk, the Permit Clerk, the Clearance Clerk, and one or two more Clerks, all receivers of the public monies, while nearly every officer who received his pay from the public chest, but touched none of the public revenue, was discharged! It looked very much as if the Collector dared not trust his own party! And *he knew them!*

While I was an inmate of the Custom House one of the money Clerks resigned. Of course there were hundreds of applications for his place. As one evening I walked up High street with two of the members of the Statesman party, one of them said, "we have a notion of appointing Mr. Parker, a son of Chief Justice Parker, in the place of Mr. ——. The fact is the Commonwealth Insurance Company," (composed of the Statesman party) "has a case coming before the Supreme Court, involving the sum of 13,000 dollars. Now, we have no influence with the Supreme Court, who are nearly all federalists: and it is good policy to interest the Chief Justice's feelings, by patronizing his family." Fudge, I exclaimed, you might as well turn the sun from its course, as the pure and incorruptible mind of Judge Parker from the course of justice. "Oh, you don't know how such matters operate on all men's minds; no man is insensible to his interest." Why, said I, the Judge would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jupiter for his power to thunder." "You don't know how these matters are managed, nor their effects," was the reply. Mr. Parker (an excellent officer,) was accordingly appointed, but the Commonwealth Insurance Company *lost their case*.

Mr. Parker is now the *Cash Clerk* of the Custom House. The Collector probably thought of those distinguished Massachusetts *democrats*, Skinner and Bidwell, when he determined to select the son of an *old federalist* for his *cash keeper*.

In speaking of this good and great man, (the late Chief Justice,) "my heart grows liquid as I write, and I could pour it out like water." Massachusetts never had a Judge of a more pure, just, and benevolent mind. He engrossed the confidence of all parties,—won the love of all classes of people;—was the kind patron of all the younger members of the bar, and enforced his decisions, as much by the elevation of his character, as by the soundness of his legal knowledge. My gratitude for his paternal encouragement, when I made my first argument before his Court, will glow in my bosom as long as life throbs there.

Collector Henshaw, finding himself unable to quell the excitement of the mercantile community, caused by his intolerant persecution of the under officers of his department,—in the peculiar spirit of his character turned about, and denounced the merchants of Boston, to the President, as a gang of bankrupts and swindlers.

Every merchant in Boston will remember his "*letter*" to the President, and has probably recognised, in various subsequent writings in the *Boston Statesman and Post*, similar efforts to stigmatize this class of citizens. The same pen which wrote the "*infamous letter*," wrote also the communication to the *Washington Globe*, at the recent period of commercial distress, stating that aristocrats ought to fail,—that when reduced to poverty, they became democrats, and aided the party;—and that the greater the number so stricken down, by the measures of the Government, the greater would be the force of democracy in Massachusetts. I am certain, that this shameful communication was from the Collector's pen. I can detect his *style* in a hundred papers, from all parts of the Union, which may contain a single article, written by himself. It is a compound, of one part of James 1st, to two of Jack Cade.

I firmly believe, that the unnatural hatred and contempt which the President seems to entertain for the merchants, is in a great degree owing to these, and other similar communications, from the Collector; and he probably considers that one of the public benefits likely to accrue from a war with France, would be the certain ruin of the whole class. On their ruin, would follow the headlong destruction of all enterprise, public spirit, and national liberty. There is not in New-England a single great literary, benevolent, or charitable institution, that was not founded by a merchant, and has not been, and is not now in a great measure, sustained by merchants. In all ages, they have been the first, most active, and most determined assertors of liberty. It cost Alexander a greater sacrifice of time, money, labour, and human life, to conquer the little City of Tyre, than to overturn the Persian Empire. Commercial Carthage, was the most formidable enemy of Rome. Spain, in the height of her glory, could not subdue the merchants of the United Provinces. And Bonaparte, with all Europe at his feet, and millions of men and money at his command, was conquered, deposed, and committed to prison by the merchants of the little Island of Britain. Whenever an American President resolves on the overthrow of the liberties of the country, his first measures will be directed against the *merchants*, as the most wealthy, most quick-sighted, most enterprising, and most resolute of all the enemies of despotism.

It has been asserted and re-asserted in the *Statesman and Post*,

that the U. States officers in Boston, *opposed* to the present Administration, are more numerous than *its partisans*. This was intended for effect abroad, for there is no person of intelligence and observation at home, who does not know its utter falsity. Indeed there is not another paper in the country, which would dare, with so full a knowledge of the facts, to publish so palpable and gross a falsehood, with such shameless effrontery. While I was one of the initiated of the party, we every few days were compelled to "crack our sides" over statements in the *Post and Statesman*, so notoriously false, that the very audacity with which they were published was supremely ridiculous. Now the fact is, that excepting the money-clerks before mentioned, and the *Jackson* officers of the Custom House, not a man was spared, unless from political or interested motives. Not a single monument of magnanimity was suffered to stand, when the hurricane of proscription swept through its halls. Of the score of Inspectors, *two* were saved; one of them the brother of a leading Jacksonman in a neighboring County, the other (an excellent officer and most worthy man,) a distinguished and influential member of the Baptist Church; and as Mr. Simpson was a Baptist, he was rescued from the general destruction. It was the same in all the other corps of officers; none have been spared but for similar reasons. And at this moment, of the *seventy officers* attached to the Custom House, I know *not one*, (with the exception of the money clerks,) who openly opposes the Administration; I do not believe there is *one* who does not profess a preference for Martin Van Buren as the successor of Jackson. It was the case when I retired in April last, and I feel confident when I solemnly declare, that I left not a single open opponent of Van Buren behind me. My readers may be assured, that if Van Buren is the party candidate, every Government officer in Boston will not only vote for him, but spend months of *his time*, which he has sold to the people for his wages, in electioneering for his success. I have no doubt that the same state of things *now* exists in every Custom House in the United States! The Post Offices are not yet *all* secured, but I learn that they will be, before the period of united action arrives. Then the 40,000 United States officers, scattered over the States, will act together *as one man*;—they will compose the majority of the grand *National Convention*, which is to nominate the democratic candi-

date; that candidate is already agreed upon, and on his nomination, this whole army of mercenaries, "the abomination of desolation standing in the most holy place"—will simultaneously fling out the standards of Van Buren to the winds, and march onward to victory and to pillage. They even now feel certain of success, and prepare for the approaching conflict and conquest over the people, with the same calmness and confidence, and contempt for their enemy, as the 40,000 Swedes under Charles XIIth invaded the Russian Empire. May they find a Pultowa!

We have seen the operation of "Reform," in *driving out* the old servants of the people; let us now enquire what sort of men succeeded to their places. I solemnly aver, and I challenge investigation into the fact, that the whole "pulk of Cossacks," which dashed with wild "hurrahs" upon the spoils of office in Boston, was composed either of active political writers and laborers in the preceding election, or of family connexions of some of the Cabal, or of their debtors who were unable to discharge their debts, but as public stipendiaries! With the two latter classes, it was a matter of no consequence whether they had been Jacksonmen or not, *future* conformity was all that was required. Nor was the taint of federalism always an objection; nor even the horrible enormity of being *British born*. I readily admit that the *old* officers who in the conflict of 1828, (although serving under Mr. Adams, and a Collector zealously attached to his interest,) with a noble independence openly avowed their preference for Gen. Jackson, are gentlemen deserving of high respect and commendation. And, further, that many of the "new comers" are respectable men, and diligent and faithful officers. Many of them I most sincerely regard. But all this is nothing to the purpose; the merits of individuals, are no excuse for the madness and wickedness of party. The people ought to be informed in what manner their servants construe the great principles of their Government,—and should understand the motives and reasons of their acts,—and whether the power entrusted to them has been generously and justly used, or cruelly and basely abused. And when the people discover, that the exposition I have been making, and other expositions of illustrious statesmen, to whom I am as nothing, are *true*, I am confident that the political illusion, under which they have so long labored, will soon be dissipated, and they will awake to a sense of the im-

minent perils which threaten their liberties, "as a lion rouses himself and shakes the dew-drops from his mane." For, (recently said a great statesman and patriot,) "when I distrust the intelligence and virtue of the people, I must distrust every thing, the very possibility of a popular government, or of the existence of liberty."

The scene I have been describing, was not a salutary "Reform" of the abuses, which in the progress of time, had crept into our institutions, but a most daring and dangerous attack on the very foundations of those institutions; not the genial warmth of the sun bringing forth fresh verdure, flowers and fruits, but a tornado, "instinct with fire and nitre," rushing over the land, and marking its course with ruin and desolation.

CHAPTER VII.

Party Organization.

"'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind."

THE "Huntsman" of the Jackson party in Boston, having purged the Custom House, and filled it with his retainers, he and his confederates next turned their attention to confirming their dominion over the Jackson party of the State, and to holding in check every ambitious or refractory *country* member, who might, at some future time, defy their authority, and in the exuberance of his patriotism,—like Jeshurun,—“wax fat and kick.” Having constituted themselves a *Central power*, and being armed with the influence of the Government, by the possession of the most valuable offices in its gift, they prepared to put a bridle into the mouth of the democracy of Massachusetts, so that thereafter, they could mount

and ride it, either at a canter, trot, pace, or *walk*, as best suited their policy and interests. Knowing it was impossible that Judge Morton could ever be elected Governor of the State, because all who regarded him as an upright magistrate would not consent to dispense with his valuable services on the Bench, and because the *genuine* democrats never would yield to the violation of their principles by voting for a judicial officer while he continued to *act as such*;—they, (as their *first* movement,) determined that the Judge should be the *perpetual candidate* of their party. It was apparent, that while the Jackson party in Massachusetts was feeble and contemptible in strength and numbers, *they* had a fair chance of keeping at its head. And therefore, it was represented at Washington, and to the great leaders of the party in the States, that it would be of peculiar benefit to the cause, if old “Hartford Convention,” “old federal” Massachusetts, was suffered to remain in opposition to Jackson’s Administration. She had been opposed to Jefferson and Madison, and by being kept in opposition to Jackson, it would prove that *his* Administration was *decidedly democratic!* It is lamentable, that so excellent a man, and so popular a magistrate as Judge Morton, should have suffered himself to be made the dupe of this miserable conspiracy. I declare my belief, with a firm conviction of its truth, that the *Statesman party* never intended he should be the Governor of this Commonwealth; and that if at any time they had suspected his chance was looking too favourable, *they would*, if possible, have defeated him by their own votes! As an evidence of this fact, and of their determination to keep the party “conveniently small,” let me state that in February 1830, I was a guest at the supper of the Washington Society, at the Exchange Coffee House. I arrived late in the evening, and was conducted to the table by a member of the “Cabal.” There were about 70 persons at the feast, and my conductor on entering the hall took occasion to say, “here you see a small but faithful body of our troops in Boston; they are all mechanics and laborers except *we few* who lead them. The *Jackson party* is large enough in Boston;—“the fewer men, the greater share of honors.” We do not wish a larger party in this City; every addition brings with it *some damned curse*, who immediately enters into competition with us for the “loaves and fishes;” *You*, we consider as *one of us*, and don’t be concerned, you will get something bye and bye.

Let us have as many of the countrymen to join us as we can;—we can manage *them*, but damn the *Boston auxiliaries!*” I can prove, that the same sentiments were expressed, to at least *five* different gentlemen, by the same Boston Jacksonian, at about this same period!

And further; when some time afterwards, (while I was a member of the Custom House,) Henry Lee, Esq. then supposed to be friendly to Jackson, was nominated as Representative to Congress, and I engaged with great zeal in his cause, by my pen and by personal exertions, I was informed by the Collector, that I was doing a most mischievous act;—“that *we did not want a great Jackson party in Boston*, nor the introduction of federalists into the party; they would only overrun us, and take the control of the party into their hands!”

Let any Jacksonman who is at all sceptical on this subject, read the Statesman from 1829 to 1834, and mark the course of the party and *its votes* in Boston during that period. The determination to have only a *small Jackson party in the City*, was so successfully pursued, that in 1832, the Jackson ticket for Senators for Suffolk, received only 300 votes, notwithstanding the sagacious and managing Mr. Simpson had consented to blazon it with his name. Yet *there has been no time since Jackson's election*, when 1500 Jackson votes might not have been polled in Boston, if it had been the object of the *party managers*, and proper and efficient measures had been adopted. This is manifest from several facts, fresh in the recollection of the citizens. Henry Lee in 1830, received (I think) 2500 votes for Representative to Congress. Gen. Lyman, in 1830, for the same office, on the first trial 700, when C. G. Greene the other Jackson candidate, at the *same time*, received 740 more;—both, about 1500. On the next trial, Gen. Lyman received over 1200, although the Statesman party stationed Custom House officers at the polls to instruct *their own* faction not to vote at all, or to vote for Mr. Gorham, the “opposition” candidate. General Lyman would have been elected, had not the Statesman party withheld their votes or voted for his opponent—“*the federal candidate.*” Now this was done, because they perceived, that if General Lyman succeeded, he would immediately become the chief of the Jackson party in Boston, and, consequently, that *their “occupation”* would be “gone”; *they* would lose the com-

mand, and be merged in the general mass. The very nomination, at this time, of Mr. Charles G. Greene, the printer and *ostensible* editor of the Post and Statesman, was intended to *prevent* the election of a Jackson Representative. He is a pleasant fellow, always very neatly dressed, and gentlemanly in his manners; and in intelligence, information and learning, is as well qualified to represent the City of Boston in Congress, as about 4000 out of the 8000 voters, who have recently assembled there at the polls. More polished than "Pop Emmons," (a former candidate for City Representative to the State Legislature,) but less impressive in his appearance; more methodical in his eloquence, but less impetuous and soul-stirring; more oracular in his manner, but less imaginative and poignant. Pop moved the risibles, Charles the auricles; Pop disturbed the epigastrium, Charles the sensorium; Pop forced tears, (of laughter,) Charles, yawns!*

The nomination of Mr. Greene was, I have no doubt, intended as an insult on the Jackson party of the City, and to keep them from the polls; and they felt it as such, every man of them, save the Custom House party and its retainers.

To return to the plan of operation, by which the Statesman leaders succeeded in *manacled* the democracy of Massachusetts. Their next movement was to appoint, by their own authority, some gentleman supposed to be devoted to their interests, in every County of the State, as Chairman of a County Committee to be appointed by *himself* in that County. After he had thus selected his Committee, *they* were to appoint some person in every town of the County, as a Chairman of a Town Committee, and *he* selected his associates. I had the honor to be *commissioned* as the Chairman of the County Committee for Norfolk, and I performed my duties thoroughly in selecting my associates, and appointing Chairmen of Town Committees in every town in that County. My instructions declare that "in case of the *appointment of Postmasters, or other officers*, in which a town is immediately interested, the

* The Oration *delivered* by this gentleman in 1829 or '30, and published in the Statesman *as his own*, was not written by himself, but by a gentleman vastly superior to any one of "*the party*," now in office in Boston,—in talents, learning and eloquence, but whose merits they have hitherto contrived to keep in the back-ground.

Town Committee ought to express its views to the County Committee, who, if they approve, may sanction it and send it to the *Central State Committee*, who will transmit the recommendations to Washington." Now, David Henshaw was the *Chairman* of this *Central State Committee*, and John K. Simpson, Andrew Dunlap and Nathaniel Greene, &c. his associates. Of course not a single appointment could be made in Massachusetts, without their sanction! *They were the Government!* They gave away offices or withheld them, at their sovereign will and pleasure! Fouché himself, could not have devised a more beautiful scheme of internal police! It completely excluded the influence of every distinguished Jacksonian in the State, and placed the whole power and influence of the party, in the hands of David Henshaw, the Collector of the Customs!

If Martin Van Buren did not originate the plan, (and it bears the impress of his genius,) it is certain that he recognized and assented to it. I have before me a letter dated Sept. '29, from the *Central State Committee* to me as Chairman of the Norfolk Committee, stating, that they had "addressed a letter to Mr. Van Buren recommending him to select for publishing the laws of the U. States, the Boston Statesman, the Worcester Republican, and the Pittsfield Sun." And requesting me, "forthwith to get my Committee to address Mr. Van Buren recommending this selection." We "did this job" for them, and the above newspapers were selected.

I remember that about this time, in conversation with a very distinguished democratic Jacksonian of Massachusetts, he told me that "he could not conjecture what the matter was at Washington; he thought he had, or ought to have some influence there; but nothing which he requested or recommended was granted. He believed he had lost all influence in that quarter." *He had* indeed; it was all engrossed by Henshaw & Co.!

Let us proceed to the next movement. Having determined to reduce the Boston Jackson party to nothing but a Custom House party, of a few hundreds, who would submit to their dictation in "passive obedience," the Statesman Cabal perceived the necessity of having a Jackson party *somewhere* in the State; because leaders without a party, Generals, Colonels and Majors thundering in the field without troops, would look very ridiculous. Accord-

ingly, after a midnight conclave, they spawned a batch of newspapers, to enlighten the interior counties of the State. Case, of the *Mercury*, at Lowell, had the honor of being first ushered into editorial life.

“ Deformed, unfinish’d, sent before his time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That the dogs bark’d at him.”

Worcester was gratified with the maintenance of another of the bantlings, and a very “sprightly child” he has proved. Another was sent to Lynn, but it was a feeble creature, and died in about two years afterwards. The fourth, which was deposited at Cape Ann, by feeding on clams and cod-fish, grew so froward a youth, that within a few months past he run away from his parents, and appointed the Whigs his guardians.

Thus the Statesman Cabal held in its hands the reins of the party organization, and were the owners of its presses. All the ramifications of the party, centred in them; all its numerous rays converged to a single focus of light and heat,—the Collector, who dispensed the genial influence to the benighted yeomanry of the State, through the newspapers under his control!

Armed with this power, the Cabal assumed the right of dictating to the democratic representatives of the people in the State Legislature, the course they were to pursue in their deliberations, and the candidates to be supported in the elections of their presiding officers. Any one, who will examine the *Statesman* and *Post*, for the past four years, will read certain *advertisements*, published usually three or four days before the meeting of the Legislature, like the following:—“Notice. The Democratic members of the Legislature are requested to meet at the Statesman Office,” (or “the Democratic Reading Room,”) “on the evening before the meeting of the Legislature, on business of importance.” At this meeting, such members as are debased enough to attend, are required to re-appoint the Cabal as the *Central State Committee* for the year ensuing; and are then instructed in the duties expected of them during the session; and if an appointment is in gestation they are made to subscribe the candidate’s recommendations. They are then informed whom the Cabal have selected as the democratic candidates for the speaker of the House, Clerk, &c. &c. and these candidates

are always selected, not with the most remote possibility of their election, nor are they the most popular candidates, but with the design of acquiring for them reputation and influence at Washington. In this way, three years ago, the democratic candidate for speaker of the House received only 29 votes, when, as it afterwards appeared, there were actually 88 Jackson members present!

And such are the democratic "*friends of the people!*" the especial patrons of their rights!—"INDEPENDENT republicans! the revilers of federalism! the boasted *guardians* of popular liberty!—There never lived a *federalist*, who would have submitted, for a moment, to such degrading servility;—as to be mingled with a herd, and driven with goads, wherever its conductor listed. Shame on such *Representatives of the People!*" A representative of a town containing a thousand of intelligent freemen, stealing to the Statesman office, in the night time, to receive his political instructions, and consenting to be a pander of political cupidity and intolerance! Let the people enquire into this matter, and brand the culprits with the infamy they deserve.

But the work was not yet complete. The little political corps, which the Statesman leaders determined to keep up in Boston, was divided as it were, into platoons, and Custom House officers appointed its sergeants and corporals. Thus the Collector was not only Commander in Chief of the whole political army of the State, but likewise Colonel of the household troops. This corps was admirably disciplined, and its common soldiers had no more to do with political affairs, except to discharge their votes when ordered, than had the Hessians, who fought against the Revolution in the question *they* were contesting. Every thing was managed by the "Leaders," by their staff, the Ward Committees, all picked men, and by the Custom House officers. Here is the usual mode of proceeding. Suppose that it is intended to nominate a Jackson candidate to represent the City in Congress, and that the leaders discover in the Boston party a preference for a gentleman *not their own* candidate, and of whom they do not approve. "A Notice" appears in the Post calling a meeting of "the Democratic Republicans of Boston at Democratic Hall on ——— evening next, to fill vacancies in the Ward Committee." As this is an object of no importance, none but they who are let into the real object of the meeting attend; and these are usually the Ward Committees and

the Custom House officers. When the assembly has convened, a Leader calls to order, and immediately nominates another Leader as Moderator and declares him elected. This is done, lest a motion should be made to choose a Moderator by ballot, and they abhor the "secret ballot." The Moderator then declares that the object of the meeting is to nominate a candidate for Representative to Congress, and presumes it will be done in the usual way, that is, by laying a sheet of paper on the table, on which the names of the candidates, and the number of *marks* each receives, are to be entered. The paper is spread out, and then Mr. Simpson rushes forward, and writes down the names of some half dozen members of the party, and puts *his mark* against the name of the selected and favorite candidate. And after *that*, let any man present dare *mark* against any other name. If he should presume to exhibit so high handed a contempt for authority, he is from thenceforth, "a *marked man*." The nominations conducted in this mode are generally *unanimous*. But if by some inadvertence, or in consequence of the unexpected presence of members of the Jackson party not disposed to submit to despotic power, it is carried to nominate the candidate by *ballot*, then, after the votes are taken, a Leader moves that the Moderator appoint a committee, *to retire*, and count the votes, and then report the name of the successful candidate. The Moderator declares the motion accepted, and appoints a committee of *trusty servants, who retire with the votes*, and in due time report "under a just sense of the important duties imposed upon them." The *selected* candidate is always successful!

No one but the Committees knows any thing about the votes, the business is done in *secret*—and the subject is settled by their report. I have been present at a meeting where this last proceeding was adopted, and for the first time in my life, saw the votes of the people *taken away from their presence*, to be counted in *secret* by a committee whom they did *not appoint*, and in whom they had no confidence!

And this is democracy! Tiberius would not have dared to treat his own servile Senate with such imperial contempt! Never shall I forget how my blood boiled with indignation the first time I was compelled to submit with many others, (I believe a majority of the legal voters present,) to such shameless management and intolerable arrogance.

From the facts I have in this chapter stated, it is apparent, that no designation of the Jackson party of Massachusetts could be more pertinent and descriptive than the "*Custom House Party.*" Its acknowledged head is the Collector of the Customs; the officers of the elite corps in Boston are Custom House Officers; and all the Lieutenants of the several Counties are the creatures of their formation. If a member of a *town* Committee becomes suspected, he is expelled by his Chairman; if the Chairman is refractory, he is deposed by the County Committee, and if any of these last disobey orders, they are instantly dismissed the service by the Central Power in Boston, viz: the Government Officers. All recommendations for appointments under the Government must be transmitted to them; and whether *they* ever forward them to Washington or not, the applicant never knows. If *they* reject him, his case is desperate. The Collector of the Customs is, therefore, Jackson's *Viceroy* in Massachusetts.

CHAPTER VIII.

Official Life.

"Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty!"—*Byron.*

ON the morning of the 20th April, 1830, in company with Mr. Jameson, (a brother-in-law of Gen. McNiel, whom he had appointed his "Marker and Prover" of Spirits, Teas, &c.) I attended the General to the Custom House in Boston. We found the ex-Surveyor and his Deputy quite resigned to their fate, polite and disposed to give every information relative to the routine of the office. Indeed Mr. Gerry was *particularly* kind in pointing out to me the course of daily business; which could not stop, because new

officers superintended it, but required immediate and constant action. And his Deputy was equally complaisant. They then retired and left us in undisputed possession.

I had devoted some three or four days and *nights* to reading the U. States Laws applicable to my new duties, but might as well have slept during the same time, as to any benefit I derived from the effort. I will venture to assert, that no man can gather any knowledge of the practical duties of a United States Officer, by studying the Laws regulating those duties.* There is always, a *law of the office* very different from the law of the land, the law of precedent, which says “*thus* has the business been done, and must continue to be *done*.” There is scarcely a transaction of the Custom House performed *exactly* according to law ; I do not mean to say that the spirit of the law is, in all cases, violated, but that some particular and perhaps unimportant *form* is omitted. As, frequently, great despatch is required, it is very natural that the officers should take the *shortest cut* to arrive at the desired object. And in a little time, this “short cut” becomes the travelled road.

After about a week of close observation and painful anxiety, I got into the common path, and drew my load like a practiced dray-horse. I soon however discovered that *my* office was no sinecure, and that I was doomed to eat my bread by the sweat of my brow. The arduous business of the Surveyor's Department had been hitherto performed by the united labours of the Surveyor, his Deputy, and an active and intelligent Clerk, occasionally assisted by an extra Clerk. It required their joint labours to accomplish it. But Gen. McNiel had *no* Clerk, and being disabled by an honorable wound in the right arm, received at Chippewa, he was *no penman*. Consequently the labour which had, previous to our entrance, been divided among *three*, and sometimes *four* expert and active writers, was to be executed by me *alone*, without any *material* assistance. Nevertheless, being full of zeal for the cause, of gratitude to my patron, and of ambition, to prove to the merchants that they had suffered no injury by the change of officers, I continued for nearly a year to perform, (I may say,) the whole duties of the office. After the exhaustion of the day, night after night found

* The Comptroller of the Treasury should always be an experienced Custom House Officer.

me a watcher over unfinished records. All exercise was suspended, recreation avoided, and repose interrupted. In less than ten months such severe labours broke me down, and I have never recovered from their fatal consequences.

At this time, I discovered what hundreds have before me, that the confinement and continuation of labour which is incompatible with intellectual excitement, is the most destructive to health of all other labour. For instance, the poor wretch who picks oakum in his cell can *think*, and therefore he, in some degree, preserves his health. The novelist, like Bulwer, can shut himself up for a fortnight, and produce a work which shall delight the world, and come forth afterwards sound in body and in mind. But he who posts Books or copies Records, which requires continual attention, without permitting any other intellectual effort, would be a *dead man* at the expiration of that period. How often during those sleepless nights have I repeated the lines which are the motto of this chapter! How often have I directed a glance of memory to my once free, happy, and life-stirring occupation in the country, and cursed the folly which made me a slave! My very dreams, as I snatched a hurried repose, were coloured with this *longing after freedom*. I was mounted on the back of a fiery steed, spurning with his heels the pathless desert alone, with unmeasured space before me, and far beyond the restraints of civilization, and the power of man; or standing on the highest Andes, and looking down in triumphant scorn, on the miserable struggles of the world beneath; or a solitary, *but free* inhabitant of some island in the Pacific, walking thoughtful on the shore, and contemplating the Ocean, as it washed its murmuring sands;

“ Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity.”

When in April I left Dedham, (where I had resided many years among a generous, friendly and intelligent people,) I was hale and vigorous, able to confine myself to my desk without exercise, for five days in succession, and on the morning of the sixth to plunge into a trout stream, and trace its course till night, without suffering any inconvenience. In less than a year's residence in Boston, as a Custom House officer, I was an invalid, incapable of enduring manly exercise, and liable on any sudden exertion, or even on the receipt of agitating intelligence, to be attacked with violent palpi-

tations of the heart. And the *constant dread* of such paroxysms, left me few moments of enjoyment.

For a time, the business throughout the Custom House was carried on smoothly and harmoniously. The Collector felt and enjoyed his new power and dignity; and as Bonaparte declared that "*He was the State,*" so he looked and acted as if *he* was the Custom House. I made occasional visits to the Statesman office, and whenever I could snatch a moment of leisure, wrote communications for the papers. It was not long, however, before I discovered that General McNeil's appointment was not agreeable to "the party," and that it had probably eclipsed the brilliant expectations of some member of their confederacy. And in a conversation at the Statesman office, I learnt with contempt and indignation, that my allegiance was due to *them*, and not to my patron. I instantly remarked, that the General's interests would always claim my first care, and that I should maintain them against every other interest. On now looking back to this period of my official life, I am convinced that I derived my appointment, either through instructions given to Gen. McNeil at Washington, (as some equivalent for broken promises,) or through the influence of the "Statesman leaders," exerted with the design that I should act as a spy on the General's movements, and keep him in subjection to their authority. They justly supposed, that the General was not the sort of man to *serve* under such officers, when he had been in the habit of *leading* in contests rather more perilous than party warfare. Accordingly, he was never admitted into their political consultations, but pointedly excluded; and on every inviting occasion was treated with neglect, and subjected to mortification. At the 4th July dinner of the Washington Society, (in 1830,) at Concert Hall, the General was left to find a seat at the bottom of the table, while Henshaw, Simpson, Dunlap, Brodhead, Greene, and even some *petty* Custom House officers, took possession of the "chief seats,"—at the head. But these *newspaper patriots* did not perceive, that the *place* occupied by a gentleman, who had proved his patriotism by real services to his country, and carried about with him the evidence of it, and of his valour, viz: his wounds, was the actual *head of the table*.

On this occasion, while we waited in the anti-room the announcement of dinner, I noticed a *little man*, to whom the general

attention was directed. His countenance was peculiar. There was a strange attraction about it; if I looked in another direction my eyes involuntarily turned to survey it again. It recalled to recollection faces I had seen in dreams, (when suffering with indigestion,) which in spite of all my exertions kept close to mine, and were dreadful to look upon. I thought of Asmodeus, in "the devil on two sticks," and of Mephistopheles in Faustus.—"Who is that man," I exclaimed to a gentleman on my right hand. Why? he answered, dont you know *him*? That is Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire!

After the feast, Mr. Hill favoured the company by reading a written speech, wholly incomprehensible to every guest except the initiated, who sat near him. It intimated in dark and mysterious terms, the existence of a *plot* at Washington, originating with certain great men of the South, and having for its object the overthrow of the President, and Van Buren, and himself! To me, it was as an "an unknown tongue," but I observed that the "Statesman leaders" smiled and nodded approbation and intelligence. A few months afterwards disclosed its meaning.

At this dinner, I gave the following *abominable* toast. "Washington and Jackson, the first and the last of our Revolutionary Presidents,—the founder, and the restorer of the Republic,—the Elijah and the Elisha, of the same political faith." For two years past, I have never thought of this awful desecration of the memory of Washington, without an inclination to smite my breast like the publican, and cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." If the Washington Society will be merciful enough to expunge this sentiment from its records, I promise my lasting gratitude, and I trust future reward, by a gratuity of five dollars,—in Jackson Gold.

Some months before this time, Collector Henshaw had been confirmed by the Senate, in his honors and dignities; and Mr. Brodhead, (by a majority of "*one*") had been permitted to exchange his *shears*, (one of the emblems of his craft,) for the *quill*, as Navy Agent. The other emblem, the *goose*, he carried with him, in his translation to a more elevated station, and probably will part with it only when life is extinct.

About the time his success was announced, happening in at the Statesman office, one of the confederates told me that he was at

Washington while Brodhead's nomination lingered before the Senate. It seems that Mr. John Roberts had communicated to the Senate certain statements in relation to Brodhead, which threatened to defeat his hopes; and that Mr. Roberts had been assured, the next nominee in that event should be himself. "Well," said the confederate, "finding this to be the state of matters, and that Brodhead was in trouble, what do you think I did? Why, I just stepped into a Justice's of the Peace office, and made an affidavit, that *John Roberts's reputation for truth in Boston, was bad*; which affidavit I handed in to the Senate." Was his reputation for truth bad, I enquired. "Why," he replied,—"*You know we don't stand for the wear and tear of conscience on such occasions!*" Poor John! he is dead now! He got an inkling of this attack on his reputation and came to me for information; but I refused to state any thing unless summoned before a tribunal of Justice, when I would declare all I knew. And this arrow was secretly thrust into his heart by one of his best friends, in honor of whom, at the 8th of January festival, a few months before, he had given the following toast.

By John Roberts, Esq. —————, Esq.—The talented and fearless —————. Though violent partisans may vilify and worthless public officers cheat him, he has the confidence and support of all his political friends.

The "Cabal" had, therefore, in 1830, succeeded in securing all the important offices to themselves. Henshaw's *patronage*, alone, was over 75,000 dollars per annum. And he and his associates lorded it over their dependants, with a despotism demanding the most lowly and debasing submission, such as no nobleman in Russia exercises over his serfs. I have read that in Tartary, when the nobles assemble for a "general drunk," they occupy some hall, in the second story of the building which is the scene of their revels. That from this hall pipes descend on the outside; and when the aristocracy are "full of the god," and part with the superfluous fluid through the pipes, the ignoble multitude, (the democracy,) on the out side, eagerly catch it, at second hand, and in time become as "*magnificent*" as their masters! Such was the operation of official power in Boston!

CHAPTER IX.

The Tax.

"In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice."

THE Statesman leaders being confirmed in their official possessions, next turned their power and avarice against their own humble dependants. They had grasped all the lucrative offices in Boston in the gift of the Government, but were not satisfied. Alexander wept for new worlds to conquer; and while a single dollar was to be had the Statesman leaders thirsted to pocket it.

There was in the project I am about to unfold a meanness and extortion wholly unexampled, and almost beyond belief, could it not be substantiated by many respectable witnesses before any tribunal possessing the power to compel their attendance. I know that the *Post* and *Statesman* in the most emphatic language have repeatedly declared its falsity. Nevertheless, *it is true*. I know too that the *Portland Argus* and *Augusta Age*, both recently under the superintendence of F. O. J. Smith, were summoned to the assistance of the Statesman leaders when the project leaked out, and reiterated the denial of its existence, in the coarse and unmannerly terms for which those papers were distinguished. But *it is true*. F. O. J. Smith! What an Iceland fog must have enveloped the minds of the enlightened people of Cumberland County, when such an excrescence of party was plucked out of the political cauldron, and made their Representative to Congress! I claim an interest in Cumberland County, for I was graduated at Bowdoin under the paternal instructions of President Appleton, a pure and holy man, and of Professor Cleveland, the most eminent chemist and mineralogist in the country. We *revered* the President, but all of us *loved* the Professor, the fascination of whose familiar conversation is irresistible. He is the lever which has upheld the Institution from its beginning; the most splendid offers

of emolument in other quarters have not attracted him from the comparatively humble but useful station he so eminently occupies. Incontrovertible evidence of a great and good man!

To return to the *Tax*. The first intimation I ever heard of it was from Nathaniel Greene, in his private room over the old Post Office, and but a short time after I became a public officer. Supposing that it was mere badinage, in which he habitually indulged, I treated it accordingly. But in July 1830, I received an invitation in writing, to "attend a meeting of the *Central Committee*," (to which I did not belong,) "at the Navy Agent's office in State-street." I remarked, as singular at the time, that General McNeil did *not* receive any invitation. I went there on the appointed evening, ignorant of the business which required so formidable a summons. In a short time some *ten* or *twelve* public officers made their appearance. I suppose *all* who were invited; for the usual plan was to assemble those who could be relied upon to *pass* a measure, and then, afterwards to *enforce* it on the rest, as the fiat of the party, from which there was no appeal. Mr. John Crowninshield, an appraiser, was chosen Chairman, and Mr. J. P. Robinson, (Public Store-keeper, formerly a Clerk in the House of Henshaw & Co.) Secretary. Then uprose Mr. Simpson with an aspect of solemn and melancholy concern. He said, substantially, "That it probably was known to every office-holder present that Mr. Nathaniel Greene, the Editor of the Boston Statesman had conducted the late political contest, in that paper, with singular zeal and ability. That he had contracted in these generous efforts *large debts*, amounting to over thirty thousand dollars—about \$33,000;* that the officers of the government in Boston must be conscious that they obtained their offices through the distinguished exertions of the Statesman and the party which sustained it; that Mr. Greene, although he had obtained a valuable office, could not, out of the profits which remained after deducting his necessary expenses, pay off much of the *principal* of the \$33,000 debt, if at the same time he was obliged to keep down the *interest*. That political affairs were uncertain, and it was an object with Mr. Greene to exonerate himself from debt as soon as possible, and he would limit his expenses to only 1200 dollars a year! He (Mr. Simpson,)

* It was 15,000 only at Washington the year before.

therefore thought, upon the whole view of the case, that it was not only proper, but incumbent on all the public officers in Boston to club together, and annually, by an assessment, pay the *interest* of Mr. Greene's debts, (\$1,980) while he was diligently sweeping off the *principal*!" Mr. Simpson had no sooner taken his seat, than Mr. Brodhead, who sat on my left at a round table, "moved that a committee be appointed to retire and doom the several officers of the District in an annual sum each, for the purpose suggested."

I never was more completely thunderstruck. The word "*doom*," (used to me, in a novel sense,) rang in my ears. Owing money myself, and receiving but a small salary in comparison with the expenses of my station, I was chilled to the bone by such a ruinous proposition. I thought to remonstrate, but was kindly informed that probably the assessment on the Surveyor's Department would be only 250 dollars per annum! Another officer, however, who felt his gains leaking from him like quicksilver, rose and proposed that before the fatal doom was pronounced, a Committee should be chosen to investigate the *actual amount* of the debt, *when contracted*, and for *what considerations*. A request so reasonable could not be refused, although evidently a disappointment, and the Committee was appointed.

I left the meeting filled with indignation and disgust at the baseness and extortionate character of the project. What! I exclaimed, is this the beginning of a "*Reform*" Administration. Are we put in office only to be devoured by the greater serpents of the party? Here is Greene, but late a poor printer, with an appointment worth \$6000 per annum which *he obtained* by *pleading this very debt*, now calling on me to aid him in discharging it; when, with only a quarter of that sum, I shall have a struggle to pay my own debts, unless I also have the privilege of plundering my subordinate officers.

The next morning, I represented to General McNeil the transactions of the evening, and found him, as I expected, decidedly hostile to the project. I declaimed against it throughout the Custom House, presenting conclusive reasons, hereafter stated, for resisting its enforcement. There was considerable excitement on the subject.

I find in my original minutes of this transaction that the *first* meeting was adjourned to the Statesman Office, and from thence

was immediately adjourned for a week, to Mr. Simpson's dwelling house. Now the cause of this selection of a private house was this; it excluded from the meeting myself, who had never had a private invitation to Mr. S's, and therefore could not with propriety attend on a general invitation, and it excluded others similarly situated, all of us opposed most earnestly to the proposed measure. The next place of meeting was Mr. C. Henshaw's house. In the meantime the work had been carrying on at these private dwellings by those who were interested in its success and those who dared not resist the mandates of their masters. All the arrangements being at length completed, they came forth into open day again, and appointed a meeting at the Navy Agent's office on the 13th August. General McNiel *for the first time*, received an invitation to attend this meeting. We did not attend; indeed I attended none but the first meeting, having instantly and decidedly taken my ground. But on the morning of the 14th we were informed, by a faithful and honest man who was present, that the Committee appointed at the *first* meeting reported Nathaniel Greene's debts at 50,000 dollars, contracted for political purposes. All the public officers were doomed by the Committee. Our informant further stated, that *he* told the meeting "that in January, 1828, Nathaniel Greene assembled 'the party' in Boston, and represented to them his embarrassments, confessing that *two thousand* dollars would clear him of debt on the Statesman account; and that then he" (our informant.) "and other zealous Jacksonmen went forth and obtained new subscribers to that amount, and supposed they had entirely relieved the publishers." Upon this statement one of the "Leaders" remarked, with much vehemence, that "the *nine* gentlemen who were sureties for the debt of 50,000 knew five years ago all about it." Our informant suggested that the debt was a private debt, contracted some years before, for very different than political transactions. There was so much dissatisfaction expressed by the under officers at the report of the Committee, that the Leaders had to give way for a time and appoint a *new Committee* to investigate the amount and causes of the debt.

I should have stated, that previous to *this* meeting, encountering one of the Leaders in Congress-street, he immediately spoke of the proposed assessment, and said that "it was no new thing—McCrate, Collector at Wiscasset, made all his officers *pony up* in

supporting the Jackson paper there, and why not do the same in Boston?" But he further remarked, that they (the Leaders,) had about concluded to give up the assessment and make a *subscription* of it; that Henshaw would give 400 per annum, District Attorney 200, Simpson 200, Brodhead 200, &c. &c. The joke of this scheme was, that these were some of the *very creditors* to whom the debt was due, and if by such liberal subscriptions they could excite the uninitiated under officers to an equal liberality, the *interest* would be secured!

In the meanwhile the *new* Committee was hard at work, its Chairman, an Inspector, determined to search the bottom of the mystery. While he was thus engaged, the Leaders frequently expressed to those who would report it to him, the opinion that he had not been sufficiently rewarded in the distribution of offices and ought to be made a Weigher and Guager—i. e. instead of 1095 dollars per annum he ought to have \$4000. After a decent time for deliberation, the *new* Committee reported that it appeared Mr. Nathaniel Greene's debts amounted to 20,000 dollars only, but that they had not been permitted to see the *credit* side of the account, neither subscriptions, advertisements, nor any thing, but the debtor side! The Chairman afterwards stated in the Surveyor's office, that he believed the whole affair a mere humbug. That in all probability Greene owed debts, for which his friends were responsible, but they never were contracted by publishing the Statesman, or for any other political expenditures.

An assessment on the public officers was therefore finally declared for the payment of 1200 dollars per year, the interest of twenty thousand, a debt due from the Postmaster to the Collector and his associates. It amounted to about 5 per cent. of their salaries; or rather I conclude so, because the annual sum demanded of General McNiel was in that ratio. The General was called upon by Mr. J. P. Robinson, the Secretary of the first meeting, and the agent for the collection, to pay 150 dollars per annum. He refused. In a week or two afterwards, Mr. Robinson called again, and stated that 125 dollars would be considered sufficient. The General declined paying any thing. I was invited, but peremptorily expressed my disgust at the whole project. Two or three of the under officers refused. They were told by Robinson that the Collector approved of the scheme and they would lose

their offices by their pertinacity. The Collector also, as I was informed, spoke with them on the subject. One of them has since confessed to me that the Collector's brother called upon him and expressed to him his astonishment at his refusal to pay so just a demand. He could not be convinced of its justice or propriety, and on the next day was sued for an old debt of 300 dollars. At one of the meetings previous to the imposition of the Tax, it was openly declared that any officer who should refuse to pay it deserved to lose his office. I have reason to believe I can prove, that the Collector told a distinguished officer, "that any man who refused, ought to be despised as a mean fellow," or words to that effect.

Most of the public officers however paid their assessments for about *five months*, and about 600 dollars had been collected in Bank, when suddenly the whole was refunded; it was reported, in consequence of intimations from Washington. It was at the same time suggested that individuals could give their money as subscriptions to Mr. Charles G. Greene's Republican Magazine! which in many instances was done.

Separate from the *corrupt* character of the transactions I have been stating, so remarkable under a *Reform* Administration, its enormity is more fully disclosed when it is known, that every under officer, monthly, before receiving his pay, takes and subscribes the following Oath.

"I, A. B——, do hereby certify on oath, that I have performed the services stated in the above account; that I have received the full sum therein charged, *to my own use and benefit, and that I have not paid, deposited or assigned, nor contracted to pay, deposit or assign any part of such compensation to the use of any other person, nor in any way, directly or indirectly, paid or given, nor contracted to pay or give, any reward or compensation for my office or employment, or the emoluments thereof—So help me God.*"*

* I know, that the transaction above detailed, was communicated to the President's counsellors at Washington in 1831, but in 1833, *all the Government Officers in Boston were re-nominated to the Senate* '.

CHAPTER X.

A Conspiracy.

"Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after."

"That, Sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm."—*Shakspeare.*

THERE never was an extreme opinion broached, but forthwith a counter opinion, equally extreme, started forth to combat it. Nullification originated the "Proclamation" and a high Tory party: and *these*, in their re-action, are now making daily proselytes to South Carolina doctrines all over New-England. High Tariff notions begat a Free Trade party. Mr. Clay's vast schemes of internal improvement, called up the public opinion which overthrew the whole system. The arrogance of the U. S. Bank and its partisans is in a fair way to destroy all paper currency.

To come nearer home. Dr. Beecher's attack some three years ago, on the Catholics, founded the now formidable infidel party in Boston. Before that, they were a mere handful, almost unknown. Thousands of good Protestants went to hear what the Catholics had to say for themselves, and found Dr. O'Flaherty more than a match for Dr. Beecher. And as they could not believe in the absurdities of Catholicism, they became sceptics. And this unhappy tendency of public opinion was pushed onward at the time by infatuated "*tract*" distributors of the Protestant party. My own house was repeatedly invaded by fiery-eyed old maids, who insisted on thrusting a tract into my hand, and examining into the state of my soul! Had they been young and handsome I should have submitted to the examination with great satisfaction. But alas! few ladies withdraw their thoughts from the world until they discover that the world has "cut their acquaintance."

Further: every meeting of the abolitionists in New-England and

the Middle States adds a link to the heavy fetters of the slave at the South. Even the immense benefits of the Temperance Reform, are in danger of being lost by the fanaticism of some of its advocates. I read in a Bangor newspaper, of late, a statement, that in one day there were 5000 dollars worth of *hops* for sale in that market, and the editor expressed his regret that they would probably be converted into *Beer!* What! conspire against honest, sober, healthy "John Barley-corn?" The fellow ought to be put in the pillory! Another editor consoled himself in the failure of the apple crop because there would be no *cider!* Now when we voluntarily abandon the use of spirits and wine, if we are debarred the use of honest beer, and generous apple-juice, what in the name of thirst shall we drink? Men will suffer themselves to be persuaded; but when you attempt to drive them into an opinion at the point of the bayonet they will unite and meet you with the same weapon; they will "turn and rend you."*

The appositeness of these remarks will be seen in the sequel.

The old federalists were the advocates of a *strong* Government. They believed that the Confederacy was more in danger from "*faction in the members than tyranny in the head.*" That the Union was "a rope of sand" ready to fall in pieces on the slightest shock, while the President possessed but trifling power, and never could by its exercise jeopardize the Constitution. When therefore South Carolina announced her doctrine of Nullification, the New-England federalists opposed it nearly to a man, and defended the principles of the President's Proclamation. *The problem has since been solved;* and at this moment, men who two years ago were most determined enemies of Nullification, begin to confess that it *may be* the only security against the establishment of a Despotism! Sic transit.†

"Time strips our illusions of their hue,
And one by one in turn, some grand mistake
Casts off its bright skin yearly, like the snake."

Gen. Jackson, in his inaugural Speech or Message, had express-

* See Appendix, (u.)

† The affections of the people of Massachusetts have recently recoiled in a remarkable degree on their *State* Government. This was one cause of the 30,000 Whig gain at the late elections.

ed the opinion, that a President of the U. States ought to be elected for *one* term only. Men took him at his word, and expected that he would decline a re-election. So early as July '29, when I was at Washington, the question most anxiously agitated was "Calhoun or Van Buren?" It was put to me repeatedly, and my answer was—let us wait until the President actually *declines*, before we select his successor. But a great majority of the office-holders there, and of the applicants for office, and I think, of the people of the U. States, *at that time*, were friendly to Mr. Calhoun, and gave him the preference. Van soon perceived the setting of the current, and determined to have "a scrape" with his rival, which should throw him out of the course, or, if that plan failed, to inveigle Jackson into consenting to a second term, "for the good of the people." He succeeded, as he always has, thus far, in his machinations.

Towards the close of the year 1830, we noticed in Boston many omens of an approaching explosion in the Jackson party. Proceeding to the Custom House one morning I overtook the Collector in Liberty-square. Any news? I enquired. Ans. "Only that Major Eaton must go out, he can't remain where he is." Now this was appalling news to me, because General McNiel considered Major Eaton as his warm friend, and I feared the General's interests would suffer by such an event.* Who is to have his place? I asked. He turned partly round and looked at me with a countenance glorious as a sunflower, and with an "*ecce homo*" expression it was impossible to misunderstand. But he said nothing. The d—l thought I, this is doing business with a vengeance. Here is Major Eaton, the President's old "crony," and "pet" of the Cabinet, doomed already to the axe!

We soon discovered that the Statesman Leaders were *all Calhoun men*. They supposed Jackson intended to retire, and having obtained all they expected from him, were as indifferent about casting off their old benefactor and patron as was ever Amos Kendall. Their object was now to *secure* the possession of their spoils,

* It was generally believed, that Henshaw designed to relinquish the Collectorship after a year or two. And McNiel, having accepted the appointment of Surveyor on the Secretary's promise of future promotion, trusted to succeed him. Eaton's dismissal might prevent the accomplishment of his hopes.

and they looked to Mr. Calhoun as the arbiter of their future fate and the source of good things to come. Most of the under officers went with them, because they were dependent on them for their subsistence. But a few bold and generous spirits would not consent to abandon their old President and revered political father so unceremoniously, but determined to remain loyal in their duty, until he publicly announced his intention to decline a re-election. At the head of this small party in the Custom House was General McNiel, and L. M. Parker the Naval Officer, and John W. James a Weigher, (the ablest man who ever belonged to the Statesman party,) were his zealous coadjutors. As to myself, with less ability, I burned to prove my sincere attachment to the "Old Hero," and to show him that I was not the man to "pack and leave him in the storm."

The United States Telegraph, the organ of the Jackson party, began to hint "a design in the President to undermine our free institutions and to corrupt public and private morals;" and to our confusion and dismay, the Boston Statesman instead of rushing to his defence, admitted the fact by its silence. At last, about the 15th Dec. 1830, I happened to see a "Prospectus" of the Washington Globe, and instantly wrote the Editor the following letter. I believe I was the *first* subscriber to the Globe in Boston.

Boston, December 15, 1830.

Francis P. Blair, Esq.

Dear Sir—Having this morning read the prospectus of the "Globe" and recognizing in the political sentiments therein set forth the creed to which I have long been attached, I desire to become a subscriber. Many of the old and faithful friends of General Jackson in this quarter, have had fearful apprehensions, that a plot has been in agitation to induce him to turn a deaf ear to the ardent wishes of the people and decline a re-election. Or, if *this* could not be effected, to drive from his councils some of his most trusty and worthiest friends. A faithful sentinel at head quarters, who shall watch the movements of faction, and proclaim to the democratic party of the Republic whenever dangers threaten its ascendancy, is a most gratifying event. We trust we shall find such an one in the Editor of the Globe.

When it was discovered in the Custom House that I had subscribed to the *new* paper at Washington, the Deputy Collector, who never originates any thing himself, but is a very faithful reporter of other men's opinions, sneeringly remarked, that "no shrewd politician would ever sustain the Globe." I afterwards procured for Mr. Blair several subscribers.

To counteract the plans of the Statesman party, we determined to get up a celebration on the 8th January, 1831. Some disinclination was manifested by the "Leaders," but the time for *open* defection had not arrived. They were therefore forced to unite with us in the project. Here is my account of the celebration in another letter to Blair, together with a remark on the astounding declaration which had appeared "officially" in his paper, that "Gen. Jackson consented to be a candidate for re-election!"

Boston, February 3d, 1831.

Francis P. Blair, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I have received your letter, (franked by Col. Johnson,) and on the same day, nine numbers of the *Globe*. The ground you have taken in the article, which closes with an official notice that Gen. Jackson will consent to a re-election, has rejoiced all his *real* friends, and thrown some of his *pretended* friends in this quarter, into a most ludicrous dismay and trepidation. The *conspiracy*, being by this unexpected declaration utterly overthrown, the friends of the President and republican principles have nothing to fear; and the utmost confidence of a glorious victory has succeeded to doubts and despondency.

By the Boston Courier, of this date, (which I herewith send you by mail,) you will perceive the traces of this conspiracy, and that even *now* its authors and abettors are not without hope of bringing it again into action. But detection, (achieved by your paper,) has left them powerless, and their courage is the offspring of despair.

I likewise send you by mail, the *published* account of the Jackson celebration *here* on the 8th January. It appeared in the "*Statesman*." This celebration was "got up" by General McNeil and myself, and all the toasts, (to which no name is prefixed,) were prepared by Mr. Little, Deputy Naval Officer, and myself. For the Editor of the Statesman, I also prepared the account of the proceedings, for publication. He sent me the *proof* for correction, and in the *proof*, *all* the toasts were inserted; but in the *publication*, those that were complimentary to Mr. Van Buren, were omitted. I mention these facts, to show you "how the wind sits" in this quarter.

The toasts suppressed, were as follows:—

By B. H. Norton.—Hon. Martin Van Buren; the probable successor of Jackson; may the wisdom and firmness of the *latter* descend to the *former*.

By John B. Derby.—The "*mighty magician*" at Washington; who by virtue of his art, transmutes folios of *diplomacy* into *sugar* and *molasses*.*

Several other alterations were made in the *proof*, which I will not at present specify.

Although the Statesman leaders were somewhat confounded by

* Alluding to the West India trade.

the annunciation of General Jackson as a candidate for re-election, yet it did not arrest their efforts in behalf of Mr. Calhoun. The expected *explosion* had not yet happened, and Gen. Duff Green had advised them by letter that "Jackson was nothing, and Calhoun everything, and if they could not come out in his favor, by all means to maintain a strict neutrality until they were assured of the course of public opinion, which would inevitably set for Calhoun."* I cannot forget that at this time, they seemed to consider the President as an "old granny," who had been tickled with the notion of reigning another term, while no "shrewd politician" believed such an event possible.

But they always look before they leap, and in anticipation of the coming "explosion," although they hated Mc Niel for his unshaken fidelity to Jackson, they thought it good policy to secure his influence on their faction in the event of a disastrous issue. And therefore, one day, the General received the following note, which by accident I find in my possession. It is so characteristic of Simpson, that it deserves to be preserved. Be it observed, that this was the *first notice* that General Mc Niel *ever had* of his being a member of the "Central Committee!"

MONDAY, 14th February, '31.

General John Mc Niel, }
Purchase-street. }

Dear Sir,—You are reminded that the Central Committee of which you are a member, will meet at the *Statesman Office*, Water-street, this evening at 7 o'clock, by adjournment.

Yours truly,

JOHN K. SIMPSON.

Meetings every *Monday Evening* at 7. Please attend them *all*.

Now it was impossible for Mr. Simpson to inform the General *directly* that he had been appointed a member of the Central Committee; he *must* take a round-about way, and use some stratagem to effect his purpose! The General declined the appointment; and his answer is so excellent, embodying the expressed sentiments of the President, that, (as I was permitted to take a copy,) I trust he will pardon me for publishing it. It was a bitter pill for the Statesman leaders to swallow, indeed they never fairly got it down!

Boston, February 16th, 1831.

Dear Sir,—Your note of the 14th ult. informing me of the meeting

* I know a gentleman who read this letter.

of the Central Committee at the Statesman Office, has been received. Presuming you are the Chairman of that Committee,—*this is the first official notice I have had of my appointment.*

I wish you and the other gentlemen of the Committee, as well as the members of the Legislature, by whom, (*I suppose,**) my appointment was made, to be assured of my earnest desire to co-operate with them in the promotion of the great objects of our party, viz:—the re-election of President Jackson, and the complete success of the political principles advocated in his Messages. But, (permit me to say,) in our republican government, every thing of a political character ought to be left to the free and unbiassed judgment of the people; and those who take the lead in political affairs, should never be liable to even a suspicion of acting under any influence distinct from the general impulse which actuates the whole mass of the people. Holding, as I do, a public office under government, and believing that it is bad policy for *public officers* to be known as *leaders* in the political affairs of the State, to the exclusion of the citizens, (the more proper representatives of the people,) you must suffer me to decline serving on the Massachusetts Central Committee. Another reason for this determination, is my recent removal to this State, and the imperfect knowledge I have of its inhabitants, and of the *policy intended to be pursued by the political party to which I belong.*

You will, however, understand me to be at all times ready to devote my time, money and exertions, to the *re-election of the President*, and to the maintenance of the principles of his Administration. In this good work, you can ask nothing of me, wherein I am not prepared to make every sacrifice.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
J. McNIEL.

About the last of February 1831, the “explosion” took place, the match being applied by that political Guy Faux, Van Buren. The famous “*Calhoun Correspondence*” arrived at Boston! The Statesman Leaders were in ecstasies; they *said* but little, but there was a triumphant glee in their looks and movements manifest to every observer. The few friends of the President assembled and resolved to defend his cause at all hazards. And there was some chivalry and disinterestedness in this resolution, for at the time, the general opinion in Boston was, that Jackson would be annihilated in the controversy. On the afternoon of the 23d February, I called at the Statesman Office, and enquired of Mr. Charles G. Greene, then the ostensible editor of the Statesman, whether he would on Saturday, publish a calm and temperate Review of the “Correspondence.” He directly and positively *refused*, and declared “he would publish nothing in relation to the subject until he saw how matters were coming out.” Why, said I, General Jack-

* He was mistaken!

son is the benefactor of your whole party ; a common feeling of gratitude ought to induce you to come forth instantly in his defence. How shameful to abandon him in his first hour of need ! But my persuasions had no effect ; he was resolute and determined on the " non-committal " policy. I wrote a Review of the Correspondence that night, and on the 25th, presented it to the Editors of the Boston Gazette with an earnest request for its publication. In a few days after they returned it with a letter containing their refusal and stating that " if the communication appeared at all, at present, it should be in some *violent opposition* paper." I then offered it to Mr. Buckingham, the distinguished editor of the Courier, an opposition paper ; who read it, hesitated a moment and then declined publishing it. Finding all the newspapers of Boston closed against the defence of the President, I then sent my Review to the Editor of the Globe at Washington, where it was published over the signature of " A Boston Jacksonian " sometime in March '31. I would insert it here, did I not *now* believe that my zeal was the effect of a delusion, and that I did injustice, in many instances, to the President's great antagonist.

That the Jackson party might not become extinct in Boston, a few of us at this time formed ourselves into a Hickory Club, to sustain by united action the cause of the President. The original members were, (I copy from the original signatures,) John McNiel, Samuel Dexter, John W. James, John B. Derby, James Gooch, William Little, Benjamin H. Norton. And we determined, if the course pursued by the Statesman party was persisted in, we would start a new Jackson paper in the City.* For nearly a year after the Correspondence they clung to Calhoun, believing the reelection of Jackson impossible. They have repeatedly charged me, (and others,) with writing "*inflammatory letters*" to my friends in Washington ; but at the same time, *falsely* (I have no doubt,) declared, that *they were all sent back to Boston for their inspection!* Brodhead publicly stated this calumny, and Henshaw afterwards in a public meeting, repeated it. I do not believe they ever saw one of my private letters, and as I have a disposition to gratify every man if I can do it without great injury to myself, I here insert one of my letters as a sacrifice to their curiosity.

* The Boston Globe was got up afterwards under our auspices.

BOSTON, May 6, 1831.

To _____, }
 Washington City. }

Dear Sir,—I seize the occasion of Judge Hayward's immediate return to Washington, to write you; being assured that my letter will pass safely to your hands. We have been highly gratified with the spirited and generous sentiments of the Judge. His visit may be considered an avatar of original and untainted Jacksonism into this benighted region of political jealousy, selfishness and intrigue. May it tend to our edification. General Mc Niel and others have given him some information in regard to the strange and unfortunate management of our political concerns in this quarter; but the half is not told him.

Duff Green, that "*great and good man*!" (as the Statesman of the 12th February said,) arrived here on Wednesday evening and took lodgings at the Postmaster's, N. Greene. On Thursday he was feasted by his host, and the "elect" were invited to do him homage. General Mc Niel and Leonard M. Parker were included in the invitation. The General declined; Mr. Parker accepted, after stating to N. Greene that he actively disapproved of Duff's political course. I learn from him, that politics were not discussed at table. But the same evening there was a party made for Duff at the Collector's. As General Mc Niel and Mr. Parker were *not* invited to *this* meeting, we are ignorant of its proceedings. On Friday morning, however, the trumpeters of this "holy alliance" sounded the strain, that *Mr. Calhoun was to be run again as Vice President*. This is not a *new* arrangement. Early in March, I asked Mr. Henshaw if he supposed that the Legislature of Virginia would nominate Mr. Calhoun for the Presidency. He answered, that he would not be nominated as President, but as Vice President; would be supported by the democratic party, and be elected. I instantly replied, that I was one of that party who would oppose such an arrangement with all my strength; because nothing could tend so effectually to embarrass General Jackson's administration as the election of Mr. C. to preside in the Senate; and further, that the establishment of a new and aristocratic precedent, prolonging the term of service, contrary to the example of Washington, Jefferson, &c. would never be sanctioned by any true republican. He made no reply. I am confident however that this is now General Duff's plan, and expect to see such a nomination in the Statesman in the course of a few months. Whenever it appears, the "loyal" amongst us will have a *new paper*, or there is no virtue in money.

Duff I hear, has been courting the federalists of Boston; a courtship which I suppose must resemble that of Richard III and Lady Anne's. You have probably observed that the Boston Gazette has abandoned itself to Calhoun. Duff and its editor have been seen cooing together in apparently delightful intercourse. In the meantime, the Statesman, to save appearances, abuses the Gazette in good set terms, little suspecting that keen observers perceive the bond of flesh which unites these Siamese twins together. But time proves all things, and "we shall see, what we shall see," as the showmen say. Duff went yesterday, with the Collector, to Worcester.

From certain signs, I am apprehensive that J. Q. Adams is preparing in the next Congress to support the Administration. God forbid! If he does, we lose one great man at least, viz:—Mr. Randalph. He

deserted Jefferson's administration (as he said) when Barnabas Bidwell and J. Q. Adams joined it, and, I suppose, he would feel himself compelled, under similar circumstances, to desert General Jackson's. If J. Q. Adams, the Prince of Turncoats, *does* give in his adhesion, I trust he will omit none of the ceremonies that distinguished his former regeneration; that he will kneel before his illustrious successor, and confessing his sins, reveal another treasonable plot. That he will tell him all about the corrupt bargain in 1824, &c.

The President's Cabinet at length blew up, with tremendous reports. Van Buren did not display his usual sagacity in this manœuvre. He was too precipitate. Had he confined his operations to undermining the Vice President alone, he would not only have succeeded in effecting that object, but he might also have persuaded the President to retire, and leave the field for *him* to expatiate in. But he hurried on his operations with such indiscreet ardor, that the Legislatures of several States strongly attached to Jackson rushed to the rescue, and re-nominated him as their candidate for the Presidency. The "old gentleman" was gratified, and thankfully consented to "stand." And thus Van saw his hopes kicked four years into futurity.

Major Eaton was *out* but Mr. Collector Henshaw was not *in*! Nobody seemed to think at all about his extraordinary claims and qualifications. Such neglect and such sad disappointments affected his remarkable equanimity, and every day found him more melancholy and ferocious. On the 2d August, he summoned into his presence, a Weigher of the Custom House, who had been one of the most determined and active of the little band which adhered unwaveringly to Jackson through the storm of the late controversy. He appeared, and was informed that "*the Government had no further occasion for his services!*" He enquired, with some astonishment, "for what cause?" The Collector replied, "that is of no consequence; *it is sufficient that you do not suit my purposes.* You are discharged, and will hand over your official papers to the Surveyor!" Accordingly the Surveyor received a notice, stating that Mr. ——— was discharged from office, and would surrender his papers to him forthwith! Mr. ——— was a good officer, and the ablest scholar and best writer of any man of the party. How admirably Bonapartean! There is nothing like admiring a character until we catch its peculiarities! I remember an old gentleman who once told me that he read law in

the late Chief Justice Parsons' office, and that through life, he had made the Judge *his model*. And, he added, perhaps you may have perceived it? Yes, I answered, the Judge was remarkable for wearing a red bandanna handkerchief about his neck, and I notice that you do the same!

Mr. ——— presented his case to the President, but is yet a private citizen!

We now come to the famous *meeting at the Old Court House*, in Boston, on the 15th August. On this subject I must be somewhat minute, and humbly beg my readers to pardon me for introducing matters which may be comparatively uninteresting, but which are important, as showing the mercenary character and corrupt motives of a particular section of the Jackson party. Be it borne in mind, that at this moment there were, *again*, two divisions of the old Jackson party; one advocating the re-election of the President, the other, strongly believing that he yet would decline a re-election, and therefore, preparing to *offend no* candidate who might offer, but to go for the *strongest!* In this state of things, it had been proposed by the *country members* of the Jackson party in Masssachusetts, to assemble in Convention at Worcester. These gentlemen had watched with suspicious eyes the late movements of the "Statesman Leaders," and perceived but too clearly, that they were offering the whole party in market for sale, to the highest bidder. *We* in Boston *knew* the fact. Our numbers had greatly increased, and we determined to give the ingrates and traitors an "*I'll try*," in electing a ticket of delegates to the Worcester Convention. I therefore wrote and published the following article in the Boston Workingman's Advocate.

FOR THE WORKINGMAN'S ADVOCATE.

On Monday evening next, (15th August,) at 7 o'clock, P. M. a caucus of the friends of the Administration in this City, will be held at the Old Court, for the purpose of choosing delegates to the Jackson State Convention at Worcester. The project of assembling a Convention at Worcester was formed by the Jackson members of the Legislature during the last session. They resolved that it was "*expedient to organize the Republican party in this Commonwealth.*" It is important that delegates of just political views, tried discretion, and of known devotedness to the cause and its illustrious head, Andrew Jackson, be sent from this City to the Worcester Convention. The members of the Legislature who called this Convention, it appears by the above resolution, considered the Republican party of this Commonwealth either not organized at all, or that the present organ-

ization was bad and inefficient. Certain it is, that the Jackson party has not increased in Massachusetts to the degree which the soundness of its principles, the popularity of the President, and the successful administration of the affairs of the Republic, authorised us to hope. Last year the party suffered a serious decline of comparative strength; the nett gain of the *opposition* being about 3000. In this City, from 1200 it has sunk to about 600 voters. Now there are *causes* that have conduced to this rapid and lamentable decline, which are known amongst us and which we confidently trust a new and thorough organization of the party will remove. Whatever of organization was made two years since was, we have reason to believe, based upon a platform that no longer exists. Suppose it to have been an Ingham and Duff Green basis? If this is the fact, such an organization is clearly, at this time defective. As one of these gentlemen has been dismissed from the Administration, and the other begins "to pale his ineffectual fires," and approaching a political death, remembers the green prairies of Missouri, one would think that the *drop* sustaining such an organization, ought to *fall* and leave it "hanged by the neck."

Indeed we all feel that the reign of illiberality, selfishness and "vaulting ambition" has ceased, and that the President has collected around him a Cabinet of patriots of like spirit with himself, liberal ingenuous and magnanimous statesmen. Let then the party be organized on this new and honorable basis. Let the test be, "are you in favour of the re-election of Jackson and opposed to re-election of his enemies."

It is earnestly hoped that *every Voter in this City* who answers affirmatively to this question, will attend the Meeting at the Old Court House on Monday next. Let there be a ticket of delegates selected, that shall do honor to the patriotism, liberality and talent of the Jackson party of this City; that shall favour measures calculated to promote the repose of the country and relieve it from the harrassing conflicts of selfish ambition, and that shall consult the advancement of the republican party by removing all obstructions to the sound, judicious and prosperous Administration of the President.

Let every true *Jackson* man attend this Meeting.

A Working Man.

N. B.—You will find by the Boston Statesman of July 30, that this Meeting is appointed on *Wednesday* the 15th August. If you wait till Wednesday, you will be two days too late! *Monday is the 15th.** "Perpetual vigilance is required," &c. You know the rest.

"The enemy" were extremely fearful of the result of the meeting, and consequently put in operation all the machinery of their tactics. And here we have another sample of the "beauties of democracy." They did not dare trust their own retainers in a public and *nocturnal* meeting of the party! Therefore, they adopted the usual process, with *their Committee*. Here is a specimen.

* One of the common *tricks* of "the party."

Josiah Dunham, Jr. Esq. }
 South Boston. }

Sir—You are hereby notified that a meeting of the *Jackson Republican County Committee* will be held at the Jackson Reading Room, on Monday Evening, 1st August next, at 8 o'clock.

Per order, CHARLES WATERMAN, *Secretary*.
 BOSTON, July 26, 1831.

At the last meeting of the Committee it was Voted,

“That the Committee prepare themselves with the names of suitable persons to be put on the nomination list of Delegates to the State Convention, (at *Worcester*,) at their next meeting.”

Accordingly, on the evening of the meeting at the Old Court House, the Statesman party came there with *printed votes* for delegates! Mr. Charles G. Greene entered the bar, with a package of printed votes weighing, I should think, *two pounds*. The *leading* men secured the upper end of the hall; in the rear and in the darkness were posted the apprentices of Greene, (printer,) and Brodhead, (tailor,) and some Clerks of Nathaniel Greene the Postmaster, few of whom were voters. They were placed in this position to “*hiss*” every gentleman who should prove refractory to the mandates and views of the “Statesman leaders.”

The “*real*” Jacksonmen had prepared their votes for Moderator of the meeting. What was their astonishment to see a brother of the Collector suddenly rise, and exclaim “*gentlemen, the meeting is opened; Nathaniel Greene is nominated for Moderator: if such is your minds please to signify it: Mr. Greene is chosen!*” Mr. Greene bustled into the Chair, and the meeting was opened!

Having been cheated in the beginning, we determined to be more rapid in *our* next movements, and while “*the party*” were chuckling over their trick, John W. James, Esq. rose and offered his *Jackson Resolutions* to the assembly of conspirators. They were “*the very thing*,” and came upon them wholly unexpected, and we smiled with subdued glee to witness the gradual consternation and “*paling*” of their countenances. As James, in a voice elevated by a consciousness of honor and honesty, advocated his stirring appeal to the loyalty and patriotism of Jacksonmen, the Collector, Simpson, Brodhead and the rest, quailed beneath the force and energy of his language, and knowing nothing else to do to arrest the penetrating influence of truth, they winked at the corps of apprentices in the rear, who immediately responded by a general hiss! He ceased; there was a moment’s pause, when the

Collector started from the Sheriff's box. I never beheld a more ferocious and fiery aspect! Had I Tacitus before me, I would quote his description of Domitian. I remembered, that once visiting a show of animals, there was a "*great ant eater*," who, beyond all comparison, was the fiercest of the menagerie. There was the tiger, the black bear, the leopard,—all very pleasant fellows; but touch the tail of the "*great ant eater*" and he seemed actually to spit fire. The Collector reminded me of this irascible *picker up of little things*. It was with extreme difficulty, so great was his wrath, that he could speak at all. And when he spoke, it was not in measured accents, but in convulsive puffs, like Vesuvius or Strombolo. The following letter to Major Lewis at Washington, gives a more graphic and immediate description of this meeting.

Boston, 16th August, 1831.

Dear Sir,—We held our meeting last night. After the Moderator and Secretary were chosen without opposition, John W. James, Esq. rose and proposed the resolutions, which I here enclose. They were *opposed* by the *Collector* and others, on the ground that the meeting was not called for the purpose of passing resolutions, and that the resolutions themselves were a fire-brand thrown into the republican camp. He was exceedingly passionate and abusive, calling the friends of the resolutions "marked men,"—"ready to join any party," "the Bulletin party revived," &c. &c. Mr. James, &c. replied and referred to the resolutions themselves as the evidence of his political faith. The Collector introduced a couple of resolutions intended to supersede Mr. James', which evaded the main points on which at this time the truth ought to be shown. After postponing Mr. J's resolutions till the close of the evening, they were *finally passed*. We consider this a great triumph, we having in fact forced the Duff Green party into the expression of sound Jackson doctrine. Another resolution was offered by Mr. *Gooch*, condemning the conduct of Gen. Green; this, after another abusive speech by the Collector, was *voted down*,—himself, Brodhead, and all their dependents voting against the resolution. Here was evidence, that they were indeed, as has been represented, a Duff Green party. I send you a copy of this resolution. I think you will be much pleased with Mr. James' resolutions. They are truly excellent, and I trust Mr. Blair will publish them in his paper.

The meeting last night was not numerous. A great majority of those present being the under officers of the Customs, the Clerks of the Post Office, Navy Agent, and the relatives and dependents of all these gentlemen. The ticket prepared by them for delegates (40) to the Worcester Convention received 95 votes; a ticket constructed on a more liberal plan, 35.* But although *this* meeting was small, there has a spirit gone forth which will be felt, and will bring forth

* Counted by C. Henshaw, Brodhead and Simpson, (I believe they composed the Committee nominated by Nathaniel Greene,) not in *open meeting*, but in a *private room*!

good fruits hereafter. The indiscriminate condemnation, by the Collector in his speech, of all Workingmen, Federalists and Bulletin men, under which denominations he included all men who did not submit to his dictation, will tend more closely to unite the friends of the President in this City and give to their union strength and efficiency.

Mr. Henshaw also stigmatized those gentlemen who were present (acting independently as the devoted friends of the government,) as "*spies and pimps, writing letters to Washington.*" An *honest* party ought to fear no *spies*, and if he who recoils from treachery and falsehood and is indignant at ingratitude may be stiled a *pimp*, the title is honorable.

P. S.—It was voted to *publish* Mr. James' resolution in the *Globe*.

Gooch and Norton, two of the *Inspectors* of the Custom House, and members of the Hickory Club, opposed the Collector's resolutions, and advocated Mr. James'. Within ten days afterwards, *both were dismissed from office*. And it is worthy of remark, that both of these gentlemen had previously refused to pay the "*assessment*," and were consequently "*marked men*." The case was so flagrantly unjust, that even Amos Kendall enquired of me the particulars. Here is my answer.

Boston, 1st September, 1831.

To Amos Kendall, Esq. }
4th Auditor. }

Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 27th August, was received this day, and I "thank you kindly" for it. By some negligence, the *paper* alluded to was not sent you; had it been received, you would only have seen that Mr. James did not *even mention* the late difficulties. *We* all are disposed to heal dissention rather than exasperate it.

Major Norton on the morning of his resignation, entered the Surveyor's room, after having an interview with the Collector. He stated, that he was about to surrender his commission; that he was called upon to sacrifice either his independence or his interest, and that he could not hesitate on the alternative. Both the General and myself begged of him to delay his resignation, to reflect longer upon the subject. He answered that he was convinced the Collector *intended to dismiss* him, and that he would not be disgraced in that way, but would voluntarily retire. It has been apparent, ever since Norton refused to pay the *tax* for the benefit of Nathaniel Greene and his endorsers, that he has been a "marked man." He tells me this morning, that he is about addressing a letter to you explaining his motives.

Two days after the meeting of the 15th August, the Collector summoned Mr. Gooch and another officer to his room, and read them a lecture on the political subserviency of inferior officers, objecting to their maintaining political opinions in public. As these two gentlemen voted for the Duff Green resolution, and possess independent republican minds they were somewhat indignant at this attempt to overawe their freedom of action and opinion. They said little however, but undoubtedly a knowledge of this interview, had an influence on Norton's mind,

and his mercurial temperament and high sense of honor could not submit to any arbitrary restraint imposed by his superior, in matters where independence is the birth-right of every American citizen. Mr. Gooch, on the 30th inst. forwarded a letter to Major Lewis giving his own views on this subject.

My dear Sir, we are *all* proud of and grateful to noble Kentucky. Alas! that the chivalry and steady loyalty to principle which distinguishes her people, abound not everywhere. She does honor to the cause, and to all who are its votaries. Would that Massachusetts might imbibe some of the same enthusiasm and generous devotion to the republican faith. But we have *here* not only the old aristocracy to contend against, but the madness of our own friends. We deeply regret the late division in Boston, but not on the friends of General Jackson lies the blame. It was produced by the indiscreet violence of the Collector and his dependants, and by them was it made public. *We* intended no such thing; but actuated by honest and just motives, we determined, that the Jackson party of this City and State, in spite of the stealthy movements of some who would have managed it for selfish purposes, should assume and maintain the ground of the Jackson party of the Nation. Therefore Mr. James introduced his resolutions, since published in the *Globe*; and if you will cast your eyes over them, you cannot fail to perceive, that no other object could have been intended. Are resolutions, warmly expressive of Jackson republican sentiments, to be stigmatized as "*fire brands*," (as they were by the Collector,) in a Jackson meeting, and the supporters of the resolutions as "*federalists*," "*Bulletin men*," "*marked men*," and with many other opprobrious epithets? Had the resolutions been introduced at a *Calhoun* meeting, I think they probably would have kindled a flame. I was surprised, and truly regretted that so much intemperate language was used after the reading to the resolutions, but I assure you it came not from our side. Messrs. James, Adams, Dexter, Norton and Gooch were our only speakers, and they merely defended themselves from a very gross personal attack. The article that appeared in the *Statesman* on the Saturday following, and which was unquestionably written by the Collector, was the first *public* declaration of the existence of dissension among us. It was unjust and very abusive, but we were dumb; our regard for our party and its illustrious head absorbed all personal considerations. I have not since the 15th, published a single article in the newspapers of this City, and have earnestly enjoined upon our friends to abstain from defence or recrimination. Mr. James has observed an entire silence in the newspaper now under his control. So much for our spirit of forbearance and conciliation.

That we have *done right*, we are confident. Not a doubt exists in our minds that our leading men were deeply implicated in the Calhoun conspiracy, detected at Washington, and *we* were not to be made the tools of that conspiracy in this quarter. We were convinced, that there was a concerted plan in case the Western elections had been adverse, to attempt the nomination of Mr. C. as President or as Vice President for the *third* time. Our resolutions were framed to meet this plan, and by exposing, to defeat it. It has been done; the party in this State is now on Jackson ground; the country is grateful to us for dispersing the cloudy mysteries of our city politics; we are now confident and united. Have we not followed the example of the *Globe* in op-

posing the disorganizers at Washington and the opponents of the President? If the division made by the *Globe* be salutary, (as it surely has been,) can the same course here be baneful? But we have not divided. The only temporary division was occasioned by the plain and quiet course of setting our opponents a good example, and leaving them to follow it. What different mode could the friends of the President have adopted here, without imitating the time-serving conditional support, of the men we dare not trust with the character and policy of the Jackson party in this State? But you have now nothing to apprehend. The elections in the Western States, and the complete prostration of Mr. Calhoun by his avowed nullifying sentiments, in connection with "the still small voice" of faithful and earnest remonstrance uttered by the little band whom it is now proscribing, have at last roused the Statesman from its long slumber, and it begins again to propound sound doctrine. Even that "great and good man," Duff Green, receives from his quondam worshippers an occasional "bullet in the thorax." Zeal may be had cheap, when it has no competitors for favour, and it is never more active than immediately after the explosion of a conspiracy. Suspected traitors, as well as new converts, are remarkable for its superabundance.

You have therefore proof, that our efforts have not been injudicious or unavailing. The dumb have been made to speak, and the halt to march on vigorously to the battle of 1832. Our friends in the interior of the State have been roused by the energy and fidelity we have displayed here, and the Convention at Worcester will be numerously attended and fired with a renovated spirit in the great cause of the Constitution and its *preserver*. If for doing as we have done, maintaining our truth when our superiors proved recreant; never wavering a moment in our principles, waiting for no elections to determine our oscillating zeal, but in an apparently dark hour lifting up our voices to animate and encourage our drooping friends; if for these things we are to be trodden down and cast out as unprofitable servants, to appease the jealousy and hatred of those whom we have shamed, we are of "all" political "men most miserable," and must seek in our devotion to principle the only consolation for our undeserved proscription.

As to the reasons we have had to act as we have done, upon the basis of suspected treachery in our opponents, Mr. James' letter to the President, forwarded some days since, will give ample information. If you wish any explanation from any of us, we shall be truly happy in obeying your commands.

P. S.—We have just heard from the Convention. Our *resolutions* have had an excellent effect. The Resolutions of the Convention responded to ours, nominated the President for re-election, proposed a new candidate as Vice President, recommended the *Globe* to the patronage of the Republican Party, and preserved an ominous silence in regard to the Telegraph. When you know that *here* it was proposed to say nothing of the Presidential election, neither at the City Meeting nor at the Convention, you will perceive that "our good works follow us."

The Worcester Convention opened the eyes of the Statesman Leaders to the perils in which they had involved themselves.

They discovered to their utter consternation, that Mr. Calhoun was *hors du combat*, and that General Jackson would in very deed be a candidate for re-election without the fear of a competitor. They therefore instantly recoiled from the brink of the political abyss to which they had inconsiderately wandered, and as an evidence of their conversion began to abuse Mr. Calhoun and his friends. All their zeal for State Rights evaporated in a moment, and they suddenly perceived that Southern doctrines would be fatal to the Union. As they had abandoned General Jackson when they supposed his patronage of no further benefit to themselves, so they abandoned Mr. Calhoun when his prospects became involved in clouds and darkness, and returned to their former prostrations and adorations before the golden calf of political authority. Feeling that their temporary deviation from the true (i. e. the successful) faith required an extraordinary expiation, their humility and reverence before the "General" was "pityful,—was wondrous pityful;" and like the reclaimed Catholic, they not only kissed the toe of their Pope with fervent devotedness, but would have gladly kissed any other more ignominious portion of his body with a holy and humble enthusiasm.

If my readers can sufficiently master their disgust at political treachery and servility as to look over the columns of "toasts" given by the Statesman party at their public festivals from 1828 to 1832, they will remark, that the favorite subject of the Leaders was State Rights, then denominated the badgo of Democracy. And Calhoun, McDuffie, Hayne and Hamilton were the idols of their worship. But when the "Correspondence" had proved that the President's popularity was proof against every assailant, and that the Southern States Rights party was in an hopeless minority, then the tone of their "*sentiments*" instantly changed, and it sounded "Union of the States,"—"Traitors and Conspirators,"—"Southern Heresy," &c. &c. In proof of this assertion I give some extracts from the Statesman and Post:—

"The tariff bill, we know, was originally passed in reference, more to the interests of politicians, than of the public. The present delay in its modification arises from the like influence. None but the sincere friends of the present administration, wish it modified at the present time. The nullifiers have much cant, but little sincerity on the subject. They would lament even more bitterly than Mr. Clay's partizans, to see the question amicably and equitably settled now. With

all their pretence to disinterested patriotism—to pure love for the constitution, and disdain of office and power, the latter is their main object, and they even hope to reach it upon the whirlwind of civil commotion. They may raise that whirlwind, but it will be to them, if it come, the Sirocco, bearing on its wings political pestilence and death.

The manufacturers will never be able to make a tariff so favorable to their interests, as at the present time. They are losing ground in influence daily. Will they continue to sacrifice their interests to promote the political elevation of Mr. Clay or Mr. Webster? They will be unwise if they do. Are the people generally willing to hazard a civil commotion, that the consistent, the disinterested, the patriotic Mr. McDuffie, may play the nabob, under the shade of his palmetto? Surely not. Then let them look to the subject before it is too late. Let them by moderation disarm treason before it takes the field.”—*May 19, 1832.*

“*What might have been expected.*—The Nullies and the Clay men are in close embrace—the five striped flag and the palmetto are entwined. And why should there not be an alliance between the disunionists of *Hartford* and those of *Columbia*? They having a common object naturally travel the same road—the road to ruin.”—*May 26, 1832.*

“In the Senate, in which body, from the basest treachery, faction commands a temporary majority, Mr. Webster brought forward the bill for an unequal and an unconstitutional representation—and which, as we have before stated, passed that body by the casting vote of the presiding officer.”—*May 26, 1832.*

“We like the rebuke to the disunionists of the South. But to those who recollect Mr. Chandler in the days of the Hartford Convention, when he added one to the number of the disunionists at the North, it seems very much like Satan rebuking sin.”—*June 2, 1832.*

“*The Nullies on the wane.*—Gov. Hamilton of South Carolina, the head of the Nullies, has recently been elected Brigadier General, by a majority of *one* vote, over his competitor, a friend of the Union. This is hard sledding for the Nullies, but they will soon find it harder.”—*June 9, 1832.*

“How much the *Coalition* resembles the courtesan! How ‘*unfortunate!*’ Unfortunate Coalition! how many lovers has she strangled; and how many fine things did they promise her. She conspired with her paramours to destroy the faithful servants of the venerable man whom the people delight to honor, that she might drive him forth mad from his household, like the King of Babylon, to herd among strange beasts. Alas! the luck was altogether against the conspirators—they were turned out to grass themselves, and the patriarch remained amidst the affections of his household. But they gave not over the work of their iniquity; they thrust his steward, called by interpretation the ‘auditor,’ under the fifth rib, and lo! his spirit haunts them and confounds their counsels; they sent forth their arrows to wound the patriarch’s nuncio, sent abroad to the monarch whose ships compass the sea, and behold he shall return quickly, and be the head of their counsels—and ‘*Teucer,*’ the nullifier, shall pass away like an idle wind. Alas, how well may the coalition sympathise with the un-

happy Haman!—She has, like him, only erected a gallows for herself:—peace be to her ghost! why should we torture the unhappy! why should we scourge the ‘unfortunate!’ ”—*June 2, 1832.*

How wretched the condition of these gentlemen at this moment in the agony of deciding whether the *chances* are in favour of Van Buren or Judge White! I sincerely hope, that *this* time, no honorable party may whip them, nolens volens, into the traces; but that they may be suffered to plunge into the gulf, which, in the end, always opens to receive the political trimmer and hypocrite! So thorough was the change of sentiment in the minds of these mercenary politicians, that about the time of the Proclamation, an editorial article appeared in the *Morning Post* wherein it was declared, that “*the several States, bore the same relation to the United States, as the several counties of any State did to the State of which they were component parts!*” I never heard of a federalist so *ultra* as to maintain such a consolidating doctrine. In their apprehensions, from democracy to despotism was but one step! And so I fear it will prove in the end.

Mr. Kendall, who at this time was the “power behind the throne,” disregarding my letter, and evidently caring nothing for the sacrifice of the two Inspectors, Gooch and Norton, who had fallen in the cause of the President, I tendered the resignation of my office to General McNiel, and offered to proceed at my own expense to Washington and represent the facts to the President. Having acted with these gentlemen, and in some measure counselled their movements, I felt, that although the vindictiveness of the Collector could not immediately reach me, yet I was bound in honor to share their fate. And I felt also a profound disgust at the heartless ingratitude of the Government, in witnessing with the most apathetic composure the destruction of its most zealous and disinterested defenders. General McNiel declined to accept my resignation, and I remained to aid in defending him against the burning wrath of the Collector, who, from the time of the old Court House meeting, until I retired from office, concentrated all its energies on the head of the General. Discovering in the Laws relating to the Custom House, the following passage, “the Surveyor shall in all cases be subject to the orders of the Collector,” (or something to that effect,) he gave orders, the execution of which was impossible, and then inundated the General with letters,

and a voluminous correspondence,—well knowing that the General would rather fight a battle than write a “lengthy” epistle. His own part of the correspondence was despatched to Washington, with the view of creating an impression that the Surveyor was negligent and refractory; and he had the address to deceive Louis McLane (a man whom, as an old federalist, he most cordially hated,) and to extort from him an undeserved and mortifying menace of the Surveyor. The order particularly referred to was, substantially, that the Surveyor should be on five different wharves in Boston at the same moment! “Slightly” Bonapartean? As to myself, if *looks* could have annihilated me, I should have been incorporated with the paving stones. He passed me in the streets with an expression of countenance, as if he was saying,

“*Turned up at thee, the nose of our contempt!*”

I felt this treatment severely,—in the region of cachinnation!

Unfortunately for the projects of the Collector, the official conduct and character of the Surveyor was highly appreciated by the Merchants of the City, and on an hint being given that the Collector intended to resign his office, *one hundred and thirty-three firms* petitioned the Government to appoint General McNiel his successor! There is no doubt that the Collector did intend to retire, and transfer his office to the ambitious Mr. Simpson. But this petition was a “nullifier.” I remember that some years since, boarding with an honest farmer, one of his boys (hating to go to school on a fine bright morning,) complained of a violent pain in his stomach. The father immediately scraped from the chimney back, a handful of soot into a pint mug, filled it up with warm water, caught the young truant by the nape of his neck, layed him on his back, and poured the whole dose down his throat. I boarded there two years afterwards, but never heard him complain of a pain in the stomach again! Mr. Collector has said nothing more about resigning his office since the merchants’ petition in favour of General McNiel.

My youthful reader will extract from this chapter matter deserving of solemn consideration. I have said the moral of my story was, that a reliance on men, was like trusting to the baseless fabric of a vision; but that *principles*, founded in truth, were eternal. Observe now how the pretenders to peculiar and exclusive republicanism, cheat you with *professions* and act as aristocrats in *practice*.

Observe how modern democracy has degenerated into a mean and beggarly hankering after office; a passion which extinguishes all generous and patriotic sentiment;—which contracts the very soul into a hard lump of selfishness and cupidity; which lures from their hiding places the rapacious and execrable ruffians who infest the community, but whom a healthy state of public morals confines to their obscure dens of vice and infamy;—which makes politics a trade, and *patriotism* the last refuge of the scoundrel! Observe too how little dependence the *most faithful devotedness* can place on the men whom it struggles to sustain. If it is politic to patronise it in a great emergency, it has its labour for its pains; but when its services are no longer required, it is delivered over to destruction with as much indifference as Napoleon sacrificed his bravest troops in battle. There is no faith, honor or honesty in the present political parties of the Country. Therefore, trust to principles and not to men.

CHAPTER XI.

Beauties of Jacksonism.

“ When vice triumphant holds her sovereign sway,
“ And men, through life her willing slaves,—obey ;
“ E’en then the boldest start from public sneers,
“ A afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
“ More darkly sin, by Satire kept in awe,
“ And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.”—*Byron.*

The Custom House.

My young reader, let me take you by the arm and conduct you into the Boston Custom House. We enter the great door in front. On the left hand we notice the office of the Inspectors and Measurers; on the right the office of the Weighers and Gaugers, the *House of Lords*; as, if we meet one of them, you will instantly perceive, by his lofty, repulsive, and aristocratic demeanor.* They have received for several years, something like 3000 dollars per annum, and can afford to look magnificent. We will pass their offices and ascend the stairs. In that little room (over which is suspended a clock that is never correct,) is seated the Collector, probably writing political letters to Washington, or an article for the *Morning Post*. We will not enter his den, because he enacts the “roaring lion” on any unnecessary intrusion. On the right of his room is the Deputy Collector’s office; we will venture to push the door and entering, to survey the scene. The first person whom you mark is the Deputy Collector; and you are instantly convinced that he is an extremely ignorant and talkative public servant. He is surrounded by a cloud of merchants whose business requires immediate despatch, and yet you hear Mr. Deputy ejaculating political anathemas against the U. S. Bank, the federalists, &c. &c. and these anathemas are so inconsiderate, that you set them down

* See Appendix, (c.)

merely as the "ropy drivell of romantic brains." But you see numerous Clerks about him intensely occupied. Well, this Deputy receives 1500 dollars a year, and these indefatigable Clerks about, on an average, 700 dollars! The Deputy retires at 2 o'clock, the Clerks work all the afternoon, and frequently much of the night.

Let us cross to the Naval Officer's room. The Collector's door is open, and there he sits at 4400 dollars per annum, in conscious dignity,—fat, fiery, and ferocious, repelling a merchant who presents a petition for his favourable consideration. You cannot doubt that he is a Jacksonman, and that he thinks himself a great man. See how he waves the hand of authority,—how stern and positive in his determination of the law,—how subduedly contemptuous in listening to the representations of the importer. The sneer, the suppressed smile, the withering glance, all announce the candidate for higher honors, and the implacable enemy of the noble and generous merchants of Boston. But the spectacle is too revolting, so let us proceed to the Naval Officer's room. You see at that low desk, a gentleman in black, tall, graceful, and polite. You are impressed at once that he must be an amiable and honest man; not bold to conceive, but likely to be rather indomitable when he has made up his opinion. That is the Naval Officer. And a more honest man and liberal democrat you will not meet with, than L. M. Parker. They who dislike his politics, admire the man; and although he never gave me his confidence, I do but justice to my feelings when I say to you, that his talents are deserving of the patronage of the country, and his virtues of the estimation of all mankind.

In the room of this gentleman, you find five Clerks, one of them a confidential Clerk of the Collector, all very diligent workmen. The Collector has a *confidential* officer in every room, so that every whisper against his authority is known to him and visited in due time on the head of the audacious offender. The Naval officer receives 3000 dollars per annum, the Clerks from 600 to 1200 dollars.

We pass to the Surveyor's room; and we see at a desk a gigantic and bold looking officer. After a glance at his aspect you will not doubt me when I tell you, that at the battle of Bridgewater, being desperately wounded, he repeatedly thrust his dirk into

his thigh to prevent fainting, and falling from his horse. He looks much more like a soldier than a Custom House officer. He has a Deputy and sometimes a Clerk. The respectable elderly gentleman with a queue, in the corner, is the keeper of wines and spirits in bond. A very worthy man, but *awfully* Jacksonian. The Surveyor receives 2500, the Deputy 1500, the Clerk 600 and the Wine and Spirit Keeper 1095 dollars per annum. This last officer, *contrary to law*, is appointed by the Collector. He is a *deputy* of the Surveyor, but whom he is not suffered to appoint himself, but has imposed upon him by the chief of the Custom House. Although the law on this subject is as plain and clear as the decalogue, yet the Collector has always had sufficient influence with the numerous Secretaries of the Treasury, who like Banquo and his progeny have passed in rapid and melancholy procession before the American people, to retain this illegal, oppressive, and usurped authority.

We cross the entry again to the Clearance and Coastwise room. You are instantly struck with the gentlemanly and modest deportment, and the calm and noiseless assiduity of the principal Clerk. There is not an officer in the Custom House so thoroughly acquainted with the business and operations of every Department; or who enjoys more of the public confidence, which he richly deserves. Here we have a throng of seamen, white and black. An Irishman is preparing to swear that he was born in the "*Stat of Na Yorick*," and *his friend* is behind him, evidently ten years his junior, ready to swear that he saw him come into the world. A real Jonathan Jack, with a quarter pound of tobacco in his cheek, is deluging the floor with his incessant discharges, and damning Uncle Sam for not taking his measure; insisting that after eleven A. M. he always settles two inches. Pompey, the "Nig," is told to bring his heels close to the wall, preparatory to ascertaining his height. He gets his heels there, but not his body, which stands out in "bas relief;" he grins, and is cut down an inch less than his actual dimensions. The Clerks in this room receive from 700 to 1200 dollars, and every man of them performs double the duty of the Collector.

We have noticed, my young friend, as we traversed the area of the Custom House, a very active and handsome man, diligently occupied in carrying out and bringing in papers, letters, and bank

bills. This is the Messenger, whose duties are particularly laborious. And yet his pay is only 600 per annum.

Well, you have now seen the interior of the Boston Custom House and many of its prominent officers. You have noticed, that the 700 dollar Clerks are a pale, lean, and Cassius-looking band: whereas, on the contrary, the 4400, 3000, and 2500 dollar officers, are plump, ruddy, and contented. The inference is irresistible, that the Clerks do all the work, and their superiors luxuriate on their labours. And this is the fact. According to the present laws, compensation is graduated in the inverse ratio of the labour performed. The Collector merely sits in his "sanctum sanctorum," like the grand Lama of Thibet, touching 4400 dollars a year and a third part of the forfeitures, amounting on an average to 500 dollars more. His Deputy, the slave of his office, receives 1500 dollars. And the Permit Clerk, who nearly faints under the pressing, incessant, and numerous calls upon his attention, 700 or 800 dollars! This is not just, and therefore ought not to be suffered in a Government which ought to be founded on justice. And why should the Collector receive a greater compensation than the Naval officer? The duty of the last is to revise the calculations of the other. Is not the labour equal? And why should either of these officers receive more than the Surveyor? His duties are more onerous than either of the others. And why should the truly plodding slaves be cut down to a beggarly remuneration, when they actually perform all the business of the Departments? The whole system is wrong, adopted from the English system, and entirely incompatible with republican institutions. But the expectation of any beneficial change under the present Secretary of the Treasury, whom the Collector "holds in his fist," is perfectly futile. It is barely possible, that he might consent to increase the salaries of the Clerks 6 1-4 cents per diem, deducting the same amount from the salaries of the over-paid officers! For with Mr. Woodbury, a fourpence-halfpenny is a great thing! "Put money in thy purse," is his rule of action.

Let us, my young friend, step into this little room and sit down, while I relate to you some of the "secrets of this prison house."

With the exception of the Naval officer and Surveyor and their Clerks, every other officer of the numerous corps attached to the Custom House is appointed by the Collector; and is liable to be

removed without a moment's warning, for the slightest offence or for no offence, but merely at the whim and caprice of the Collector. You perceive what a fearful influence, therefore, he must exercise over their conduct and opinions. For the sudden dismissal of an officer while in the faithful discharge of his duty, and "when he thinks, good easy man, full surely his greatness is a ripening," and when his domestic arrangements for the year have been made in the confidence of a certain salary,—inevitably plunges him into extreme embarrassment and distress, if it does not drive him to desperation.

There are 53 officers thus attached to the Custom House who hold their offices at the pleasure of the Collector. And what an enormous *patronage* is wielded by one man! Here is, I believe, a correct statement of its amount.

23 Inspectors,	- - -	a 1095 each per ann.	\$25,185
7 Weighers and Gaugers,	- a 3000	" "	21,000
5 Measurers of Salt and Coal,	a 2000	" "	10,000
1 Deputy Collector,	- - a 1500	" "	1,500
4 Clerks,	- - - - a 1200 each	" "	4,800
7 Clerks,	- - - - a 800	" "	5,600
2 Appraisers,	- - - - a 1500	" "	3,000
1 Storekeeper,	- - - - a 1200	" "	1,200
2 Clerks in Store,	- - - a 800 each	" "	1,600
1 Messenger, pay, including rent and fuel,	" "	" "	,800
<hr/> 53 Officers.			Emoluments, \$74,685

And this statement *does not include* the Keepers of the Light Houses, nor the Custom-House Printers, nor the Boatmen, nor the Truckmen, nor the temporary Clerks! And it refers only to the *direct* patronage and influence of the Collector;—his indirect influence I firmly believe controuls every other department in the District, and nearly every Custom-House appointment in the State of Massachusetts! His entire patronage must be equal to *one hundred thousand dollars a year!*

This thriving and well disciplined corps of *fifty-three* Custom-House dependants are distributed throughout the several Wards of the City; and it has been to me matter of astonishment that with such tremendous power and such devoted partisans, the Collector

has never been able to raise a more formidable Jackson party in the City and State. At the last election its *relative* strength was less than at any time since the election of Jackson. A noble evidence this, my dear Sir, of the stern patriotism and inflexible integrity of the New-England character!

Let us pass to another subject;—and I think you will admit, after hearing my remarks, that no Merchant in active business ought ever to be appointed Collector of the Port where he resides. Mr. Henshaw, when he consented to forego his loftier expectations and accept the controul of a power equal to 100,000 dollars per annum, was the principal partner of a house extensively engaged in the importation of drugs and medicines. On his appointment he advertised that “he had retired from the firm,”—as, by the law he was compelled to do; for no Custom-House Officer is permitted to engage in trade. But the house of Henshaw & Co. survived, and its business has ever since been conducted by two of his brothers. And now let us see how the house of Henshaw & Co. is represented in the Boston Custom House. By their brother, as Collector; by a brother-in-law, as Weigher and Gauger, and by two of their former Clerks, as Public Store Keepers and Appraisers! Now all this may be very fair, but certainly Henshaw & Co. have facilities in the transaction of their business infinitely superior to any other merchants in Boston, and all others engaged in the same trade contend against an unequal competition. Suppose they import 100 casks of wine? Their brother-in-law ganges it;—it is found to be damaged—one of their former clerks, an appraiser, assesses the damages—and, finally, the amount of duty is determined by their brother the Collector, whose decision is irrevocable.

Are you not convinced that this is not as it should be? The mere advertising that a partner withdraws from a firm, where all are brethren, may exonerate him from legal liability, but is it conclusive as to the fact? Is there not such a thing as a “sleeping partner?” Ought there not to be required an *oath* that the connection has actually been dissolved? These are considerations which every one jealous of the purity of our republican institutions has a right to indulge. Suppose, for instance, that a merchant tailor had been appointed a Navy Agent, and thereupon had given public notice that he had retired from the firm with which he had hitherto been actively engaged. Suppose *his* name obliterated from the sign board suspended over the shop door, leaving

only that of his former partner. And suppose, that there was a secret engagement, that ostensibly, there should be no connection in business, but that privately they preserved the original alliance. Well, the Navy Agent advertises to contract with the tailors to furnish 1700 suits for the marines. Is there not in the case above supposed, a most coaxing invitation, a subduing temptation to make the contract with himself? This is an imaginary case, introduced only to illustrate my ideas, but a case which every man perceives might very possibly occur. There should be required a solemn oath administered, *quarterly*, by the Judge of the District Court.

I observed, my young friend, that when I named the enormous amount of emolument received by the Weighers and Gaugers of the Custom House, your surprise, which was quite natural, after noticing the very easy life they lead. Some of the members of Congress who never saw salt water or a Custom House, have been made to believe, that out of the sums charged against them in the Blue Book, they are compelled to pay their workmen and assistants. This is an error; the annual amount of their fees recorded in the Book is *clear profit*, after deducting all expenses. And I was never satisfied that even this, great as it is, was *all*. The law requires that their accounts shall be examined and certified by the Surveyor. While General Dearborn was Collector, the Deputy Surveyor kept the Books of the Weighers and Gaugers. But when, under the Jackson "*reform*" dynasty,* I came in as his successor, they kept their Books among themselves, and the Surveyor, on information of certain proceedings, considered by him to be illegal and corrupt, refused to certify their accounts. But that made no difference with the pliant Secretaries of the Treasury, whose master "assumed all responsibilities." The accounts were passed just as well without the legal requirements as with them!

The transaction, of which almost daily complaint was made at the Surveyor's office, (while I was an inmate,) by the Inspectors, I must explain minutely. Because it is a most gross fraud on the Treasury, and discloses the source from whence these wealthy Weighers and Gaugers have imbibed their undeserved riches. Suppose a cargo of St. Croix Rum, or several tons of Russia Cordage, is imported into Boston. The importers enter this

* It will *die nasty* in 1836!

merchandise subject to debenture, that is, to be re-shipped afterwards, to a foreign port, when they would be entitled to a drawback of the duties. The Rum is gauged and the Cordage weighed, and both are then deposited in the Public Stores. Six months after, the importers take out papers from the Custom House to ship both these articles to a foreign market, and an order is issued to the Gauger and Weigher to gauge and weigh them, before going on board the vessel. Do they obey the order? Never, where the whole quantity imported is to be re-shipped. The Gauger and the Weigher to whom the order is directed, goes to the Gauger and Weigher who took the gauge and weight *at their importation*; copies from his record the gauge and weight, and returns the same on the order, *without even seeing the articles*. He knows not but the casks are empty, nor that half the Cordage is re-shipped. But *he charges his fees*, as if he had actually performed the duty required. In this way they make each a thousand dollars a year, without moving from their chairs. Now the law declares, that if any Weigher or Gauger certifies to the weight or gauge of debenture goods, without actually weighing and gauging the same, he shall pay a fine, and on the second offence be dismissed from office. No fine was ever exacted in my day, and although the Collector knew of the fact, (for I and others informed him,) no one of them was ever dismissed from office; but on the contrary, they have always been the *pet corps*.

You see, my friend, that in this mode seven thousand dollars a year has been, for five years past, plundered out of the money of the people. Put this among the other blessings of a *reform* Administration, which encourages *its friends* to grasp all they may, but denounces its opponents as prodigals and profligates.

This disposition to make free with the public monies, which, beginning with the President, (who has seized the public Treasury,) extends downwards to the very meanest of his officers, has been manifested in another remarkable transaction of the Collector. His salary is paid out of certain fees established by law, and which are exacted from the merchants. He cannot *exceed* 4400 dollars per annum, but the fees usually are several thousands of dollars greater in amount, than the Collector's salary. The surplus is to be deposited in the Treasury of the United States. In 1833, there was a large surplus, and the Collector calling his Clerks before

him, distributed it among them, to one a hundred dollars, to another a hundred and fifty, and to another two hundred dollars. By what other authority this was done I know not. By what law it could legally be done, I know not. But that it was done, I do know. This is another item of the precious benefits conferred on the country, by the man "who has filled the measure" of its degradation. What an uproar such a transaction would have excited in the "*democratic*" party, had it been committed under Adams' Administration, or by a *federal* Collector! But now, in this glorious reign of false democracy, speculation is not considered a very bad thing, but he who plunders the most, is the best fellow. Bidwell and Skinner might now return to the United States and be honored for the deeds which some 20 years ago drove them from the country. Instead of finding themselves ousted from society, they would fraternise with the majority. A hundred thousand U. S. Officers would hail them as their precursors, the John Baptists of their political creed. For corruption, tolerated in high places, has infected all parts of the Union. Multitudes of good men who condemn the crime, and would sooner cut off their hands than commit it, have yet, in consequence of long witnessing its successful perpetration, lost in some measure their just sense of its enormity. This is one of the remarkable characteristics of the times.

As another evidence of the disposition of many of the public officers to grasp every pecuniary advantage under this "Reform" Administration, let me tell you, that True & Greene, under the Collectorship of Mr. Henshaw, have executed the *printing* for the Custom House, which amounts to a very great annual sum. And they have been well paid for it too! For the Blanks used in the Surveyor's office, they charged *one dollar and fifty cents for each quire of 24 sheets!* I presume that all the other Custom House Blanks were paid for in the same proportion. Now it was notorious throughout the Custom House, (and indeed it has been asserted in the Boston newspapers,) that a respectable printer of the City had proposed in writing to the Surveyor, to print all the Blanks used in his office for *one dollar* a quire; and had also said, that he would execute the whole printing for the Custom House at *75 cents* per quire, or at half the sum paid True & Greene! And yet True & Greene have been continued by the Collector as printers for the

Office, receiving *double the sum* for which the work might have been performed. It was universally believed that they *owed* the Collector. So here you see Mr. Nathaniel Greene receiving 6000 dollars per annum as Post-master, attempting to impose an assessment on the Custom House officers for 1200 dollars per annum more,—and, with his partner True, pocketing double compensation as Custom House printer, all for the purpose of paying his debts to his confederates! If this was not a prettily devised scheme for making money, there never was one!

But this is not all. You notice that portly gentleman moving stealthily up stairs. That is Mr. Robinson, an Appraiser, the usual agent for spunging the inferior officers of *political contributions*; that dry-rot which is the cause of their embarrassments, and the evidence of their servitude. If one of Benton's, or Hill's, or Shepley's speeches is published in pamphlet form, or a democratic handbill is issued, or placards printed and posted at the corners of the streets previous to an election, or votes printed and sent to the several counties of the State, True & Greene are paid for their labours and expenses by the contributions of the public officers. It was customary to notify each of them of the amount which fell to his share. I find among my original minutes the following. "May 21, 1831. This day Mr. Robinson came into the office" [the Surveyor's] "to collect money for, as he said, True & Greene's bill for printing votes at the late Senatorial and Representative City election. Senatorial, 31 dollars—Representative, 31 dollars—62 dollars. General McNiel not being present, I declined paying anything until his return, expressing however my dislike to the claim."

Now at this very election, the greatest Jackson vote given in the City for any of their candidates for Senators or Representatives was less than 400! Nearly every one thought it extreme folly to run any ticket at all; but True & Greene could make money out of the job, and therefore the tickets were prepared and printed! On the 23d of May, two days after, "Mr. Robinson called upon the General on the above business; but the character of the claim was changed. It was now said to be for *distributing Republican Magazines*. The General declined paying, on the ground, that he had distributed 10 Magazines per month at his own expense. I have distributed the same number."

So the room rent, lights, and stationary, required for all political meetings, were paid for in the same convenient manner, and if, at the party festivals, (usually about four a year,) the expenditures exceeded the receipts, the excess was made up among the poor plucked bipeds of the Custom House. An ordinary officer found himself hardly more than merely a *disbursing agent of his own salary*, for the benefit of his party and its leaders. And let it be remembered, that a refusal to contribute to any of these political assessments, would have been considered treason against legitimate and arbitrary authority, and would probably have been visited by consequences, which few officers had the firmness to encounter.

As money, like power, "is always stealing from the many to the few," so, although subjected to such incessant and severe extortions, the inferior officers of the Customs were not suffered, in many instances, to reap even the legal rewards of their superior vigilance and fidelity. Many seizures were made by the Inspectors, while I was in office, by which they ought to have become the possessors of a considerable forfeiture. But after the property, (if of large amount,) say a vessel detected in smuggling, had been libelled and condemned, and the District Attorney and Marshal had secured a fair proportion of their legal perquisites, a petition was generally forwarded to the Secretary of the Treasury, signed by the Collector and those officers for its liberation; which petition was always granted, and in consequence, the seizing officer was left with comparatively empty pockets.

Individuals detected in smuggling are liable to a large fine, a proportion of which goes to the complainant. Executions have been obtained on such charges, but never levied, and thus nobody is benefited but the Attorney, who probably gets his costs from the Treasury. Now such things are destructive of all vigilance and zeal for the public service, in the out-door officers, and were always in my time, a subject of bitter complaint.

I could go on and enumerate many other abuses of authority, but I loathe the subject, and have room for but one more. I feel a conviction, that under the present, and I fear under the succeeding Administration, if every thing I have stated, aye and much more, was proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, there would be no remedy. Public virtue is so nearly extinct, or rather lives in so few patriotic breasts, that some vast calamity, some fearful

judgment of Heaven, is necessary to revive it. And it is impending!

"Like master like man," says an old proverb. The President having declared that he alone is the Government, all his understrappers follow his example. The law provides that various questions, of doubtful import, which may arise in the Custom House, shall be determined by the Collector, Naval Officer, and Surveyor, or by a majority of this board. Now, after the old Court House meeting before described, the Collector suspended all intercourse and consultation with the Surveyor. If one of the questions contemplated in the law came before him, he took the opinion of the Naval officer alone,—the Surveyor was never apprised that such a question was under consideration. He was as unceremoniously thrust out from executing a part of his duty, as the President would eject the Senate from all participation in the Government. The object was manifestly to degrade the Surveyor into a creature of his will, and to deprive him of all independent action and authority. And thus many decisions were made, wherein by the law the Surveyor should have been consulted, of which, probably to this day, he is wholly ignorant. It was the same in every transaction; the same arbitrary and engrossing spirit, sat like an incubus, on all the movements in the Custom House.

And I have no doubt that the recent removal of the Naval Officer, was in consequence of some conscientious resistance to the will of the Collector. Something must be allowed to the mercenary disposition of Mr. Woodbury, but much more to the intolerant and domineering temper of his favourite Deputy, Mr. Henshaw.

I have one point more in relation to the Custom House and then I shall dismiss the subject. From the day of my entering it till I bade a willing adieu to its walls, I could not but remark with some surprise, the decided hostility of the Collector to the Merchants of Boston. Whether the hostility was occasioned by the fact that they are generally opposed to him in politics, or that they were opposed to his appointment originally, or that he is conscious of a kind of inferiority to most of them, and of indeliberate in holding the post he does, I cannot say; but that he feels a peculiar degree of envy and hatred for the whole class, is certain. Now on this matter I would not say a word, had I not frequently noticed among

my country neighbours and brethren an erroneous estimate of the character of the Boston Merchants. It is too frequently supposed, that possessing great wealth as many of them do, they are proud, aristocratic and overbearing; and the Jackson newspapers encourage this false notion as much as possible. Now, they who are better acquainted with them know them to be the chief benefactors of the community, the founders of most of the liberal, literary and benevolent institutions of the State. I cannot go into an enumeration of the many instances of their bounty, but I will draw a brief sketch of a few individuals. A young man, of good habits and sound moral and religious principles, but poor, is sent from the counting-room of his employer to France, where temptations must inevitably assail him on every side, and of the most enticing and formidable description. He resides in Paris, "Vanity Fair," for many years, discharging all his arduous duties to his principal with diligence and fidelity. At length, he engages in business for himself, and after some more years of industry and good management, he returns to the United States a man of great wealth, and with virtue unsullied. He retires to the paternal mansion in Worcester County, now become his own, and mingles in the society and pastimes of his neighbors. Does he attempt to increase his wealth by loans at exorbitant interest, or to grasp with a miser's hand, the farms surrounding his estate. Not at all! He *seeks* occasion of *doing good*, and one of his first acts of public benevolence, is a donation of 20,000 dollars to the American Tract Society.

Another Boston citizen, by careful diligence and shrewd calculation, acquires, in process of time, a vast fortune. Does he hoard it, or seek advantages from the times, to increase its amount? No! His hand is "open as day to melting charity;" his house is the shrine of the poor and miserable, and when a whole class of the wretched can be relieved and made comparatively happy by new discoveries applicable to their situation, he gives an estate of 30 000 dollars to the Institution for the Blind. Struck with such noble generosity, his fellow-citizens propose him for their Representative to Congress. He emphatically declines:—the heaven-born spirit of benevolence could not be tarnished by even a suspicion of worldly motives. And yet he was undoubtedly the ablest man in the City for the station he was solicited to occupy.

One more instance. One who began with nothing, by dint of

industry and economy, (mark *that*, in all the instances I have mentioned,) acquires a handsome competency, when in the order of Providence he is smitten with sore diseases, and doomed to the solitary and grievous life of a sick chamber. But his mind and its spirit of enterprise survive, although his body is prostrated and racked with pains. He continues his mercantile speculations for some years, with ardor and success. For himself or his dependents? No! He was the founder of those noble institutions, the McLean Hospital, and Asylum for the Insane.

I must stop here, because there rush upon my recollection so many instances of munificent benefactions to the public from the mercantile class of our fellow-citizens that a whole book would be required to record them.

And this is a sample of the class of men so peculiarly obnoxious to the President and his party!

Let us leave this place my young friend, let us quit this Avernus of corrupt and malign passions, and breathe once more the pure air of Heaven. Here we part; I pray you remember and *consider* the moral of my statements, and dedicate yourself to restoring to your country the ancient purity of its institutions. Farewell!

Party Fidelity.

In former chapters I have shown, that the Leaders of the Statesman Party *would* have abandoned Crawford for Adams, on proper encouragement; *did* abandon Jackson for Calhoun, when they supposed *his* prospects paramount; and on the discovery of their error instantly, like rats from a sinking ship, fled to the refuge of Van Buren. And I hope in justice, that, for his encouragement of such mercenary desertion, he may hereafter suffer the pang, "sharper than serpent's tooth," of beholding these fostered reptiles rushing into the embraces of his *Western rival*! That they *will* become the partizans of Judge White the moment they think his chances of success greater than the Dutchman's, is certain: *with* a bargain, if possible,—if not, without one: but they will trust to luck, and the magnanimity of the Judge. At all events, they will be on the *strongest* side. Already the Post and Statesman, advo-

cates Van Buren's cause with an "if"—"if—he should be the candidate of the Convention"—of office-holders! And these "cow-boys" of party, now assure the President, (as they have for five years to my knowledge,) that even *Massachusetts* is coming over,—revolutionizing, "marching up to the chalk!" And he believes their assurances! The precise share of knavery and credulity it is difficult to distribute, among the *dupers* and the *dupe*! But I am confident, (for I know the characters of the men and their objects,) that if even Mr. Webster's chance, on deliberate and solemn consideration and calculation, was determined to be the most favourable, a tender of their services and their party would be proffered to *him*, on the condition (mark that,) *that their offices should be untouched.*

On the 2d April, 1832, Judge M'Lean of Ohio, being at Boston, was entertained at the hospitable mansion of Dr. Ingalls. It was at that time thought probable that the Judge would be a formidable if not a successful candidate for the next Presidency, after the "Old Hero." He therefore was an object of intense interest to all the office-holders and office-seekers. The "good Doctor" had waked from the effects of his Jackson soporific, and was, and probably now is, a disinterested and warm friend of the Judge. The Collector and his brothers were among the anxious and obsequious guests on that important evening. But their admiration immediately ceased, when the Judge's star became dim, and he afterwards received divers unkind thrusts in the *Statesman* and *Post*. This was a matter of course.

Judge M'Lean, like one of our summer thunder-storms coming from the West, looked very threatening for a time and discharged, at a distance, several powerful streams of electricity: but he never rose to the zenith, and after a little while was dispersed in flying and windy clouds. Such is the fate of numerous aspiring politicians. We see a similar catastrophe happening to some of them every day. The fire of ambition being applied, they mount like rockets, but burst at a slight elevation, and fall extinguished meteors to the earth, "never to rise again."

There is my old favourite Col. Benton, who in former years extorted very sincere respect and admiration, but having since "given up to party what was meant for mankind," is now lying prone on earth a harmless and exploded "Congreve."

From the appearance of the Correspondence to the re-election of Jackson, it was most amusing to watch the devious course, the uncertain and hesitating movements, and the occasional utter confusion of the Leaders of the Statesman party. Governed by one motive only, the love of money, they were always on the alert to trim their sails to meet the political gale, but that period was so tempestuous, that they were continually taken "all aback," and frequently were on their "beam ends." A few days before the explosion of the Conspiracy, the Statesman in alluding to General D. Greene called him "that great and good man," and he had for years been their most valuable and steadfast friend. But no sooner did the Leaders discover that the General had got on the losing side, then at him they went in their paper, and he was "great and good" no longer. An article soon after appeared in the Statesman, lauding the virtues, abilities, faithfulness and genuine republicanism of the Hon. S. D. Ingham, Secretary of the Treasury, and trusting that this main-stay of democracy would long be continued in his official station. In about a week afterwards, Mr. Ingham was dismissed from office, when those consistent and generous gentlemen pounced upon the ex-Secretary with a zeal and rancour surpassed only by the Globe. Mr. Duane's appointment was hailed as a triumph of democracy, and hints touching Mr. M'Lane were thrown out, that "there had been too much federal leaven in the Cabinet." But the talented and inflexible son of old Bill Duane, old Aurora Duane, would soon restore harmony and confidence. Mr. Secretary Duane was compelled to "walk the plank," and he had no sooner sent up his last bubble from the "vasty deep" of politics, than they abused him like a pick-pocket, and this lofty champion of democracy dwindled away to a puny stripling, who was advised to "*ask his Pa*" as to his future course.

When Isaac Hill's fortunes seemed at a low ebb and Woodbury began to sport, like a porpoise, in the ocean of royal favour, poor Isaac rarely could extort a nod from his quondam friends, for Levi was the patron saint of New-England democracy—or rather the Memnon of the Granite State. But Isaac having wheedled himself into the Senate of the U. States, was instantly restored to importance and favour; and we then read in the Statesman eloquent paragraphs, following each other in regular succession, headed

“Hon. Levi Woodbury”—“Hon. Isaac Hill.” The oil of flattery was *equally* distributed between them.

When the nomination of Mr. Van Buren as Minister to England was rejected by the Senate, the principal Leader said “we ought not to be hasty in nominating a Vice-President. Mr. Van Buren cannot be Vice-President. The rejection may do something towards making him President hereafter, but not Vice-President now. King, Preble, and Ware of Maine have called the Argus to account and Maine will not be for it. I think the Baltimore Convention next May will not be able to agree on a candidate for Vice-President.”

And even when President Jackson issued his famous Proclamation, these timid and calculating friends held back, to watch its effect on the popular opinion, and took no part in the meeting at Faneuil Hall with the immense multitude of citizens who sustained it so enthusiastically. They did not hold themselves aloof from principle; for when it was manifest that the Proclamation was popular, the Post came out with political doctrines as much more ultra federal than the President’s, as were his to the doctrines of the Nullifiers.

I will pursue this subject no further. If any of my readers would read a history of political treachery, faithlessness, and knavery, let them procure the files of the Statesman and Post for the period at which I have been merely glancing.

The half is not told. It will be seen at once, that these men belong to no party but their own; that they possess no *settled* political principle, and that a statesman, ambitious of elevation, who depends upon their assistance, builds his house upon the sand.

Post Office.

There is a propensity to excuse political wickedness and corruption, if the perpetrator happens to be a “clever fellow,” and he who openly plunders the public purse gains a host of friends, provided he secures an ample “sufficiency.” How many move in the first circles in consideration of their wealth, which is known to have been acquired by extortion and fraud? Money is power, and

power always has its dependents and its parasites. These are general remarks, and not intended to be applicable to any particular individual.

It cannot be denied that the Post-master of Boston is a very social, liberal, and good-natured man. Nor can it be doubted that he obtained his lucrative post to enable him to discharge his debts to his confederates. Had he owed them nothing, it is possible he might have risen to the elevation of an Inspector, but no higher. Fortune has favoured him, and under her smiles he takes the world as it goes, with jollity and unconcern. Surrounded by experienced and active Clerks, his office is a sinecure; the honors and profits are his, the labours and watchings belong to his assistants. But he passes as a very civil and accommodating Post-master, and so he is.

As I have before stated, there have at various times since his appointment, particularly when disruptions appeared in the Boston Jackson party, been bitter complaints publicly uttered, against the management in his office. No direct charge of criminal interference with its regular operation has been alleged, but facts have been stated of the extraordinary delay attending the transmission of some letters and documents, and the loss of others, which have excited suspicions of culpable negligence. I concern myself not with these, but shall refer to my own experience alone and that of recent date.

When I left the Custom House and retired into the country, the whole Statesman faction were my enemies, personal as well as political. I had no *personal animosity* against any of their number, but confess to a profound contempt and disgust at their mercenary and arbitrary proceedings. For more than a year before this event, I believe none of them had spoken to me, or even showed me the common civility of an acquaintance on the public promenades. They knew I had detected their duplicity and faithlessness, and therefore supposed, very justly, that I held them in scorn and beneath my notice. And they also knew that my neck could not be bent to the "collar." I was a zealous and active member of my party, but no partizan. And when the mad deeds of the President threw the whole Union into tumult and dismay, they heard me openly denouncing the insidious advisers who had wrought him to such insane policy. And as with them "he who doubted

was damned," I was an outcast from their councils and confederacy.

In the country I hoped, with hook and line, tracing the clear streamlet

"In those deep solitudes and awful cells
Where heavenly, pensive, contemplation dwells,"

to renovate my health, and pluck up fresh energy for future usefulness. And also to exchange the withering eastern winds of the sea-board, which always with me induce the "*blue stage*" of the cholera, for the invigorating breezes of the mountains. Notifying my friends of my intended place of retirement, and confiding in the regularity of the mails to prevent my affairs from falling into embarrassment for the want of information, I proceeded thirty miles from the City, and sat down on the high lands, with five trout streams, never violated by scientific sportsman, all within five miles of my residence. The season was unpropitious; incessant rains flooding the meadows, and destroying the trout fishery. I am somewhat of an enthusiast in this sport. It is impossible for any man to penetrate alone the solemn depths of frowning forests, without feeling the "organ of adoration" excited. He "sees God in clouds and hears him in the winds," and he finds "sermons in stones, and good in everything." I have felt infinitely more devout while treading a trout stream than I ever did in a church. And the reflection,

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,"


was, on such occasions, ever present to my mind. It is a most captivating, most purifying amusement; and one day of lonely "trouting" makes a man a better citizen for six months afterwards. Try it, and be convinced.

But to arrest this digression; how I sped in my correspondence with my friends in Boston, may be seen by the following letter to Nathaniel Greene, the Post-master, to which he never has returned an answer.

To Nathaniel Greene, Esq. }
Post-master of Boston. }

Sir,—Will you do me the favour to give some explanation of the following facts, relative to your official duties:—

In May last, residing in the country, I received through the Post Office at Dunstable, New-Hampshire, a letter from a friend in Boston, directed to me at "*Dunstable, Massachusetts.*" Informing him

of this miscarriage, he directed his second letter to me as follows:—"Dunstable,  Massachusetts." This letter like the former, was sent to New-Hampshire. He wrote a *third* time, and endorsed on his letter—"Not New-Hampshire. Please notice, as similar letters have been sent there." This letter also went to the New-Hampshire Office. Now you are aware, that there is a regular mail from Boston to Dunstable, Mass. And it is worthy of remark, that my Boston newspapers, during the same time, were regularly forwarded to the Massachusetts Office. As these letters related to some money transactions, which by the negligence in your Office were thrown into confusion, I conceive I have a right to demand an explanation, if not a legal satisfaction.

In August I removed to Bedford, Mass. and since my residence in this place, I have addressed *five* letters on business, to a gentleman in Boston, only one of which, as he states, has been received:—and that *one*, was deposited by a neighbour in the Boston Post Office. The other *four*, sent by mail, *are all lost*. The gentleman assures me that he has written *twice* to me at Bedford, Mass. *I have received no letter from him*. He further states, that one of his two letters was, after a time, returned to him from your Office *broken open*, with an endorsement thereon, purporting to be by the Post-master of Bedford, Mass., viz:—"there is no such person here; supposed to be intended for New-Bedford." Now the Post-master here solemnly declares, that he never made such an endorsement on any letter directed to me since my residence in this place. As there is only a small mail bag, containing letters and papers, between this town and Boston, which is not opened on the route, the fate of the six letters above mentioned, is very mysterious. All this time my Boston newspapers have been regularly received. This last correspondence, like the former, related to pecuniary transactions, which your negligence, or something worse, has involved in confusion and loss.

As it seems to be impossible to secure the safe arrival of any of my letters at your Office, I am constrained to address you through the public press, and to solicit some explanation of such extraordinary and suspicious transactions. Yours, Respectfully.

Bedford, Mass. Nov. 4th, 1834.

I did intend to publish this letter in the newspapers, but I pitied the poor fellow. He has quite enough now on his hands to contend with, and is probably with his patron in his last agonies. Let them die in peace, their political death! Nothing can save Mr. Barry but an attempt at assassination, and there are expert hands at Washington in loading pistols—*judiciously*. Let Mr. Greene go to Washington and arrange the affair with the Post-Master General. See that the tubes of the pistols, for the priming, are capacious. Then ram down the ball *first*, and the powder and wad over it. On with a cap, and hire some execrable *Bank-man* to fire them off. "Providence will interpose," and Barry will be saved. Then to avoid detection, prick some mealed

powder into the priming tubes,—it requires but a little; put on another cap, and off it goes, by the “particular interposition of Providence!” And Mr. Barry is a martyr, “by Brevet!” And Greene his “bottle holder,” *amidst* the fires of persecution. But I have done with the Post Office.

Scratching Backs.

There is at Boston a certain Political Club called the Washington Society, instituted I believe in 1812, by the democratic party, to which, in those tempestuous days, it proved a useful auxiliary. In 1827 or 1828, by some dexterous manœuvre, and by the negligence of the “Adams democrats,” who were the majority, the government of this Society passed into the hands of the Statesman party, who, immediately voting in a host of their friends, secured themselves from any future disturbance in their possessions. This Society for the last six years has embraced a large proportion of the public officers, and has been entirely under their controul. On the 22d February annually, they assemble in the evening to choose officers, and eat a supper, the President of the past year presiding at table. And this distinguished personage, and the standing committee, usually nominate their successors, by which means the *power* is always continued “in the family.” I remember one instance when Mr. Brodhead was presiding at the meeting for making the nomination for the ensuing year,—when some one of the Standing Committee nominated a gentleman as a member of the new Committee; he was chosen, and his name written down by Mr. B. Suddenly he enquired, who is this person? Answer, a friend of Gen. McNiel. That is enough, exclaimed the alarmed Brodhead, and he immediately erased the name of the gentleman from the schedule. And all the others present, submitted to this impudent violation of their rights, as in duty bound. How beautifully *democratic*. By such management the Leaders *appoint* the officers of the Society, and *rein* them afterwards at their pleasure.

The 4th July is always celebrated under the auspices of the Washington Society; its President acting as President of the

day, and its Standing Committee as Vice-Presidents. And all of them are usually *Custom House Officers*. Frequent attempts have been made to get up an independent celebration by the Jackson party, but have always failed. Now the object of all this management is, that the Statesman Leaders may have their backs scratched and their ribs tickled on these public occasions. And when an inflated account of the festival is published in the Statesman, they may loom up through this pestilent fog of "public sentiment" as great and important personages, the very "Dagons" of the party. The *toasts* given on such occasions by the Vice-Presidents and other Custom House Officers, especially those complimentary to the Leaders, are *written by them*, and distributed among their retainers. Thus, for instance, if a vacancy in the President's Cabinet is expected to occur, and Mr. Henshaw is ambitious of filling the gap, some one of the "*Vices*" will roar out something like the following:—"Hon. David Henshaw,—*a nut of old Hickory*;"—may he soon be elevated to a station adequate to his merits. The democracy of New-England demand it." Now this is a fair specimen, both of manner and form. The poor fellow who blows such a blast, don't perceive that a political adversary might pass his vinegar comments on his "*sentiment*," by saying that the nut was a *nut-gall*; that an "*adequate elevation*" would be the gallows, and that if the democracy of New-England knew what they were about, they would in very deed demand such an "*elevation*."

Another instance. Mr. Simpson, conscious that he is acquiring a reputation abroad for political duplicity and intrigue, wishes to counteract the progress of such an opinion, and so he hands over to another "*Vice*" the following toast, or something very like it:—

"John K. Simpson, Esq.—The sterling republican and honest man—who carries his heart in one hand and his conscience in the other." Music.—"Had I a heart for falsehood framed."

Again, our friend Brodhead, knowing that his peculiar avocation reduces him, in the vulgar estimation to *one-ninth* of a man, and confident of his own profundity of intellect, manfully resolves to assert it, by causing the delivery of such a "*sentiment*" as the following:—

"Daniel D. Brodhead, Esq.—In genius a Chatterton, in learning a Bentley, in wisdom a Solomon." Music.—"Four and twenty tailors all in a row."

Then we have—"Nathaniel Greene, Esq.—The modern Bayard, *without fear and without reproach.*" "Andrew Dunlap, Esq.—The American Burke."* "Charles G. Greene, Esq.—As an Orator, realizing and transcending the definition of Cicero." They have a Poet in the Statesman party, and on such an occasion he would probably favour the company with an *extract* from his admirable translation of Amadis de Gaul into English poetry,—like the following:—

"Says she, Sir Knight, your presence of me rid,
 "Your words are false,—I never did't did!
 "With that her nails she dug into his face,
 "And, lo! he roar'd, and made a sad grimace.
 "Says she, you've got your gruel, you old wretch,
 "To which he answer'd,—Oh! you ugly b—h!"

That my readers may be convinced that the above remarks are *substantially* correct, I will now copy from the Statesman of the 6th July, 1833, some of the toasts given at the celebration of American Independence by the Statesman party at East Boston. What a display of cringing democratic sycophancy!

"By Amos Stevens. Charles G. Greene—The Editor of the Boston Statesman needs no encomium—his life and his services are his best praise—The respect and gratitude of the democratic party his just reward."

[An error! 29,000 dollars was a much better reward.]

"By J. C. Brodhead. Jonas L. Sibley, U. S. Marshal—an excellent officer and an excellent Republican—the more intimately he is known, the more highly will he be respected."

[Mr. Brodhead was at this time aged, (I believe,) 19 years!]

"By Levi R. Lincoln. John K. Simpson—the abuse of the opposition but endear him to his friends—the choicest fruit is the oftenest clubbed."

["Clubs are trumps"—Levi!]

"By J. Snow. N. Greene, Esq.—the best test of his worth is the universal respect in which he is held, as a citizen and a public officer, by all parties and by every class."

[Nat gave glorious *suppers*;—iced champagne, and pickled oysters.]

* Which Burke? Printer's Devil.

"By Mr. Stevens. Andrew Dunlap, Esq., U. S. Attorney—the learned jurist, the eloquent advocate, the faithful public officer, the consistent politician."

[Mr. Stevens is fully competent to estimate "*a learned jurist!*"]

"By H. W. Ridgeway. David Henshaw—an efficient advocate of democracy, and a distinguished statesman—worthy and capable of any station within the gift of the executive."

[Mr. Woodbury was appointed *Secretary of the Treasury*, in spite of Mr. Ridgeway.]

Messrs. Brodhead, Lincoln, Snow, and Stevens, were Custom House Officers. These toasts were given on *one* occasion only, and by mere accident I happened to have the Statesman account of this celebration in my possession. If I could procure the files of that paper for the last five years, I could select *thousands* of the same character. But I have done with this disgusting subject.

The Union of the Statesman party with the Infidel and Anti-masonic parties.

I assert, as a fact beyond contradiction, that nineteen-twentieths of the followers of Abner Kneeland were and are now Jacksonmen, in full communion with the Statesman Leaders, and members of their party. I venture to declare, that if any person will procure the Boston Anti-Bank Memorial, he shall find among its subscribers nearly every man who attends the Infidel orgies at the Federal-street Theatre. I have no doubt that the Infidel party constitutes at least one-third of the Jackson party of the City at this moment. Kneeland is an avowed Jacksonman,—and advocated his re-election in his newspaper; the leading men of his society are avowed Jacksonmen, and many of them the most active and influential members of the party. And I farther aver, that the Van Buren party throughout the Union, embraces in its ranks the Infidels and sceptics of all the States. A fact which will be proved, whenever the office-holders' Convention assemble to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. If Col. Johnson, the favorite of the Infidel party, is not nominated by that Convention for Vice-President, he will be brought forward by his friends as a competitor for the Presidency. Who does

not remember that he was long ago nominated for the Presidency by the Fanny Wright party of the City of New-York? Kneeland advertises in his paper the portraits of Jackson and Johnson for sale at his office, and has published a letter, (with remarks applicable to no other person but Col. Johnson,) which contained money, as well as felicitations on the result of his trial. The *right arm* of the Statesman party is the faction of Abner Kneeland. And undoubtedly this is one cause why that party has always been so contemptible for numbers in the City of Boston. The descendants of the pilgrims are not yet radically corrupted; some sparks of the ancient fires yet live in their ashes; and the spires of numerous churches dedicated to the Most High, yet ward off the wrath of Heaven. But my country readers can have no idea how great is the influence of this apostle of Satan, nor how numerous are his disciples. The Federal-street Theatre, where he holds his Sunday meetings to scoff at the Bible,—to ridicule everything we hold sacred, and to sneer at the Deity, is usually crowded from top to bottom. It is said that 2000 have been present at once! And, monstrous to relate, a considerable proportion of the assemblage *were females*,—not the abandoned and reckless, but respectable and educated females! Before the promulgation of the Gospel of Christ, woman was either the slave of man or his toy. She had no *rights*. Christianity alone has elevated her to the station which she was created to fill, and which she so admirably adorns. And is it possible that she can league with ruthless and brutal men, “whose consciences are seared as with a hot iron,” to destroy the *great charter* of her liberty, and her power?

The newspaper issued weekly by Mr. Kneeland, called the Investigator, contains matter which would shock even Hume and Voltaire. The old arguments against the truth of Christianity, by Celsus, Hobbs, Spinola, Hume, Gibbon, and the recluse of Ferney, are new vamped, but divested of all the graces of style and diction which could ever have made them palatable. And mingled with these, is a lava stream of blasphemy and obscenity which blasts the vision and gangrenes the very soul of the uncorrupted reader. There is no book ever published, however infamous, but I had rather it should fall into the hands of my family than the Investigator.

And now my readers, I am going to state *facts*; you must draw your own inferences; I shall draw none. There are only two Jackson newspapers in Boston, viz:—the *Morning Post*, and the *Investigator*. I do not mention the *Statesman*, because it is only a reprint of the *Post*. The *Post* is edited by Mr. Charles G. Greene, and the *Investigator* by Mr. Kneeland. Well, Mr. Kneeland having published in his paper a most obscene and blasphemous article in relation to the Saviour of the World, is indicted by the Grand Jury of Boston and put on his trial. Most extraordinarily, it so happens, that the other Jackson editor is on the Jury to try him! The District Attorney of the U. States, a leading Jacksonian, is his counsel. After a long investigation, a laborious defence, not wanting in ability, the Jury retire to consult on their verdict. Hour after hour elapses, and they do not return. At length, after a seclusion of many hours, they appear in Court, and the Foreman declares that they have not agreed and probably never shall agree. *Eleven* of the twelve Jurymen, are of the same opinion, viz:—that the defendant is guilty; but *one* is on the other side, and is immovable. Who is he? Mr. Charles G. Greene, the Editor of the *Morning Post*.



These are facts; but I do not impugn the motives of Mr. Greene. Undoubtedly he thought himself right and conscientious.

I have another story to tell to show the connexion between the Boston Jackson and Infidel parties. Just before the last State elections in Mass. in November, I sent up to the tavern of the beautiful village where I was then residing, to borrow a newspaper. The messenger returned with the *Investigator*, which was directed to a citizen of Lexington; but the stageman neglecting to leave it there, brought it on to the village and gave it to the landlord of the tavern. It was probably the first and only paper *of the kind*, ever seen in the town. I opened it, and the very first article on which I fixed, was one which sent through my heart a thrill of delight and gratitude; delight, that I had it in my power to exert a material influence on the approaching election, and gratitude to Heaven that I was the instrument of that influence.

The Jackson papers, the *Post* and *Investigator*, had long been constantly railing against the *Aristocracy*, a bug-bear, which frightened many, because they knew not what it meant, but imag-

ined it some awful monster! The article alluded to explained the whole matter; and I immediately sat down and wrote the following communication for the Boston Atlas, the effect of which throughout the State will not soon be forgotten. Never in my life, did I press my pillow with more soothing and grateful reflections than on that night. God be praised! that I have done something for the Whig cause, as an expiation of my former errors.

TO ALL THINKING MEN!

 *Read—Reflect—and stay from the Polls if you dare!* 

The WHIGS of Boston are perhaps not aware of all the questions to be determined by their votes on the 10th Nov.


Within a few weeks past, a *new* position has been assumed by one branch of the JACKSON PARTY; and, it would seem, that the BELIEF AND WORSHIP OF THE DEITY is expected to be PUT DOWN by the ultra radicals, as well as the other ancient institutions of the Commonwealth.

It is well known that there are only *two* JACKSON EDITORS in Boston, viz:—he of the Post and Statesman and Mr. ABNER KNEELAND of the INVESTIGATOR. Both these gentlemen are inveterate opposers of the “ARISTOCRACY”—which includes all men *richer* than themselves. “Blanks and Twine,” however, seems to be in a fair way to cast his democratic skin; for \$24,000 in two years is a powerful solvent of stern republicanism. His worthy coadjutor has been less fortunate in his political speculations.

This reverend martyr in the cause of Satan was recently saved from conviction, on a charge of blasphemy, by the agency of his brother Jacksonian. They are the Pierre and Jaffier of the party. Both claim to be original, unaccommodating, wool-dyed democrats, and both with equal rancor, denounce “THE ARISTOCRACY OF BOSTON.”

Now the writer, with many other working men of the city, has been extremely puzzled in the attempt to discover what is meant by the “ARISTOCRACY”—that formidable and detested enemy of our republican institutions,—so strenuously opposed in the Post and the Investigator. The mystery has at last been solved, through the kindness Mr. Kneeland, who has lately condescended to give us a definition “of the terms” Aristocracy and Democracy.

The following extracts are from the Investigator of Oct. 24th.

 “As every man is not acquainted with the definition of the terms ARISTOCRACY and DEMOCRACY, I take the liberty of giving such of your readers as are deficient in that knowledge a brief sketch of those terms in juxta-position.”

“ARISTOCRACY is a term which designates a party which upholds the BELIEF OF A SPIRITUAL BEING WHOM THEY CALL GOD. The foundation of all this nonsense is written in a Book by supernatural inspiration, which they call a revelation from

this imaginary personage. DEMOCRACY is a term which designates a party which upholds the belief of a MATERIAL BEING whom they call GOD."

"In order that your readers should keep their eyes on those two great orders of the moral world and be able to trace these parties, in spite of the names which they assume, they will find that the term WHIGS is only another name for the ARISTOCRACY; and that the term TORIES is another name for DEMOCRACY. To sum up the substance of both parties by condensation in as few words as I can compress them, ARISTOCRACY, WHIGS and spiritual being are terms which are synonymous with FALSEHOOD. And DEMOCRACY, TORIES, and (as they use the term) material being, the terms which are synonymous with TRUTH."

"There are many Martyrs that are willing to fall in such a glorious cause WHO HAVE NEVER BENT THEIR KNEE TO AN IMAGINARY SPIRITUAL BEING WHICH THE ARISTOCRACY SUPPORT, AND WHO NEVER WILL."

Are the SONS OF THE PILGRIMS prepared to surrender the destinies of this glorious Commonwealth into the hands of INFIDELS and BLASPHEMERS? Shall this hallowed soil be polluted by the sway of ATHEISM? *Awake, CHRISTIANS OF ALL SECTS!—AWAKE, AND TO THE POLLS, EVERY MAN WHO BELIEVES IN GOD—WHO HOPES FOR IMMORTALITY,—WHO TRUSTS IN THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.*

JUSTUS.

I had previously written for that paper (the Atlas,) the article, published 27th Oct. 1834, entitled "*The next object of attack*," showing, by extracts from the Globe, that the President meditated an assault on the Judiciary of the U. States. This communication, although having a signature, the talented editor of that paper did me the honor to publish as an *editorial*.

We will now look to the left arm of the Statesman party, viz :—the Anti-masonic party in Boston. As early as 1833, I was satisfied that a conspiracy was on foot to sell the Anti-masonic party of the State to the Statesman party. This conspiracy did not extend beyond the City until the last election, when the conspirators, Anti-masons and Jacksonmen, invaded the several counties of the State, mustered Anti-masonic Conventions, and nominated Senatorial tickets of "half and half" of both parties. They expected to dupe the honest yeomanry of the country,—who were opposed to Masonry from *principle*, but were genuine *Whigs* at heart; and to force or seduce them to support *Masonic Jacksonmen*, by the proffer of half of a ticket containing their own friends. Tricks in politics may do in town, but they will not go in the country. Our farmers are "sharp men," keen-

sighted,—exceedingly inquisitive and suspicious, and abhor any attempt to *manage* them, or to interfere with their freedom of action and opinion. Masonic Case of Lowell, and Anti-masonic Atwill of Concord, could not therefore make up a pill which the farmers of Middlesex would swallow. And they were not only signally defeated in the election, but have called down upon their heads the execrations of all parties. This movement was only a ramification of the conspiracy to betray the Anti-masons to the Jackson party, which had long been concocting at Boston. While I was in the Custom House in 1833, some of the superior officers were in the daily habit of visiting the Advocate Office, and they were *Arch Masons*. It was the common talk among us, that the Advocate would eventually go for Van Buren, and that it was politic to encourage it. In the City elections, unless the Anti party had a ticket, many of them voted with the Statesman party. And when the Hon. Samuel Lathrop, the Anti-masonic candidate for Governor, published his letter to the Anti-masons, containing a “confession of faith,” and also several severe cuts at General Jackson, Mr. C. G. Greene, although one of the President’s proteges, printed at the request of the Advocate editor 10,000 copies of the said letter! I state these facts that the people may know when and where the conspiracy against them *commenced*; they have seen enough recently to be convinced that it actually existed. And they have most effectually arrested it. The Advocate will probably be bought up by the Statesman party within a few months, and go for Van Buren and Johnson, both I believe Freemasons. I learned the disposition of the Editor of that paper many years ago; his destiny is, to “*gnaw a file*” through life.

I shall dismiss this subject; for I believe my readers are satisfied, that Infidelity and Anti-masonry are the two drudge horses, which draw the mud-cart of the Statesman party whenever they ride out on their political excursions.

I could introduce many more striking illustrations of the “*Beauties of Jacksonism*,” but my advisers admonish me that I am growing too voluminous, and therefore, kind reader, let me introduce you to another chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

Removal of the Deposites.

" Prince Henry.—I am good friends with my father, and may do anything."

" Falstaff.—Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too."—*Shakspeare.*

GENERAL Jackson laid violent hands on the people's money, and transferred it into the custody of his own officers, removable at his pleasure. By this act, he made the first breach in the Constitution, and forever forfeited his character as a republican and a patriot. All his previous splendid achievements, cannot save him from the execrations of posterity, when it dates the decline of the Confederacy, its dissolution, and the triumphs of anarchy from this insane transaction. It drew after it all his other most ruinous and startling assaults on the regular action of the Government; his assault on the Senate, a power equal and co-ordinate with his own; his assault on the Supreme Judiciary, a power superior, in some particulars, to any other under the Constitution. One false step led him onward in the downward path of personal degradation and national ruin. The next election will determine whether the Constitution shall be restored, or whether the people consent to live under a despotism. A chief magistrate, no matter by what title he is called, who holds both the purse and the sword, is a despot, and his government is, or will be a despotism. Revolutions are not necessarily accomplished by violence and carnage. A Pharsalia is not always to be fought to change a nation's Government. As complete a revolution has been perfected by Louis Philip's sagacious administration, as was conquered by the patriots in the "three days" conflict which raised him to the throne. He is as absolute a King as the miscreant who was expelled. Men are too prone to look at forms and not at facts. While the form of government is preserved, they conclude that its essence is unchanged. But no

usurper of the liberties of the people ever yet was fool enough to change at once the *forms* of their government. Tiberius had his Senate and Napoleon his Senate and Legislative Assembly. We are not only "in the midst of a revolution," as Mr. Clay most justly declared, but it is nearly accomplished, by the consent of the people, who seem to be so indifferent to their liberties, or so corrupted, that they voluntarily submit themselves to slavery. And such has been the cause of the destruction of every free government that ever existed: the *people* have *consented*, and have voluntarily "bowed their supple necks beneath the feet" of their oppressors. The fact, that the public treasure has been seized by the President without exciting any great and permanent commotion among the people, fills all reflecting minds with amazement and consternation. There is not a patriot in the U. States, whose soul does not wither at the thought. If there is any truth in Phrenology, the organ of "Destructiveness" in Gen. Jackson must be prodigiously developed. To *destroy*, has been the constant labour of his life. Recollect his many private broils of the most sanguinary character. The Creek and Seminole war, so divested of all humanity, and distinguished for massacres rather than battles. The crowning glories of New-Orleans, when the earth was saturated with human blood. And then consider his Administration of the Government. He has originated nothing; he has neither proposed, nor established any *new thing* for the interest and happiness of the people. His business has been to destroy existing institutions, not to found new ones. He has destroyed the system of internal improvements, so beneficial to new States in the West;—he has destroyed the United States Bank;—has attempted and is now striving to destroy the Senate;—has meditated the destruction of the Supreme Court,—and in his thirst for destruction is forcing the country into a war with our ancient ally and friend, the French nation. Now it is one of the easiest things in the world for a husbandman on entering upon a new farm, to overturn the stone walls, prostrate the fences, cut down the forests, root up the fruit trees, and set fire, to his barns and hay-stacks; but to repair, build up, restore and improve, is another and much more difficult business. And the *first* is the only merit to which the President is entitled. He has repaired, built up, restored, improved, originated, *nothing*,—but

armed with the destructive instruments of power he has overturned, cut down, and rooted up every thing in the institutions of the country which fell in his way as he has hurried through his term of office. This distinction has never been sufficiently considered by those who have grown hoarse in shouting his praises.

General Jackson is not even entitled to the merit of having originated the project for seizing the public treasure. The glory of that achievement belongs to one of his *humble officers*, who "*on his own responsibility*" laid hands on a great portion of the public money, and transferred it to the vaults of a Bank in which he was a large stock-holder, nearly two years before the President made his general sweep of all the people's cash—"at one fell swoop." And I never had a doubt, but that this "officer" was the projector and adviser of that daring and despotic measure. Mr. Collector Henshaw was that "humble officer,"—humble in *station* I mean, but a "Mount Athos carved to the form of man" if one could only borrow his own optics through which to take a view of his dimensions.

Have the merchants of Boston forgotten, that the Collector directed the Bond Clerk to deposit for collection, their Bonds (securing the payment of duties,) in the Commonwealth Bank, of which the wily Simpson was President, and not in the U. S. Branch Bank at Boston, where they had previously been deposited, and where by law they ought to have been deposited? *He did that thing*, and continued to do it, for (I think,) at least *three* months. I have said that he did it "on his own responsibility,"—and my reasons for so saying are the following:—Neither the President nor Mr. Taney ever pretended, that they had a right to remove the deposits from the custody of the U. S. Bank, without assigning to Congress their reasons for the act. The law is too plain and palpable to be evaded in this particular. But when the Boston Collector removed the deposits from the Branch Bank and transferred them to his own Bank, where they were kept at least three months, did Mr. Ingham, then Secretary of the Treasury, ever report the fact to Congress? I never heard of any report. And I have no doubt, that the moment he heard of the transaction he ordered them instantly to be *restored*, and that the *removal* was effected without any order from him, and without even his knowledge.

The order to *restore*, was a most mortifying circumstance to Mr. Collector, who had been in the habit of saying "to one man go, and he goeth, and to another come, and he cometh." From that moment he vowed an implacable vengeance against the U. S. Bank. The order of the Secretary was not only humiliating to his pride, but extremely annoying and offensive in other particulars. It arrested a very pretty profit to the Commonwealth Bank, and a very advantageous influence which the possession of the Bonds secured. But the most baneful consideration was, that the act of removal not having been sanctioned by the Secretary of the Treasury, he became personally liable to the Bank of the U. States for the *interest* of the public money during the time he unlawfully sequestered it, amounting probably to 14,000 dollars! Now these things were sufficient to stir up the wrath of the mildest of men, but on the inflammable temperament of the Collector they operated like sand paper on a Lucifer match.

The first consequence of the fury of his indignation was the publication of a pamphlet against the U. States Bank. Col. Benton had, a short time before, delivered a speech against the Bank, in which he discharged all the venom he had been concocting through the previous summer. Every argument which could be raised against that institution was contained in the laborious Colonel's oration. Mr. Henshaw entered this arsenal of anti-bank arguments, and selecting his weapons, he proceeded to polish a gun, grind a sword, and clean out a pistol, and in this way got up a very creditable pamphlet. His next movement was a project for a *new National Bank*, of 50 instead of 35 millions; and as money was to be made by it, the capitalists of Boston eagerly subscribed his petition to Congress for its institution. *He was to have been its President.* This petition was actually presented for the consideration of Congress. But by this time, the President, who, in the first instance, had proposed a National, or rather an *Executive Bank*, as a substitute for the present Bank, embracing all its defects and discarding all its benefits, had been driven by the clamors of the miserable horde which infested his councils, into the notion that *all Banks* ought to be destroyed, and he was encouraged in this opinion by his "organ of destructiveness." He had adopted the gold and silver scheme;

at which, I envy the next generation for the laugh they will enjoy. Not a farmer of Massachusetts has ever yet seen one of the gold coins, unless as a curiosity. The project is a total failure. It never can succeed in a commercial State. What merchant or trader will load a wagon with specie to pay his debts or purchase his stock, when he can put the whole sum required for such a purpose into his breeches pocket, in bank bills, which are equivalent to gold and silver, whenever it is demanded? If ever a President knocked his head against a post, and continued in spite of the remonstrances even of his enemies, who pitied the agonies he suffered, to knock his head daily against the same obstinate antagonist, it is the redoubtable General Jackson. Some years ago, one of my neighbors, a remarkably *absent* and hurried man, suffered similar distress to the President's. His house stood at the head of an avenue, and one of his neighbours, on the *side*, put up a row of posts in front of his house. I have repeatedly seen my good friend, (the absent and hurried man,) rush from his front door in the morning, and plump himself on the *first* post in the row; hug his injured stomach a moment, and dash upon the *second*; curse his stars, and encounter the *third*; marvel at such unaccountable impediments, and roll over the *fourth*; damn all posts to the infernals, and knock the wind out of his body on the *fifth*. General Jackson is trying the same curious experiment. May he survive it!

While the project of the 50 millions Bank was depending, I had occasion to enter the Collector's room on official business, and to my surprise found him tranquil and conversable. He was alone and particularly gracious. He said to me, (after the official business was transacted,) "what do you think of the U. S. Bank?" I replied, let it go down; it asserts such monstrous powers, that every republican must desire its destruction. But, said I, *you* with all your hostility to the present Bank seem disposed to get up another. "Yes," he answered,—“we cannot do without some kind of a National Bank; and if the democratic party succeed in destroying the present Bank and in instituting a Government Bank on new principles, (he approved of the President's Bank,) *we* shall manage it and direct it to the support of our principles and party.” Sir, said I, I am opposed to any and every Bank of the U. States. “Well,” he replied, “perhaps

on reflection, you may discern what great advantages the 50 million Bank offers to our friends of the Jackson party. Think of it."

I did think of it, and concluded that the re-charter of the present U. S. Bank was preferable to the establishment of a political Bank, controuled by Van Buren and his partisans.

Foiled in this attempt to substitute a 50, or a 35 million Bank, the Collector, whose wrath is never appeased but by success, determined to "bide his time." That time came when the President arrived in Boston.

I never could approach the President while he remained at the Tremont House, without finding the Leaders of the Statesman party constantly *on guard*; and no Jacksonman could possibly have an interview with him, without one of them was present in the room. I made several attempts to pay my respects, and designed to inform him of the rascally transactions of some of his pretended friends, but never looked into the door of the room where he received his visitors without perceiving one of the Statesman Leaders doing "guard duty." When the old gentleman was taken sick, those of that party who had wives, turned *them* in upon him, and they being instructed, were as watchful and as sharp-eared as their husbands. No man could speak a moment with the President except in the presence of an interested and vigilant witness.

It is remembered, that while at Boston, the President's life was considered in jeopardy. At this moment the project for the removal of the deposits from the U. S. Bank was proposed! The letter to this effect, to Mr. Duane, (then Secretary of the Treasury,) is dated on the very day when the President was incapable of any business, and was probably written by Van Buren, at the suggestion of Mr. Henshaw! It is doubtful if the imbecile and afflicted old man knew at the time what he did sign. But as his rule is *never to retract*, on regaining his strength and sanity, he found himself committed to a certain course of policy which his better judgment condemned. He perceived the alternatives presented, viz:—to acknowledge an error, or to persist in it; and "*Andrew Jackson never commits an error.*" And so our fiery friend the Collector, had the glory of being the author of the removal of the deposits, and was then enabled to gratify his spleen against the U. S. Bank.

The "deposits" were finally removed from the place where Congress had by an immense majority resolved they were perfectly safe, viz:—the vaults of the U. States Bank, but where were they carried to? I remember, that when expressing my alarm and disapprobation of the measure of removal to the intellectual and refined Deputy Collector of Boston, he exclaimed, "we will have a law authorizing the Collector to keep the public money in the Custom House, it shall be paid down on this counter, rather than be restored to the U. S. Bank." Now the three or four millions of public revenue collected at Boston, were by the wisdom or cunning of the President's counsellors actually transferred to the custody of *his own public officers*, every one of whom he *could remove from office at his pleasure*. Or, I might with propriety say, that Mr. Henshaw the Collector was appointed keeper of this trifling sum of some millions of dollars! The Commonwealth Bank, in which he was a large stockholder, was selected as one of the "pets" to receive the deposits and guard the public treasure. Let us see, who at the time, constituted its *Board of Directors*. Here they are. *John K. Simpson*, Pension Agent, and intended successor to the Collectorship. *Adams Bailey*, Deputy Collector. *Andrew Dunlap*, District Attorney. *John Henshaw*, brother of David Henshaw, the Collector. *Samuel S. Lewis*, Commissioner of the U. States on claims of insolvent debtors, and brother-in-law of the Collector. *S. S. Carruth*, connected with the Collector by marriage. *Charles Hood*, Cashier, chosen by the rest, and of course entirely under their influence. The whole Board consists of *eleven*, and here are *seven* of them, a decided majority. At *this time*, the Board is equally under the control of the Collector and the U. States Officers!

Now is it not manifest, that in this case, the public money is virtually in the hands of the President of the U. States? Does any man believe that if he required of the Commonwealth Bank a half or whole million of dollars, the Directors would not instantly "hand over?" Why, their "bread and butter" would depend upon their acquiescence in the demand. If they refused, (they are at the President's mercy) every man of them could be discharged, instanter, from his public office, and the Bank be deprived of the advantage resulting from the use of several millions

for which *no interest is demanded*. An immense advantage! If any of my readers are sceptical on this subject, I refer them to a case which has actually happened. When Mr. Barry, the unfortunate Post-master General, found himself involved in embarrassments which required vast sums to relieve, he applied to the Commonwealth Bank for a loan of *fifty thousand* dollars. Mr. Barry was considered in Boston the friend of Col. Johnson as Jackson's successor, and not of Van Buren. The Statesman Leaders had *not* been *re-nominated* by the President to the Senate, and it was feared that Barry, (as a member of the Cabinet,) and Secretary Cass, and Secretary M'Lane, might possibly oppose their re-nomination. It was therefore highly important to secure Barry's influence in the Cabinet, and the 50 thousand was readily loaned with the persuasion that the object would thus be accomplished. The loan was illegal, and never can be recovered by legal process. But as the Leaders procured their re-appointments to office, I presume that even the loss of the 50 thousand will be considered, on the whole, a profitable bargain. And in the same manner the President of the U. States, or the Secretary of the Treasury, can abstract every farthing of the millions of public money in the custody of these dependent, mercenary, and obsequious public servants!

This is a pleasant and gratifying view of our national affairs! But the *end is not yet*. I humbly trust that the canker of corruption may eat deep and deadly, so that when the people feel its virulence, a mighty effort may be made to escape from the contagion. Give us commotion rather than indifference. The Republic is safe, if the people are only watchful, or alarmed, or oppressed. But indifference, the opiate of despotism, fixes the destinies of this country. Our sleep, like the sleep of the chilled traveller, is death; death to freedom. We are *too* prosperous, and in the ardor of money making, forget or neglect our most imperative public duties. While we fill our purses, and promise ourselves years of peace and plenty to come, a consumption has seized upon the "body politic"—rapid in its progress, fatal in its termination. "Awake, arouse, or be forever fallen!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Bane and Antidote.

"The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
"And lean look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
"Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap—
"The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
"The other, to enjoy by rage and war."—*Shakspeare.*

THE times are out of joint. The people seem to have "eaten of the insane root," or to be delivered over by Heaven to their own delusions, that they should believe a lie. Old principles of eternal truth, established by the wisdom of ages, are now proclaimed, by unfledged politicians hardly out of faction's nest, as the relics of barbarous times,—the monstrous errors of an age of darkness. The right of property is crumbling to pieces; liberty is not believed to be founded on law and order; an independent judiciary is considered a national evil; the patriots who framed the Constitution, are estimated by beardless statesmen who are not yet old enough to have got rid of the smell of bread and butter, as infinitely inferior in learning and talent to themselves; and even the Christian religion, which fortunately survived the assaults of Hume and Voltaire, it is now expected by many will knock under to Abner Kneeland. Some of our "veteran youth" who have ciphered as far as the "rule of three," pronounce Sir Isaac Newton "*small change*;" others, who have attempted a "farce," doubt the validity of Shakspeare's claim to the admiration of mankind; and others who have written odes to butterflies and musketoes, question the reputation of Pope, as a poet!

The strange theories continually started in our legislative assemblies by juvenile pretension or hoary stupidity, which thirty years ago would have been hooted at and refused a hearing, are now received and cherished as the golden eggs of some political goose. All things seem to *be in a hurry*; as if there was a

universal rush to undo all which infinite toil, cost, and bloodshed had perfected, and to plunge madly into the gulf of national destruction. The political cauldron is in furious ebullition; of course the *scum* rises to the surface, and it has "most sweet voices!" The *old pickle* remains at the bottom, in sullen taciturnity.

And a base cupidity, a sordid love of money, has superseded the spirit of liberty. If our wise men and "lean look'd prophets" declare that the Constitution has been violated and that our liberties are in peril, the answer is, "have we not enough to eat and to drink? Is not the country prosperous? Look at the revenue! Is not labour in demand? Are we not getting rich?" How would such language have been listened to in '76?

That the people of the U. States would in process of time become corrupted, like the people of every other government that ever existed; that they could not escape the fate of every thing human, no man in his senses ever doubted. But who ever anticipated the rapid and fatal *decline* of public virtue and independence which has seized upon us, since in 1828 Gen. Jackson distributed the public offices to his hungry partisans, and established the rule that they were the "*rewards of victory*?" A hundred New-Orleans achievements would not amount to the dust of the balance as an equivalent for the irreparable evils he has brought upon his country. We shall date our national degradation from the 4th March, 1829!

Even our own staid and sober State of Massachusetts, "the land of the Pilgrim," has shown a disposition to set law and order at defiance; to violate the rights of private property, and to forget that our Constitution establishes unlimited religious freedom. Never, in the history of this, or of any other enlightened State, was there committed an act so base, so cowardly, and so wicked, as the destruction of the Catholic Convent at Charlestown. Sixty women and children driven from their domicils, at midnight, by one or two hundred ruffians, and who, while surrounded by at least two thousand respectable citizens, were suffered to apply the torch and involve this private property in a general conflagration! no public officer attempting to arrest the infamous transaction, or apparently conscious of the eternal disgrace inflicting on his town and State! And when judicial trials

for the discovery of the perpetrators were had, *the only victim*, a poor, unhappy, thoughtless boy, of *sixteen years old*, the scape-goat of the gang of bearded and cunning villains! If, as was said by a brother of the patriot Warren in an oration to the people of Charlestown delivered not long after his apotheosis on Bunker Hill, "the voice of your Fathers' blood cries to you from the ground,—my sons, scorn to be slaves." That voice will *never* hereafter cease to cry,—“shame and dishonor sit on thy fame ever.”

The whole Union is about to be perplexed and convulsed by evils, which, may a kind Providence mitigate “in mercy.” As I belong to *no* party, (*as a mere partisan*,) and as sometimes a looker on sees the game more clearly than the players, I trust, that without the imputation of vanity, I may be permitted to sketch some of my views of the perils of the times. As I no more pin my political faith on the sleeve of man, but go entirely for principles, so I shall speak of men who are prominent candidates for the government of the Confederacy, without “fear, favor, affection, or hope of reward.”

And in connection with the evils to be apprehended, I will venture to suggest the antidotes.

It is manifest to every reflecting and intelligent citizen, that the recent acts of the President are rapidly changing, if they have not already changed the forms of our Government. If we are destined to *go on* from the position he has assumed, as to the President's prerogative, for another Presidential term, our Government will be essentially *a monarchy*; stronger than that of France or England, and this original Confederacy will be a Consolidated Government. The powers claimed and exercised by Gen. Jackson are, the right to “veto” all laws which he does not like; the power to remove from office every public officer in the U. States, from the Secretary of the Treasury to the humblest Post-master; the power to appoint a partisan to office after his nomination has been rejected by the Senate; the power to make *new* offices in order to fill them by his partisans; the power to seize and keep in his own, or his officers' hands, (removeable at his pleasure,) all the public treasure of the U. States; the power to have the Senators *instructed* in their duties, by legislatures who did not choose them; the power to select from Congress

pliant members, and, as a reward for their devotedness, to appoint them to important offices; the power to control the decisions of the Supreme Court of the U. States, and finally the power to construe the Constitution "as *he* understands it!" These are the powers of an *absolute monarch*. I have not enumerated *all* of the President's claims, but *enough*, in all conscience! The most dangerous of all these monstrous assumptions of power, are the right to the custody of the public purse; the right to have the Senators instructed, and the right to construe the Constitution as he, or Amos Kendall understands it. I have shown in another Chapter, that in Boston, the President had transferred the public revenue into the keeping of his own "understrappers," who would crawl on their hands and knees to obey him, rather than forfeit their appointments. In this case, therefore, he can at any moment command the millions in their custody! I presume that the same state of affairs exists in all the "pet Banks." The whole public treasure is at his disposal. William 4th of Great Britain, nor Louis Phillipe, King of the French, possesses any such a power! But we *republicans* consent to it!

The right to have the Senators *instructed*! Why, the very election of the Senator for *six years*, was designed by the wise framers of the Government under which we have so wonderfully prospered, to lift the Senate beyond the reach of popular excitement, that in the very tumult of such an event, one branch of the Government might be cool and deliberate in its decisions. *Instruct* a Senator! A State might with equal propriety *instruct* the Supreme Court in relation to a trial in which its interests were concerned! The wisdom of our fathers has been tested in the events of the last two years. *The Senate have "saved the State,"* if it is eventually saved. I deeply regret that *one Whig* ever was found who misconstrued the Great Charter of our liberties.

The right to construe the Constitution as *he* understands it, is the most impudent proposition ever submitted to the American people. Does not the old man know that the decisions of the Supreme Court are the Constitution, and that he and all other citizens are bound by these decisions? The Constitution would be made to mean anything and everything under the supervisions of Kendall, Hill, and their associates.

What is the antidote—the remedy, for these sudden and ruthless encroachments on the Constitution? I confess, I can see, and have never heard of but *one*, viz;—Nullification. If the Chief of the Confederacy rushes headlong into consolidation and despotism, there is but *one* peaceful remedy, viz:—that the several States, forming the Confederacy, should recoil on their own State Governments, for security, and the preservation of the people's liberties; as Massachusetts did during the last war. I am not about to argue this question,—but confess myself a convert to the South-Carolina doctrines, in a modified sense. If any country ever produced great men and sincere patriots, Calhoun, Hayne, M'Duffie and Hamilton are entitled to that honor. These are the men whose statues will fill the niches of history.

Ever since the nomination of Judge White, I have believed that the friends of Gen. Jackson intended to run him for a "*third term*," and that all the subsequent extraordinary measures and transactions emanated from that design. The War with France, the attempted assassination, and the conspiracy against an honorable Senator. There is something of impertinence in the State of Tennessee nominating a *second* candidate for the Presidency; and a gentleman, as I conceive, of so ordinary abilities that there is not a village in New-England which does not contain his equal. But this is a Van Buren *trick*, of which the Judge is wholly ignorant. When the Convention of the 40,000 office-holders is assembled, then, if Van Buren considers his chance of succeeding hopeless, his creatures will begin to lament the *divisions* in the democratic party. The necessity of *Union* in the approaching election, will be exhibited in glowing colours; and the *great War Chief*, will be again nominated, "as the saviour of the democratic party" and last hope of the country. And as his rule is "never to solicit or decline office," of course he will, in defiance of all former precedent, gratefully accept the nomination! In which case, his old friend and "crony," the Judge, will instantly relinquish his claims, and Van Buren be again raised, the bob of the political kite, as Vice-President under the "Old Hero."

But supposing the war fever abates, and Jackson determines on retirement, I do not anticipate much of a "fight" between White and the Magician. Admitting the Judge is seriously de-

terminated to be a candidate, and that his friends in the South are resolute in his support, the Magician's chances are quadruple his own. If the election took place to-day, Van would carry New-Hampshire, Maine, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, North-Carolina, Georgia, Illinois and Louisiana *certainly*, and probably several other States, but these are quite sufficient. It is both amusing and painful to witness the infatuation of some of the Whig editors, who like the Bourbons "forget nothing and learn nothing;" on whom woeful experience produces no benefit; who, with the events of '28 and '32, fresh in their memories yet continue, like roasting oysters, to sing while their houses are burning. Because Judge White has been nominated by the Legislature of Alabama, and by the Representatives of his own State, and Daniel Webster has been nominated by Massachusetts, they flatter themselves that the Magician "*is disposed of*," and that his hopes are desperate! *He* knows better, and laughs in his sleeve at such leaden-headed stupidity. What vast sums of money have been lost in bets, in 1828—1832, and on the recent Maine, New-York and New-Jersey elections, by the indulgence and the publication of the same insane folly and childish ignorance by leading Whig Editors? The Magician is not so easily put down! In the next Congress, at least 20 votes will be added to his present majority in the House of Representatives, and it is but *too probable* that he will secure a majority in the Senate. And yet many of the Whig papers, are continually shouting "Io triumphe," and deceiving the people with the monstrous assertion, that Van Buren "*cannot be President!*" It would be well if they took lessons of their *opponents* in political wisdom. *They* are infinitely better acquainted with the state of public opinion than most of the pampered City Editors of the Whig newspapers.

No man can feel a stronger admiration and reverence for the talents and virtue of Mr. Webster than the writer; not recently got up, but of long standing. While I was one of the President's most zealous partisans, I repeatedly showed, that the brightest spirit of the country, her greatest orator, soundest statesman, and most able defender of the Constitution, could not be assailed in *our own* journals without calling forth a rebuke from some of the *party*, who honored excellence, and were proud of the glory

of the State. In 1832, (I think,) I read in the Boston Statesman a paragraph as follows:—"Among the cattle, at the late show in Brighton, were the *Hon. Daniel Webster, &c.*" And I instantly wrote a communication for the Centinel, in which I prayed the public not to believe, that every Jacksonian consented to such low and dishonorable "blackguardism," or did not acknowledge Mr. W's. illustrious public services, and distinguished ability. And at the Faneuil Hall dinner in 1833, I rose in the midst of Jacksonmen and made the following remarks and toast. It was soon after the appearance of the President's Proclamation, and Mr. Webster's noble and eloquent defence of it. I was wrong in most of my sentiments,—but no matter, the illusion is over!

MR. PRESIDENT,—I am a Custom House Officer, and therefore, am liable to the suspicion that I dare not express an independent opinion. I know, Sir, that this idea is diligently propagated by certain persons, and that it is too generally believed by our citizens. Events in this City, have tended to confirm it; for we have seen those, who have manifested an independent spirit, suddenly driven from their employments; not with disgrace, because it is impossible for any despotism to disgrace an upright man, but with insolent malevolence.

Now, Sir, I maintain, that such proceedings are in direct opposition to the sentiments and to the practice of our illustrious President, who, above all men, not only exercises the right of private judgment himself, but is the great patron of the same right in all other men. Because, as a real republican, it is a vital principle of his political faith; and he would be unworthy to be named as the true successor of Washington,—an honor which our own times and all posterity will award him, did he deny this great and fundamental, republican, truth.

Sir, I had rather be the most forlorn pauper, than a very Cræsus, and a slave; not the slavery of the body do I mean Sir, that can be borne when the mind is free; but I mean the slavery of the mind; a poor, cringing, trembling minion of man in "brief authority." Thank Heaven! such is not my fate; but on the contrary, I have been associated with a gentleman whom it is my pride to honor, and my happiness to call my friend.

As a Republican, from principle and not for hire, I go with my party on all occasions, where that party is honestly led; reserving to myself, always, the right of requiring explanations of any course which looks suspicious, or of any transactions wearing the appearance of dishonor. Above all, I will never surrender the right of doing justice to my political adversaries; and, whenever they sink the politician in the patriot, of boldly expressing my hearty applause. Therefore, Sir, allow me to give as a sentiment—

The Hon. Daniel Webster:—Who, here, although an opponent of the Administration, nobly and eloquently sustained its measures, when some of its pretended friends slunk away to watch the vane of popular opinion.

If anything more was requisite to raise against me the wrath of the Collector and his confederates to "*a white heat*," I accomplished it on this occasion. My object was, not only to do justice to Mr. Webster, but to give an example to the other Custom House Officers of the maintenance of independent opinion, on the day most appropriate for its assertion. I had long groaned under the "espionage" of party tyranny.

At this time, I am with all my heart, in favour of Mr. Webster's election to the Presidency. I am prepared to go to any corner of the United States, where my services would be most useful, and there, for the mere necessities of the humblest life, advocate his election in a public journal. I feel that I owe such a reparation to the country. But, at the same time, I must confess my conviction, that it is a hopeless, although an honorable and most praise-worthy object. There can be no question in the mind of every sincere patriot and good man, that no statesman is so clearly entitled to this distinguished station, or who would do so much honor to the country as its Chief Magistrate, as Daniel Webster. But I repeat, to me his prospects seem hopeless. And I most solemnly declare my conviction, that the union of all the Whigs in favour of Judge White, is the only possible plan for defeating the election of Van Buren.

The Judge is an honest man,—a sincere patriot, and a devout Christian. Not a great—but, I verily believe, a very good man. He is less rash but more inflexible than Jackson; more enlightened and refined, less accessible to flattery and importunity;—and more inclined to decide upon the principles of justice, than of party. A *safe* President, who like Monroe, would let the Government move along like an "Accommodation Stage"—lazily, but securely. "*In medio tutissimus ibis.*" Webster, if we *can*,—the Judge, if we *must*!

But they who conceive that the New-Yorker is not the *prominent* candidate, reckon without their host. He will be, unquestionably, nominated by the office-holders' Convention in May. Now, no statesman seems to have appreciated the vast power and influence of the immense corps of office-holders, but Mr. Calhoun. He declares they amount to 100,000! Is it not known to every reflecting man conversant with society, that each of these 100,000 public officers must have the power to influence the

votes of 3 or 4 of his relations, friends, or dependents? Then we have the formidable number of 500,000 voters sustaining the candidate of that Convention. In 1828, Gen. Jackson received 650,000 votes, and was elected by only 150,000 majority. There can be no mistake in the assertion, that *all* the Custom House officers,—the Land officers, and the Post-masters, will go for Van Buren; and probably most of the pensioners, and other public servants. He is, (I repeat,) and will be, *the office-holders' man*. For, let my reader reflect a moment, that if a single officer should avow an opposition to the regularly nominated “*democratic*” candidate, he and his family are immediately (in nine cases out of ten,) reduced to beggary by his dismissal from office. His independence is completely destroyed, and whatever may be his private opinions, he *must* act with the party which supports him. The Bill originated in the Senate, to rescue him from this debasing servitude, was defeated by the Van Buren party in the House. And it never will be suffered to pass, until after the election of 1836. I know many an officer in the Boston Custom House *opposed* to Van Buren who will *vote for* him, because he cannot sacrifice his family.

How shall we counteract this paralyzing influence; what is the antidote to this bane of our national independence? My plan is as follows:—

1st. There shall be opened over the whole extent of the United States, a Whig subscription, the produce of which shall be consecrated to indemnify every public officer, for the loss of the emoluments of which he may be deprived, before the 1st January, 1837, for his conscientious resistance to the illegal action of power.

2d. This subscription shall be collected in all the cities, towns, and villages of the U. States, where *three* citizens at least, shall assemble in private Committee to direct the operations.

3d. Every public officer, who shall be dismissed from office for political offences, shall receive 500 dollars for *one* year, so that he may be enabled to engage in some other business, without the dread of immediate suffering.

4th. Each Committee, in every State, shall appoint County and Town Committees, who shall return the subscriptions in the County to the Treasurer of the State Committee, who will, by the vote of that Committee, disburse the money.

5th. The receipts shall be published in the Whig newspapers, with the names of all the County and State Committees, and the subscribers.

By such an arrangement as the above, the power and influence of Van Buren would be reduced to *nothing* within six months, among the office-holders.

But this is not *all* that the crisis requires. The peculiar blessings which a republican form of Government have poured out from a full horn on this favoured country, originated in the principles and habits of the Plymouth Pilgrims. To restore them, we must return to the practice of their virtues,—their self-denial, prudence and economy, and deep dependence on and reverence of the Deity. Luxury must be abandoned, the vain “adorning of the body” despised; the feasts, and balls, and midnight revels, be held no more.

The youth of Prussia, when that State was writhing under the grasp of Napoleon, entered into a combination to free their country, at all hazards. They restricted themselves to the meanest food; they engaged in the most athletic exercises; they denied themselves all enervating luxuries; they dressed in the plainest and cheapest clothing, and they encouraged manly and warlike contentions. We must do the same. We must form “*Pilgrim Societies*,” embracing the religion, the self-denial, the endurance, the hardihood, the temperance, and the warlike spirit of our ancestors. We shall have occasion for the exercise of all these virtues. For if despotism is ever established in this country; if ever a material change in our republican Constitution is submitted to, it will be by the consent of New-England.

Without her consent, the spark kindled by the Pilgrims can never be extinguished!

Conclusion.

“Hear me—for my Cause.”

My young reader, one word before we part. The generation to which you belong will witness the re-establishment of the Constitution or its final overthrow. It cannot be re-established without most arduous efforts, nor will it be overthrown without a desperate struggle. Prepare yourself to act in either event, “with all your soul, and with all your heart, and with all your mind.” First, by understanding what the Constitution means, and next, by an unconquerable resolution that not “one jot or tittle” of it shall pass away. The united wisdom of the wisest men, of the wisest generation which this country ever knew, framed it; amidst infinite perils, and under a patriotic excitement which called into action the whole energy of the brightest minds. It has ever since been the admiration of the world, and the “ark of the covenant” to all the worshippers of freedom. It has made us a great people; the peculiar favorites of Heaven; a name and a praise throughout the earth. And its maintenance, in its original purity, and as its framers designed that it should be construed, will advance human happiness, liberty, and moral elevation, to a pitch not within the power of men to conceive. But if a single article of that great charter of the world’s emancipation is suffered to be violated, and the violation is submitted to, there is an end of popular sovereignty, of moral and intellectual advancement, of the world’s last hope!

And you, my young reader, are one of those who must decide this momentous question. The votes you deposit in the ballot-box, within the next ten years, raise anew the standard of the revolution, or bring a night of despotism over coming ages.

Let me pray you to procure as soon as possible, the most approved commentaries on the Constitution of the U. States; such as the *Federalist*—Story’s *Commentary*, and Mr. Webster’s *Speeches*. Study them diligently, and remember, that it requires study to understand the form and theory of our Government.

The simplest Government is a despotism, where all the powers are exercised by a single tyrant, who holds the purse and the sword, and gives the law from his own mouth. The nearer the approximation to free Government, the more intricate become its forms. Ours is a "system of checks and balances," complicated, but the more free on that account. Tories and demagogues, will tell you that it is all as "plain as a pikestaff;" but the design of the first is, that *their* President should expound it as he pleases; and of the other, that it may be construed to favour their selfish projects. It must be studied, examined and re-examined, and the great political luminaries who have shed light upon it must be diligently consulted. Hear Mr. Webster, the apostle of the Constitution.

"I confess, said Mr. W. that when I speak of the Constitution, I feel a burning zeal which prompts me to pour out my whole heart. What is the Constitution? It is the band which binds together twelve million brothers? What is its history—who made it? Monarchs, crowned heads, lords or emperors? No! it was none of these. The Constitution of the U. States, the nearest approach of mortal to Supreme wisdom, was the work of men who purchased liberty with their blood, but who found, that without organization, freedom was not a blessing. They framed it, and the people in their intelligence adopted it. And what has been its history for forty years? Has it trodden down any man's rights? Has it circumscribed the liberty of the press? Has it stopped the mouth of any man? Has it held us up as objects of disgrace abroad? Quite the reverse. It has given us character abroad, and when with Washington at its head it went forth to the world, this young country at once became the most interesting and imposing in the circle of civilized nations. How is the Constitution of the U. States regarded abroad? Why as the last hope of liberty among men. Wherever you go, you find the U. States held up as an example by the advocates of freedom. The mariner no more looks to his compass or takes his departure by the sun than does the lover of liberty think of taking his departure without reference to the Constitution of the U. States."

Such expositions are drawn from the "fountain of living waters—"the sentiments of the patriots who framed this sacred instrument. Drink deeply at that fountain; and when you have imbibed its spirit, resolve, that your country shall continue to be

governed by the original principles of the compact, or that you will not *live* under any other! Remember the resolution of the old Plymouth Pilgrims, "*Liberty, without a country, rather than a country without liberty.*"

What! shall ancient Greece and Rome, before the free light of christianity had dawned upon them, in the comparatively dark ages of the world, have produced "armies of martyrs" in the cause of freedom; and We, with the accumulated experience of nineteen centuries of political and christian knowledge, suffer ourselves to sink unresistingly into slavery, and the hope of the earth to be made a desert by the red hand of despotism?

No! you indignantlly exclaim, may Heaven's lightning blast me before I consent to such a sacrilege! You say well. Feel so always, and act accordingly. Remember, that if the beacon fires of liberty, which our fathers kindled in this country, and which now enlighten all the seekers after freedom throughout the world, are once put out, and another dark age of despotism and ignorance descends upon the earth, centuries will not disperse the darkness.

You, my young reader, may suppose that you act in this awful crisis merely for yourself. Dismiss the thought. The vote you hold in your hand goes to doom a hundred years; and millions of your fellow-beings who shall come after you, to relentless slavery, or to usher them into the "glorious liberty of the cross;" of order, law, and national and individual happiness. If you thoughtlessly deposit that vote in favour of the powers who are now striving to overthrow the Constitution of our beloved country, you fight against God, and his beneficent designs for the happiness of his creatures.

My young friends, I clasp you by the hands, and bid you—farewell!

APPENDIX.

A.

A friend has suggested the propriety of stating particularly, the *mode* of "killing off" Postmasters, &c. I presume it has not changed since 1829, and therefore the following "Recipe" will be useful in every town of the United States. If you wish to be Postmaster of the town where you live, and it contains half a dozen Jacksonmen, (and if not, take some adjoining town which does,) they must subscribe a petition to the Postmaster General, setting forth that "the present Postmaster of the town of M——, is now and always has been, opposed to the glorious Administration of the father of his country the immortal Jackson, that the petitioners are good and true Jacksonmen, and earnestly desire that the town of M—— may be exonerated of an *opposition* Postmaster, and experience the salutary influence of "Reform." And they beg leave to recommend Mr. A. B. an original Jacksonian, and a highly influential and respectable citizen, to fill the important station of Postmaster of the town of M—— in the place of the present Postmaster." This Petition is taken to Washington by some noted Jacksonian, who calls at the General Post Office, sees the Postmaster General, assures him the signatures are genuine, and the facts set forth therein true, and that a change in the Post office of the town of M—— would be beneficial to the "*cause*." Upon which the Postmaster General writes with his pencil the word "*change*" on the back of the Petition, sends it to the Clerk of Appointments—and, in a trice, the head of the Postmaster of the town of M—— flies from his shoulders.

This is the mode where despatch is required, and was the way *my* five Postmasters were killed off. But, sometimes the doomed Postmaster receives a letter from the Clerk of Appointments, containing the very reasonable request, that "he immediately show cause why he should not be dismissed from his said office." Now, as the aston-

ished Postmaster is informed of no charges against him, and is conscious of no fault, he is usually "*most condemnedly*" puzzled to answer this letter, He don't know how to "*show cause*" why he should not be dismissed from office ; and the only answer he can think of, is "*cause I did'nt.*" He therefore "dies, and makes no sign." After pondering some ten days, on the strangeness of the request, secretly consulting his most judicious friends, losing his appetite and his sleep, and turning yellow with perplexity and dismay, he at last sees one of his neighbours approaching his office with a wheel-barrow, at a rapid march. He enters, produces an order from the General Post Office for the delivery of the property of the United States in his possession, seizes the mail bags, papers, &c. chucks them into the wheel-barrow, pushes off with them to his own quarters, and the next morning the confounded inhabitants of the town of M——, rub their eyes at perceiving attached to the door of Mr. A. B's. shop, the impressive words—"Post Office!"

The operation of a Post Office "Reform," in a small country village, is one of the most amusing spectacles I ever witnessed. There is a kind of slight o'hand and mystery about it, which for months presses on the hearts of the villagers like an incubus. They go about the streets in a brown study, and seem to be saying to themselves, "E'cod!—there is a United States Government, or I'm darned!"

For so beautiful is the system of government continued by our wise forefathers, that while the General Government of the United States poises and holds together the whole, no man *in the country* ever feels its *direct* action, (when it is peacefully and constitutionally administered,) excepting in the appointment of a Postmaster of his village. And it is only by some irregularity in the system, that he becomes conscious of subjection to higher powers than his own paternal State Government.

It is like the solar system, which is upheld by infinite wisdom, goodness and power. A moment's suspension in the action of either of these influences, and "Chaos would come again."



B.

Many of the Temperance Societies require the members to pledge themselves to abstain from the use of Wine! Wine,—which Christ

twice consecrated, viz:—by his *first* miracle, by which he changed *water* (the peculiar favorite of these fanatics,) into wine, and at the “last supper,” where he made it the emblem of his blood shed for mankind!

C.

I must make an exception in favour of my old and excellent friend, Col. Loring. A more active and zealous republican, and a more benevolent and accomplished gentleman, never lived. He is about the *last* of the “Old Romans.”

Sam. E. Brett

POLITICAL REMINISCENCES,
INCLUDING
A SKETCH
OF THE
ORIGIN AND HISTORY
OF THE
"STATESMAN PARTY"
OF
BOSTON.

25-10
5355

BY
JOHN BARTON DERBY,
LATE
DEPUTY SURVEYOR OF THE CUSTOMS.

"They (i. e. the office holders) love Gold."—*Globe*.

"Their God is gold and their Religion pelf."—*R. T. Paine*.

—

BOSTON:

Printed for the Author, by Homer & Palmer,
Congress Street.

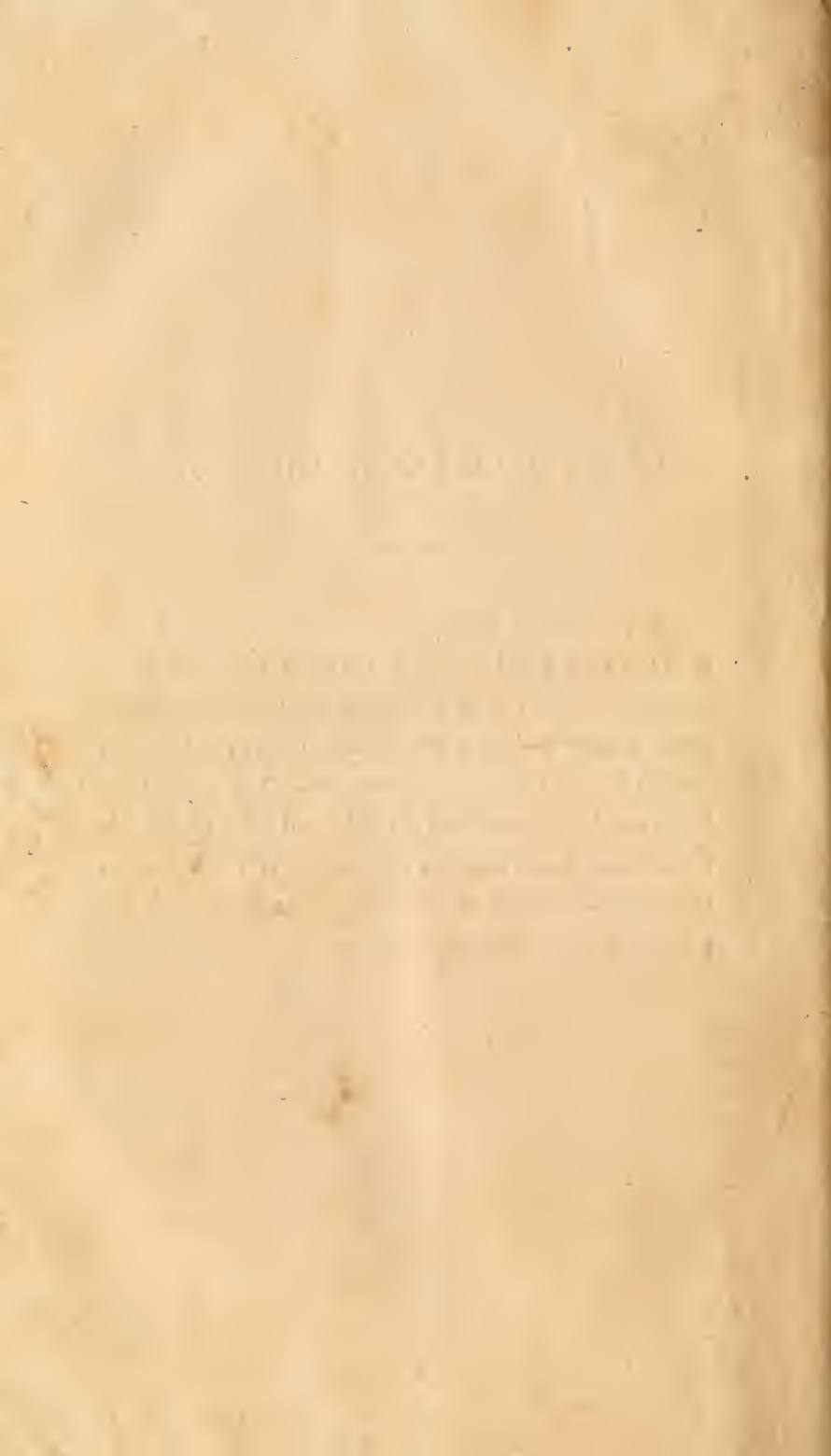
1835.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1834, by J. B. DERBY, in the Clerk's
office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



IN consequence of the numerous subjects to be treated of, it has been found necessary to extend the limits of the work farther than was at first contemplated, and as considerable anxiety has been manifested to see it, it has been thought advisable to issue it in two parts. The second number is now in press and will be published with all possible expedition. It will contain a continuation of The Tax—The Conspiracy—Beauties of Jacksonism—Removal of the Deposites—Antidotes—and Conclusion.



 **SECOND PART**

OF

J. B. DERBY'S

POLITICAL REMINISCENCES,

25-10
5255
INCLUDING


A SKETCH

OF THE

ORIGIN AND HISTORY


OF THE

STATESMAN PARTY.

 The reader will recollect that the first part ended rather abruptly at page 96, in the middle of a sentence of the chapter headed "A TAX." Those who have the first number can refer to it. For the information of those who have not read that number, it may be well to copy the last paragraph of page 96, which is subjoined :—

An assesment on the public officers was therefore finally declared for the payment of 1200 dollars per year, the interest of twenty thousand, a debt due from the Postmaster to the Collector and his associates. It amounted to about 5 per cent. of their salaries; or rather I conclude so, because the annual sum demanded of General M'Neil was in that ratio. The General was called upon by Mr. J. P. Robinson, the Secretary of the first meeting, and the agent for the collection, to pay 150 dollars per annum. He refused. In a week or two afterwards, Mr. Robinson called again, and stated that 125 dollars would be considered sufficient. The General declined paying any thing. I was invited, but peremptorily expressed my disgust at the whole project. Two or three of the under officers refused. They were told by Robinson that the Collector approved of the scheme and they would lose ———

( SEE PAGE 97.)

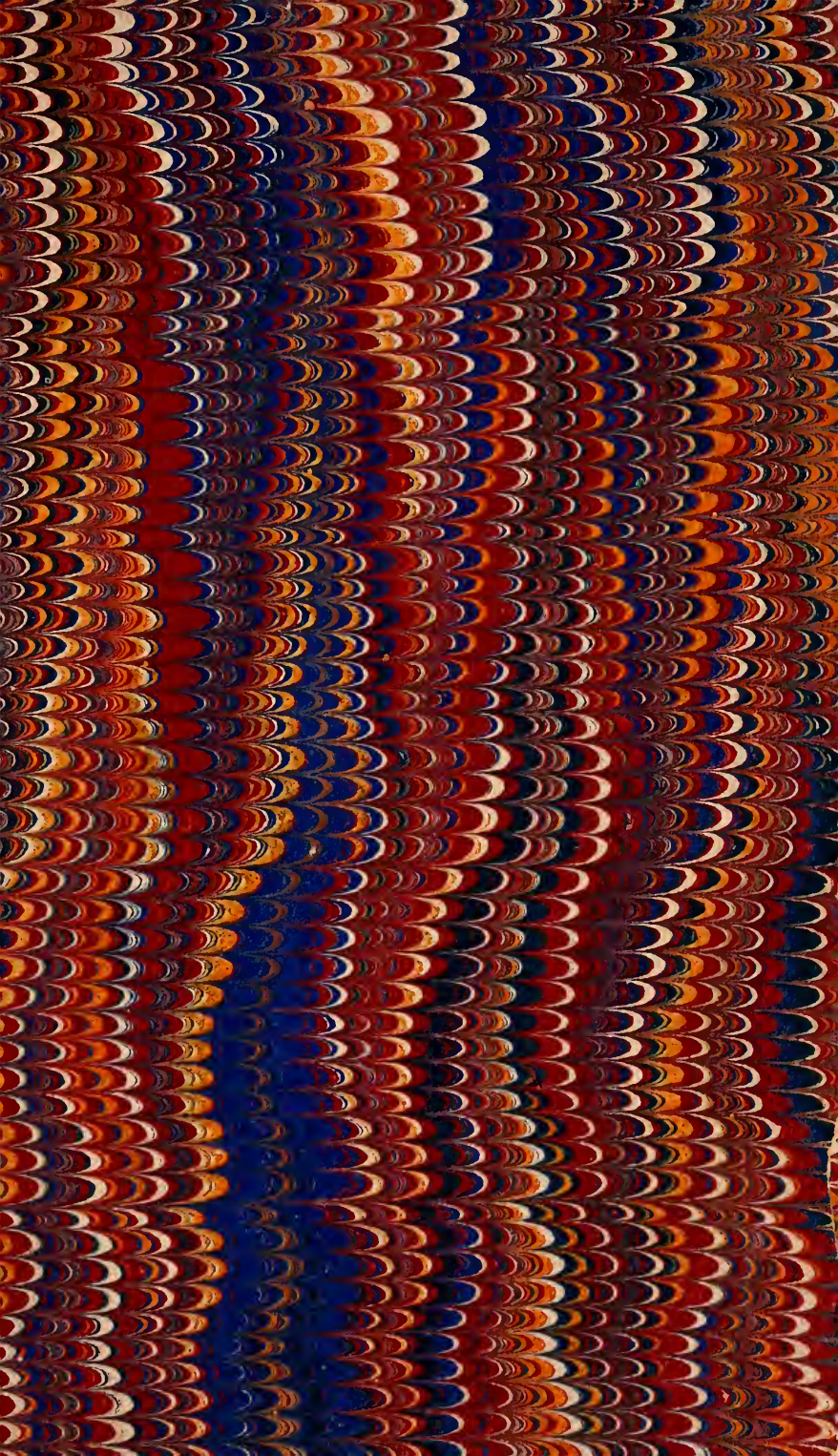
 The Author owes an apology to the Public for the delay which has attended the publication of the 2d Part of his Political Reminiscences. Much of the time which has elapsed since the appearance of Part 1st, he has been under the advice of his physician—too ill to engage in any kind of labour. And this fact must excuse the many faults of a literary character, which the reader will readily discover in the book. He proposes to publish soon, at Boston, a political newspaper, entitled “THE PLAIN DEALER,” which will be for *sale* at the Book Stores. It will not contain any advertisements ; nor will subscriptions for it be received. Its motto will be

—————“ Ne’er doubt
“ *This—when I speak, I don’t hint, but speak out.*”

J. B. D.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 003 979 927 3